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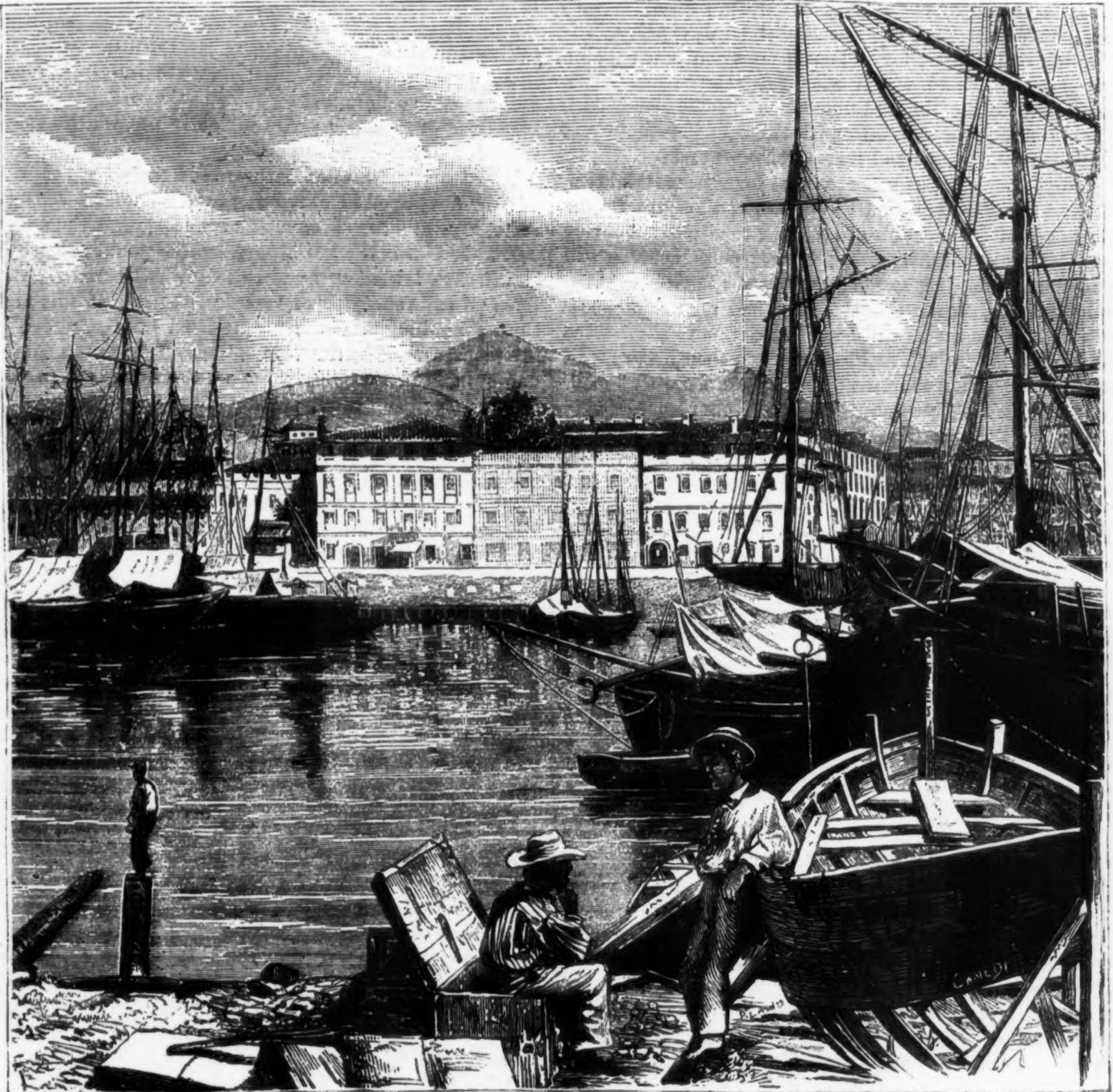
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GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

FEW men have been judged more differently by different minds than General Garibaldi. Enthusiastic hero-worshippers clothe him with the virtues of infallibility; on the other hand, his opponents paint him in the vilest colors. Scarcely an event occurs in the whole of Garibaldi's

career—a career in which one event succeeds another in startling rapidity—which is not keenly contested by friend or foe; eye-witnesses of the same scene will give diametrically opposite accounts according to the party-feeling which influences them.



BIRTHPLACE OF GARIBALDI AT NICE.

Giuseppe Garibaldi was the son of humble parents at Nice, born in 1807. The Garibaldi had been seafarers for generations, and hailed originally from the Genoese town of Chiavari. In fact, the name of Garibaldi is still, and has been for centuries, a common one in Genoa in all ranks of life, from the patrician whose name was inserted in the Golden Book of the old Republic, and who traced his origin from one Garibaldo, the bold in war, an almost mythical Duke of Bavaria in the seventh century, down to the humble fisherman, just one step lower on the ladder of society than the general's father.

The father and mother of our hero were an excellent, devout old couple, who brought up a numerous family in the strictest principles, whilst the sea, and their father's vessel, were the principal amusements that fell to the lot of these boys in childhood, for Garibaldi the elder, like other merchants of his day, commanded his own ship. Want often knocked at the door of the "casa Garibaldi," and the young Giuseppe would not unfrequently be sent to earn his living on the fishermen's crafts along the Riviera. A very happy-go-lucky mode of life it was, owing to a certain want of thrift, which seems to have run through this family.

Old grandfather Garibaldi always managed to lose any money he made by speculating in doubtful securities, and the general inherited this casual disregard for the merits of a well-lined purse, for he left all his campaigns with an empty pocket, and would give away any money that chanced to be therein, and now Menotti and Ricciotti, his two eldest sons, are not unacquainted with the excitement of the gambling-table and its results.

Young Giuseppe, as was necessary for a future celebrity, was not as other boys. He kept more or less aloof from the games of his comrades; he loved to climb the lovely mountains around his home; he was contemplative and fond of solitude, just as the boy who was to turn into the recluse of Caprera should be. He had a certain poetic vein in him even as a child which led him to admire the beauties of nature before his time; and then he was fond of reading when a moment for study could be snatched. Garibaldi, in fact, is not that ignorant, uncultured being that many suppose him to be. He is conversant with many languages and many literatures; he is well versed in all branches of mathematics and geometry; and his works, teeming with classical allusions, prove that in these early days Garibaldi did more than run wild over the hills.

Of two masters he had, he speaks of one Father John, whom he could not endure, and from whom he would always run away when he could; whereas a second master, Signor Arena, was more fortunate in winning his pupil's affection, and to him he attributes his early taste for study.

"To the instructions of this man," writes Garibaldi, "and to the incitement given me by my eldest brother, Angelo, who wrote to me from America to study my native language, I am indebted for such knowledge as I possess of that most beautiful of languages."

For even then the young Nizzards were more conversant with French, and spoke but an Italian patois.

Giuseppe, moreover, was a wild youth, guilty of many an escapade. He loves even now at his supper-table at Caprera, which is the time he generally chooses for communications about his past life, to relate how he and some kindred spirits, grown tired of their sedentary routine, set off in a fishing-boat for Genoa, with the idea of embarking on some adventurous career in the East. Luckily, the truants were pursued, and brought back to their desks and lesson-books. When a boy he went with his father to Rome, of which city he speaks with a strange enthusiasm.

Her monuments of past glory and the evidences of present decline left an indelible impression on his mind, which, joined with his subsequent intercourse with Greece, then in all the fervor of her dear-bought liberty, decided the bent of his principles.

Garibaldi's father destined him for a clerical career, trying all he could to discourage his passion for the sea; but the son early showed a disinclination for the profession against which all the energies of his future life were to be directed, and became all the more determined to embark on a life of adventure and danger from the fact that pressure was put upon him in the contrary direction.

Amongst other accomplishments not common to seafaring men, Garibaldi became an expert swimmer, and he relates how at the age of thirteen he gave his first instance of intrepidity by swimming in a rough sea to the relief of some of his companions who had been upset in a squall. A rumor current that, at the age of eight, he saved a washerwoman from drowning is, however, incredible, unless the good woman had only fallen into her tub.

When he was twenty-one he found himself on board the brig *Cortese*, second in command, and bound for the Black Sea. Three times, he tells us, during this voyage, they were attacked and plundered by Greek pirates. The first occasion was off Cape Matapan, when they were left with the barest necessities to sustain life.

The second and third captures left them more destitute still; sails, compasses, charts, everything was taken; every rag the sailors had on their backs, so that they were glad to cover themselves with some matting, which chanced to be left in the hold of the ship.

These voyages to the East were successful only in so far as they developed in our young hero an ability for fighting. Pirates always crossed his path; and then it occurred to him that a government which could not keep in check such lawlessness was rotten to the core. His letters and rude snatches of verses written about this time, show a kindling affection for national liberty, which his intercourse with the despotic nations of the East served to develop and mature. To no one circumstance in particular does Garibaldi attribute this growth of feeling for liberty—to no romantic intercourse, as Dumas relates, with some stray followers of St. Simon, but to an inward consciousness growing stronger the more he saw of the world.

After his Greek adventures he was ill for some time at Constantinople, where he was kindly received and nursed in the family of an Italian exile. A physician there was kind in attending to him, and obtained for him, on his recovery, a place as tutor to the three sons of the Widow Tanioni. Of these boys he grew very fond, and kept up a correspondence with them long after he left the Turkish capital. His leisure moments he spent in writing scraps of diary and so forth, from which we can gather the turn his mind was taking.

Having thus glanced at Garibaldi's early training, we shall the better be able to understand the ease with which he was, in 1834, induced to take a part in the great movement which was going on in Italy under the direction of Mazzini, the young advocate of Genoa.

Mazzini had instituted the society of "Young Italy," which, if it made overtures to crowned heads in the first instance, turned violently round when Charles Albert refused to listen to their terms, and waged war against the Piedmontese sovereign by ways and means which Mazzini knew so well how to organize. Several ill-timed insurrections were promptly put down, and in one of them, "the rash affair of St. Julien," Garibaldi took so active a part that he had to bid farewell to Italy and to Europe for many a year to come.

On January 31st, two conspirators, Mazzini and Ramorino, met at Geneva, and together concocted a plan for occupying the village of St. Julien, where Italian and French exiles could unite, and there set up the flag of revolt. This expedition miserably failed. It is said that Mazzini was betrayed by his colleague, Ramorino, who disclosed the plot to the government, and gave up the names. At all events, it failed, and Garibaldi, who had been intrusted with a delicate mission in this affair (namely, that of enlisting in the ship *Eurydice* as a common sailor, with some others of his persuasion, with a view to trying, by fair means or foul, to get possession of the ship for the Republican cause), was included in this list. When he heard of a proposed rising in Genoa, Garibaldi had left the ship conspiracy to his friends, and landed in that town. The plan had been to seize the barracks on the hill of Sarzano, by means, it is said, of explosive materials. However this may have been, young Garibaldi arrived on the spot only to find the plot discovered and himself in imminent peril of being arrested.

Disguised as a peasant, he succeeded in reaching Nice by circuitous mountain routes, after numerous adventures and privations, for he tells us that during this journey he lived for days on chestnuts; and then, after taking a hurried farewell of his mother, he went to Marseilles, where, for the first of many times, he saw his name in print on the list of those condemned to death for their complicity in Mazzini's rash enterprise.

For some little time after leaving Marseilles, Garibaldi continued to make voyages to and fro in the Mediterranean—to Odessa, Tunis and so forth—on board French merchant ships. On one occasion he saved a boy from drowning in the harbor at Marseilles, and then he tells us how he became a nurse in the cholera hospital there during the ravages of that disease, and he still prides himself on a quack medicine, which he affirms stood him in good stead on this and other occasions when brought into contact with the cholera.

Feeling at length the hopelessness, for the present at least, of renewing any struggle on behalf of his country, he embarked on board the brig *Nantonnier* of Nantes as second in command, bound for Rio Janeiro. At this town he found many of his fellow-countrymen, exiles like himself for political intrigues, and with their assistance he was enabled to purchase a small trading-vessel, with which to start in life as a trader between that port and Cape Frio, an old friend of his from Genoa advancing the larger part of the sum, and persuading others to subscribe by recounting how Garibaldi had fought, or rather tried to fight, for the freedom of his country.

After nine months of this somewhat monotonous work, Garibaldi entered the service of the patriotic Don Gonzales, President of the Republic of Rio Grande, which he had organized and set up against the authority of the Emperor of Brazil.

By way of serving his newly-adopted country, Garibaldi turned privateer. He was entrusted with the command of a small ship, which for associations' sake he christened the *Mazzini*, and with only sixteen of his comrades on board, he set sail under the Republican flag of Rio Grande, to declare war against an empire.

Their first encounter with the enemy was most encouraging. They captured a ship bigger than their own, belonging to an Austrian merchant settled in Brazil, "which," says Garibaldi, "added a great relish to the capture, inasmuch as it belonged to one of the bitterest enemies of my country." Very proud of their conquest, they then went on to Montevideo, where poor Garibaldi nearly lost some of the jewels taken from the above-named

Austrian; he had parted with them to a shopkeeper in the town who had not paid for them, knowing that the departure of the ship was imminent. But there was still an hour to spare, so Garibaldi strolled leisurely into the town, with his pistol in his belt, and pointed it at the terrified shopman. It is needless to say that Garibaldi walked off with the money without any further ado.

In an action with two Brazilian vessels the *Mazzini* got the worst of it, and Garibaldi, with his crew, were taken prisoners—our hero having been wounded in the neck.

The crew of the *Mazzini* and their apparently dying leader were consigned to a prison, where Garibaldi slowly recovered, thanks to the skill of a physician who attended him.

On giving his word of honor not to escape, Garibaldi was allowed to reside in a Spanish family, Andreas by name, for six months, and the Government of Gualeguay gave him five francs a day for the use of his ship. After two months' imprisonment he is allowed to go free.

After fighting a few land battles under the standard of Gonzales, Garibaldi again returned to his native element, the sea, and was entrusted with the command of a squadron of three vessels in company with a new friend he had made, an estimable American, by name John Griggs.

The struggle between the little Republic of Rio against the Imperial troops, almost hopeless, seemingly, at the outset, began now to declare rather in favor of the Republicans. Garibaldi, meanwhile, was fighting on; but the loss of two of his vessels by shipwreck, and the death of many of his bravest followers, began to tell rather heavily on his spirits.

Such seasons as these are not unfavorable to the development of domestic affections, and so it proved with Garibaldi. Though the Brazilian general was making a last and desperate effort to crush the rebellious inhabitants of Rio, though the town was blockaded, and Garibaldi, who was on his ship up a neighboring river, was close pressed by the enemy, he nevertheless managed to fall in love. One day he saw the far-famed Anita washing clothes, some say, at the riverside—Anita, who was to be his partner in life for many years to come. She was dauntless and daring as her husband. She loved the battlefield; any scene of danger was but a pleasing excitement to her. Anita was gifted with a strength equal to her masculine tastes. Anita was the wife for Garibaldi—there was but one drawback. She belonged to another! But in those remote districts of the earth, where society at its best is but primitive, in those days more so even than now, this obstacle was easily overcome; and Anita sailed away with Garibaldi to a honeymoon of war. "It is a pity," says Garibaldi, "that two hearts so united as ours should be the cause of sorrow to some poor innocent man."

Anita had just presented Garibaldi, on September 16th, 1840, with his first-born son, called Menotti, after Ciro Menotti, the hero of Modena, when the enemy threatened an attack, yet she flinched not from her task. Sooner than fall into the enemy's hand, only twelve days after the birth of Menotti, she mounted her saddle, and with her babe across her lap, took refuge in the woods in a pitiless storm, riding through a country which was full of poisonous snakes. Whilst many of Garibaldi's men died of hunger and fever around her, Anita never gave way.

At Montevideo we find our hero acting the school-master, teaching algebra and geometry in one of the principal schools of the city, and then varying the occupation by carrying round "samples of every kind from Italian paste to Roman silks" on behalf of a mercantile house. But these monotonous duties were not long to

detain him. For one craving for war opportunities were not long wanting in South America, and the Montevideans, about to engage in a struggle with Rosas, dictator of Buenos Ayres, were only too glad of his assistance.

Garibaldi instantly set to work, and formed an Italian legion, placing himself at the head of it.

Owing to crippled resources, the exploits of the Italian legion was not very marked at first. They occupied themselves with watching the blockading squadron, facilitating the entrance of ships, bringing supplies to the beleaguered city, and occasionally capturing some craft laden with stores for the besiegers; and then, when he had

got his resources together, Garibaldi made an attack on the Buenos Ayrean fleet, which refused to come to close quarters, and sailed away, whilst all Montevideo was out on the balconies and terraces to witness the encounter, and all the foreign vessels in the harbor had their riggings crowded with eager beholders.

In the Autumn of this year the Montevideans made Garibaldi a general, an honor which he at first declined; but so eager were they to bestow some distinction on him that he was constrained to accept it, and henceforth was known on both sides of the Atlantic as General Giuseppe Garibaldi. Whilst at Montevideo Anita increased his family to four. Theresita, Ricciotti, and a daughter called Rosa, after Garibaldi's mother, were born there. The last child, however, met with a melancholy death. The nurse and the child were sleeping in a room with the door locked; by some mischance the bed caught fire, and they were both burned to death before the door could be opened. If a visitor goes now to stay at Caprera with the general and locks his bedroom door, Garibaldi next morning will remark, in rather an angry tone, "What do you fear in the house of Garibaldi that makes you lock your door?" It is the memory of this sad event in Montevideo which

still haunts him, and about which he is loath to speak.

Every mail brought to Montevideo news of the great movement in Italy. Garibaldi's heart throbbed within him as he again saw a chance of wielding his sword for his country.

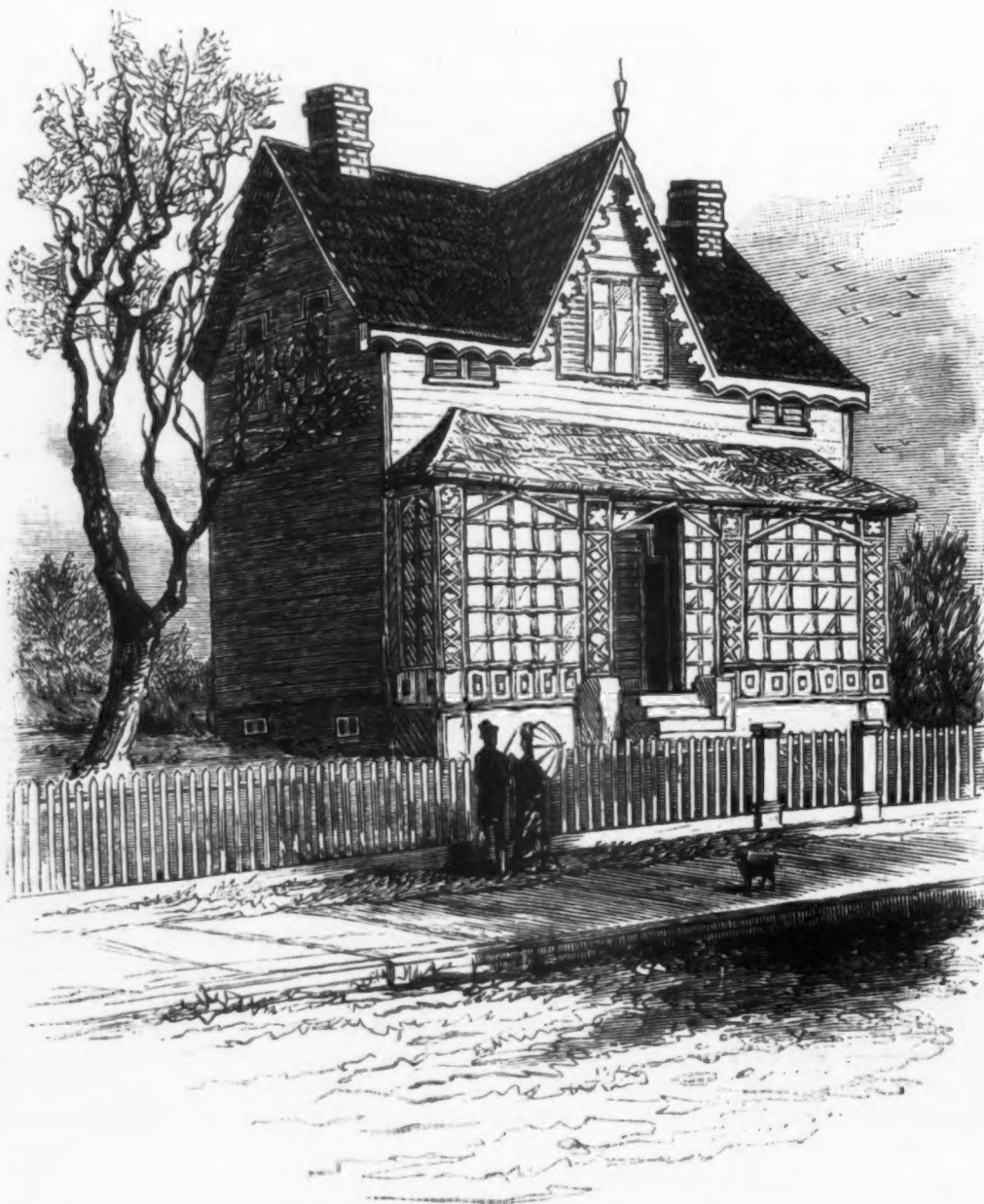
Resolving upon quitting Montevideo, he with his party sailed, and left the Montevideans to do as best they could without them. The voyage was uneventful. At Alicante Garibaldi went ashore to get a goat and some oranges for the invalid, Anzani, and there he learned how events had been proceeding in Italy—how events had crowded

one on the other in rapid succession during the last few weeks; how Charles Albert had on February 7th, 1848, by royal proclamation made public his consent to the much-longed-for *Statuto*, and how the people of Turin, wild with joy, had run to the royal palace singing the hymn of "Pio Nono," then the national song.

Every ruler in Italy, except the new Pope Pius IX. and the King of Sardinia, was a mere viceroy of Austria; hence D'Azeglio's choice fell on Charles Albert as the man to lead his party and to perfect his scheme. All Italy was aroused.

Mazzini's party of Young Italy, however, was exceedingly hard to cope with, urging on the nation to acts of rashness before the time was ripe; for instance, in Rome they were anxious to get Pius to commit himself irretrievably to the Liberal party. Ciceruacchio was Mazzini's agent in Rome, always urging the people to applaud the Pope and to lead him on to further concessions by flattering his vanity; and, in very truth, Pius IX. ascended the Papal throne with noble aspirations for regenerating not the Roman states alone, but the whole of Italy, thus shining out brilliantly when contrasted with his narrow-minded predecessors.

D'Azeglio, however, did not believe in this wondrous



GARIBALDI'S RESIDENCE, STATEN ISLAND, IN 1853.

liberality of the new Pontiff. "The magic of Pio Nono will not last," he writes, and assuredly he regarded him as but a broken reed to trust in the coming struggle with Austria. Charles Albert, however, was now compromised beyond return, medals were struck, pamphlets were circulated against the German. When in 1847 Austria violated the Papal territories at Ferrara, Charles Albert made ad-

rious five days," had driven the Austrians out of their city on March 23d.

On leaving Alicante, Garibaldi set up aloft the Sardinian flag, constructed by Anita out of half a counterpane, a red shirt, and a bit of old green uniform they chanced to have on board, and on June 24th, 1848, with this tricolored banner floating in the air, the ship sailed gayly into the



THE CHILDREN OF PALERMO WELCOMING GARIBALDI.

vances to Pope Pius; but the poor Pontiff vacillated fearfully. If one day he gave his consent, he withdrew it the next, saying that he really did not mean to make war, but only to protect his territory, whilst the King of Sardinia was straining every nerve for the coming struggle.

All Italy was thereat aroused. Lombardy and Venice were already in arms, and the Milanese, after their "glo-

harbor of Nice, bringing our hero to his native town, after an absence of fourteen years.

But the din of war which he heard on his arrival left him but little time for domestic affairs; there was much more to learn which had not been known at Alicante. The King of Naples took as long to reach Lombardy with his army as if he had been going to the Holy Land; in fact, his forces never got beyond Bologna, where they received

orders to return home. The Lombards, too, after their five days' struggle became divided amongst themselves; and so did the Venetians.

But Charles Albert could not forget that Garibaldi had once been a rebel against him; Garibaldi could not easily forget that it was Charles Albert who had sentenced him to death and sent him into exile.

Garibaldi was coldly received by the sovereign, but in no way daunted by the coldness of his reception, he hurried on to Milan, where he was welcomed with enthusiasm by the people—a welcome which contrasted favorably with the one he had received from the King. A few weeks later Garibaldi received a summons to protect Milan itself from the Austrians; for the army of Charles Albert, demoralized, outmanœuvred and defeated at every point by Radetzky, was under the necessity of falling back on Milan.

It may be interesting here to give a picture of Garibaldi as he first appeared on the battle-fields of Europe. Of middle stature, deep-chested and wide-shouldered, his frame was cast in an iron mold, combining agility with strength. There was something statuesque in the appearance of his head, with its broad brow, straight features, and long, flowing hair blending with a beard of the same golden hue. His countenance, expressive of resolution, gave character to his features, rather striking than handsome. In his dress he consulted the picturesque. He wore at that time a cap of scarlet cloth, ornamented with gold lace; a tunic, or blouse, of rich red; and, besides his sword, he carried a dagger in his belt. His staff and favored troops wore a dress in most respects like his. In his movements Garibaldi displayed ease and grace, mingled with that sober and stately dignity acquired by those who had exercised authority over the descendants of the Spaniards in the Western world.

The red shirt, about which we hear so much, what was it but the ordinary dress of an American sailor? Probably when Garibaldi took the command of a ship at Montevideo he invested in a couple, and finding them both cheap and comfortable, has stuck to them ever since.

At the close of the campaign he was attacked with a marsh-fever, which had proved fatal to so many of the Italian army. This soon turned to typhus, and, as he lay ill at Luino, his life was despaired of.

On his recovery, two hundred and fifty volunteers started with him for Venice; but at Ravenna news reached him from Rome—Rome, which had been the goal of Garibaldi's earliest days; so, abandoning his intention of proceeding to the city of the Lagoes, he bent his course toward the Eternal City, to swell with fifteen hundred men, who had meanwhile flocked to his standard, the number of the rebellious subjects.

Garibaldi represented the will of the Roman army, to which were now flocking crowds of volunteers from all parts of Italy. He had reached the capital at the close of the year, and was forthwith intrusted with the defense of the frontier menaced by the army of the King of Naples. He fortified and took up his position at Rieti, where two thousand volunteers joined him; and, though yet scarcely recovered from his recent illness, Garibaldi spent the Winter months exposed to cold and fatigue with dauntless energy.

When the new government was formed in Rome its object was to prepare for an efficient co-operation with Sardinia.

Then followed the disastrous three days' campaign, which ended in the defeat of Charles Albert's army at Novara, his abdication, and Victor Emmanuel's accession on March 23d.

The whole of Italy was thus placed at the feet of Austria.

Mazzini at this time firmly believed in the assistance of the French Republic, of which Louis Napoleon was now President.

When the real intentions of the French became known the Roman people arose with a courage worthy of their best days, and resolved to give the French a reception on which they had little counted.

The French were beaten on the first occasion.

When Garibaldi was on the point of a second attack General Oudinot sent to treat for an armistice. The Triumvirate in Rome accordingly sent orders forthwith to Garibaldi to withdraw, for Mazzini still clung to his hopes of assistance from the French democratical party, and did not wish to destroy all chance of this by inflicting on the French another defeat.

So Garibaldi was forced to withdraw into the city, and abide the result of fresh negotiations which were being set on foot. M. de Lesseps was dispatched from Paris with a special mission to Rome, and fresh troops meanwhile poured in from France to the assistance of General Oudinot.

Garibaldi, after several engagements with the Neapolitan troops, was preparing for an immediate attack on the capital, with every prospect of success, when he was summoned back to Rome again with all speed, where the final act in the drama of the short-lived Roman Republic was about to be played, and on May the 24th he re-entered the Eternal City, amidst the rejoicings of the people, who hailed him with the wildest enthusiasm.

Garibaldi failed twice in an attempt to blow up a bridge across the Tiber with a boatful of combustible materials, and also in an attempt to undermine the batteries which the French were raising, for Oudinot discovered his object, and let water into the mines, which made it ineffectual.

On the night of June 21st the French effected a breach in the city wall, and planted a battery thereon.

The French by this time had placed twelve pieces of cannon in their breach, and commanded therefrom the principal defenses of Rome.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 3d of July the cross-keyed banners of St. Peter once more floated from the castle of St. Angelo, and Rome was again under the rule of its Pope.

The servant now of no state, a lawless adventurer in the eyes of national law, nothing but the brave leader of a few brave men, Garibaldi started on his adventurous way through and across Central Italy, where all force that was not French was now Austrian. If song still lives in the Sabine Mountains, many a future lay ought to tell how the outlaw of Italian liberty left the conquered city, foiled his French pursuers, and gained the mountains, for ever making war support war. No legendary lay, no written or unwritten poem is richer in the elements of romance, courage and fortitude, than the modern story of Garibaldi's escape across the Apennines from Tivoli to Terni, from Terni to Arezzo, from Arezzo to the Republic of San Marino, and thence to the nameless cottage on the Adriatic where Anita died.

Arrived at San Marino, Archduke Ernest, the Austrian general, was obdurate on the subject of Garibaldi; he refused to allow him and his followers to escape, at the same time promising not to harm the inhabitants of the little republic. But at length he agreed to terms of the severest nature, which should oblige Garibaldi to embark for America. Our hero, however, had no such intentions just now. Whilst the Republic of San Marino was asleep, he contrived to effect his escape unobserved with Anita.

and a few followers. Striking the shores of the Adriatic, Anita, who had suffered fearfully during the voyage, was borne ashore in a dying state in the arms of her husband.

Garibaldi now carried Anita to the nearest cottage, where a bed was hastily prepared, and no sooner had she been placed thereon, than she expired leaning on Garibaldi's arm.

Stricken by so great a bereavement, caring not what his fate might be, Garibaldi could scarce be roused to the fact that the Austrians were close upon him.

Eventually, he was persuaded to retire from the Sardinian territory. Finding no hopes of a further rising in Italy, he went thence to Gibraltar, from which place he was requested to withdraw by the English governor, and during his twenty-four hours' stay there his movements were carefully watched. Thence he crossed over to Tangiers, where, after staying a few weeks, he met with a ship which took him to Liverpool, from which port he embarked for New York.

In the busy world of the American capital, Garibaldi found many friends, but he refused all monetary assistance from them, and the hero of Salto Sant' Antonio, and of the siege of Rome, determined to earn his own living in the mercantile world. In America, Garibaldi was not over popular amongst the inhabitants, for like Kossuth he did not seek ovations. American society offered him all its advantages if only he would consent to be lionized—a room in the City Hall, wherein to receive his friends, was put at his disposal, but he refused. Just at this time New York was the general asylum for disappointed revolutionists, who had made their own country too hot for them in the affairs of 1848-49. Ledru Rollin was a dock hand, Louis Blanc a dancing-master, Felix Pyat a scene-shifter, Lamartine a mendicant, whilst a member of the German Parliament was a barber, and another patriotic Frenchman was vending cabbages in the streets of New York.

Our hero Garibaldi was making tallow candles in a back street in Staten Island for eighteen months. We have not much to relate of this period of his existence; he will tell us, when asking for particulars, that tallow-making made him sick, and that work as hard as he could, he never was able to become an expert in the art. Nevertheless he was very popular among his companions, and improved considerably in his English, and got just a little bit more extreme in his views on republicanism in general. In after years, when settled at Caprera, he received a long thin box from his former employers in New York. It contained three gigantic candles, one of red, one of green, one of white, with the following note pinned to them: "A present for General Garibaldi, to make a tricolored illumination with on the Campidoglio when he gets to Rome."

After leaving New York the general betook himself to South America again, and at Lima entered into the service of Don Pedro di Negro, as captain of a merchant vessel plying between Hong Kong and Peru. This was, however, but an uneventful period of his career.

This life over, we again find Garibaldi at New York, but no longer in the tallow trade. He was appointed to the command of a small trading-vessel called the *Commonwealth*, which though carrying the American flag, belonged to an Italian owner, and the crew were all exiled Italians, many of them educated and high-born, awaiting a favorable turn in affairs to revisit their native country.

On board this ship Garibaldi touched at Newcastle-on-Tyne to take in coals, where he had an enthusiastic reception from his English admirers.

The year 1854 found Garibaldi again in Genoa, after four years of wandering. His mother was dead. "Cur-

ously enough," says Garibaldi, "she died on my birthday."

After cruising about on the Mediterranean for a few months, Garibaldi found that he had amassed sufficient money to buy himself a portion of the much-coveted Island of Caprera.

Well, Caprera is but a small island, a speck on that inland sea close to the coast of Sardinia, being only fifteen miles in circumference, and five in length. Legends suppose St. Stephen to have been the first inhabitant, and state that the island took the form of this martyred saint, as he lay dead with the stones scattered all round him; authentic history, however, only attests to its having been inhabited by a certain Corsican outlaw, who fled thither and built the only hut which was upon it, just one hundred and fifty years before "the great bandit," as Pius IX termed Garibaldi, made his home thereon, and built a substantial house upon it.

Garibaldi is of opinion that the harbor of La Maddalena, to which Caprera is a considerable protection, if properly developed, would become one of the finest in the world. Lord Nelson thought the same, and so do the French, who would immensely like to add Sardinia to their other dominions for this very reason. Moreover, Caprera is rich in granite; the Pantheon, at Rome, was built of stone fetched from thence, and so was part of the Pisan Cathedral, and other celebrated buildings. In 1870 a contract was entered into for supplying Rome with some of it, for the improvements going on in the Eternal City. Ricciotti Garibaldi managed the affair, and put a little money into his pocket by the transaction.

Good roads have been made upon the island under the general's own supervision; he compels every one to work at them, and if, as of late years, too ill to assist himself, he will sit on a bit of rock, watching his family employed, for fear any of them should shirk their duty.

After casting a melancholy glance over this woe-stricken land, let us now descend from this eyrie crag and beard the "lion of Caprera" in his own den.

It is a neat, comely house that the general has built, of one story, whitewashed and flat-roofed, with green venetians, like most of the Italian houses of to-day. Originally it consisted of few rooms, but, like the owner, it has had a tendency to expand. When first he visited Caprera, Garibaldi had only a tumble-down hut to cover him; then he erected with his own hands a substantial log-hut, where he lived until his one-story mansion was completed, after the fashion of a South America villa. Then there grew up first one wing and then another; numerous outbuildings and an ever-increasing but unproductive garden, surround the whole.

After residing on the island for two years, Garibaldi had completed his garden on the granite rock with only a thin coating of soil over it, held together by brambles and aromatic plants. Around this he built a mortarless stone-wall, like those we see in Tuscany; a nursery of cypresses, chestnuts, figs, etc., occupied one corner; then there was a piece set aside for vegetables and vines, nay, even for sugar-canes, and pools of water here and there to quicken vegetation.

Passing thence into the stables, we find a goodly array of animals. Shortly after the Sicilian campaign the general could boast of some very fair specimens of horse-flesh: Marsala, a charger sent to him by a Sicilian patriot; Said, by the Pasha of Egypt; and Borbone, the horse from whose back Menotti Garibaldi had pulled the rider at the siege of Reggio. There were several donkeys, too, in the yard, rejoicing in the grand names of Pio Nono, Francis Joseph and Louis Napoleon. One day poor Pio



GARIBALDI RECEIVING, AT PALERMO, THE NEAPOLITAN ENVOYS.

Nonno strayed from the Garibaldian precincts, and had his tail bitten off by some wild cattle on the hill. Crestfallen and tailless, the Pope's namesake returned to his stall, and not a few were the jokes cracked on the occasion not complimentary to the high priest in the Vatican.

Cows, too, Garibaldi has in sufficient number for his family requirements, as well as sheep; but there is a noxious herb called *ferola* which grows amongst the herbage at Caprera, and proves fatal to the cattle, if the ailment produced thereby is not very skillfully treated; yet in the early Spring-time there is no more delicious vegetable sent to table than this *ferola*, almost excelling asparagus in its flavor.

Garibaldi's potato-beds, however, are his pride. When he can get it, he likes nothing better than a dish of his own growth, baked on the embers with his own hands; but this treat is a rare one, for potatoes do not thrive as the planter could wish.

Garibaldi's house is now more than ever conspicuous for the presents he has from time to time received from English and other friends—chairs, tables, farming implements, and other things, amongst which we may mention a sword presented by his admirers in Melbourne, with an illuminated book containing the names of the subscribers. On the golden hilt is the figure of Italy arisen; her chains are broken loose, and she is brandishing aloft the sword of Spartacus and cleaving asunder the coils of a serpent; on the guard which protects the hand is a diamond star of Italy; the scabbard is of green velvet.

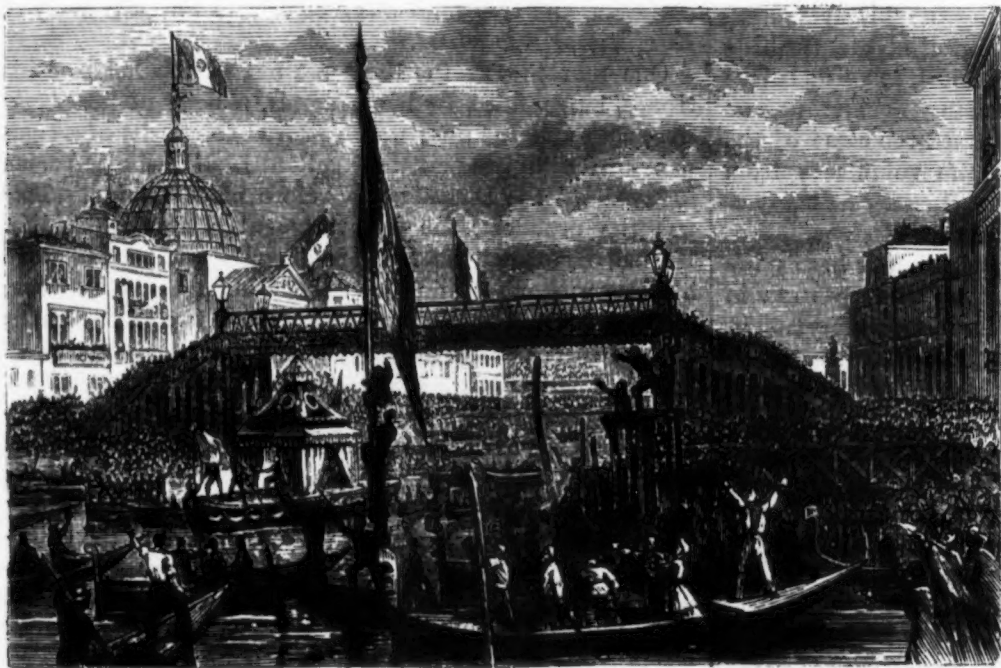


GARIBALDI'S HOUSE AT CAPRERA.

The aspect of Caprera has considerably changed, physically and socially, during late years. Theresita is married to Signor Canzio, who, when at his father-in-law's island home, rules supreme. By his instrumentality the old Deideris were requested no longer to superintend the general's household. Of a truth, Stephen Canzio rules everything and possesses everything, for Garibaldi can deny him nothing, for fear he should beat that dear, strapping daughter of his, who ought to be able to punish her husband severely if she wished. And then Theresita Garibaldi-Canzio had children in this island retreat, for whom a nurse had to be provided from Tuscany; for Theresita, at her husband's suggestion, declared herself too grand a lady to perform the offices of maternity; at which the general was terribly irate, and at first refused to have

Francesca "*balia*" under his roof, and threw a book at anybody's head who suggested it. However, Theresita cried and Canzio argued until Francesca one day arrived from Tuscany under the recluse's roof, from which she was not destined to depart again in a hurry. Garibaldi by degrees began to like the nurse, and to be less irate with Theresita for her folly in introducing such a creature into the Garibaldian establishment; and if it had not been for that unfortunate affair up in the Lakes in 1859, Francesca would have been Signora Garibaldi many years before she could boast of that name.

All four of Theresita's children ought to turn out wonderful patriots if there is anything



GARIBALDI'S RECEPTION AT VENICE IN 1867.

in a name. There is Mamilie, called after a soldier-poet killed at the siege of Rome; there is Anzani, called after Garibaldi's South American friend; then there is Lincoln, whose name recalls the President of the United States; and last, and decidedly least, comes little Brown Canzio, called after an American "martyr" in the cause of freedom. Such is the household at Caprera, strange as the island on which it is found, partly savage, partly grotesque, of which the general is the centre of all things; and when he has passed away that romantic halo which has surrounded this wild Sardinian island since he bought half of it in 1855 will disappear.

French and Italian politics, under the manipulation of Cavour, were becoming more and more intertwined. "*Que peut-on faire pour l'Italie?*" said Napoleon, after the Italian assistance in the Crimea. At Plombières this question was secretly settled between Cavour and the Emperor: a war with Austria, the formation of an Italian kingdom from the Alps to the Adriatic, the cession of Nice and Savoy, the marriage of Princess Clotilde to Prince Napoleon—these things formed the subjects of their discussion.

By the end of April Garibaldi found himself in command of no less than three fine regiments of infantry, with Cosenz, a Neapolitan, Medici, whom we first met in Montevideo, and Arduino, as their officers; to these were added a few guides and Genoese sharpshooters from amongst the best families of Genoa, Milan, and Bologna. Large additions were made to the number of these volunteers, as they entered Lombardy, by Milanese. Austria, meanwhile, lost temper at these armaments, and requested Cavour to dismiss them. This was just what the Italian minister wanted. He declined to do so, and Austria took the initiative in the war.

The peace of Villafranca fell like a blight on Italy and Cavour. Venice and Verona were still in Austrian hands. Napoleon had not freed Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic, but he gave out that in prospect of the heavy sieges in view—sieges instead of battles, with the Quadrilateral in front of them, and the Prussians showing signs of activity, he did not feel justified in continuing war.

Wherever Garibaldi went—to Florence, to Bologna, to Rimini—his reception was most enthusiastic; but Generals La Marmora and Fanti grew jealous of this unsettled spirit, and furthermore it was thought not unlikely that Garibaldi had some notion of collecting what forces he could, and crossing over into the Roman States, from whence the Papal Swiss were deserting the "Holy Army." To facilitate the plan, Garibaldi published a thrilling address to the "Noble Sons of Helvetia!" "Gallant Swiss," he said, "instead of marching against us, we expect you to join our ranks!" Toward the close of the year orders were sent to dismiss the volunteers from Central Italy to serve in their own provinces. As many as eighteen thousand of these passed through Modena.

A domestic event calls for our notice in our hero's life this year—his marriage to an Amazon, whom we saw in his camp at Varese, the daughter of the Marquis Raymondi, who brought letters intercepted from the Austrians. Discovering her dishonor at the threshold of the church at Como, he refused to see her again. Shortly afterward she was delivered of a son, the reputed father of which was one of Garibaldi's greatest friends, and to screen his friend he neglected to have the circumstances published in the "Gazette." It was not until Garibaldi's celebrated divorce case, several years later, that the truth really became known.

Garibaldi was returned as member for Nice just one week before the annexation was signed. Nice voted for him as representing their Italian interests, and in so doing

entered a protest against being annexed to France. It was different with Savoy, where all their interests, manners, and language were French—they accepted the change with pleasure.

After a visit in the Winter of 1850-1 to Naples, Mr. Gladstone wrote his opinions upon the Neapolitan Government to Lord Aberdeen. This led to the Sicilian campaign, in which we find Garibaldi once more in the thick of the fray with his famous thousand—the Chasseurs of the Alps.

Dictator though he was, Garibaldi was everywhere successful, and after the capture of Palermo we find him residing in the royal palace, and waited upon by the viceroy's servants. He puzzled them by partaking of nothing but soup, vegetables, and a little meat once a day, washed down by pure plain water; he slept, too, on a hard bed, and frowned at them if they called him "Your Excellency."

The capture of the Castle of Reggio, in which the victorious Garibaldians "looted" twenty-six heavy guns and field-pieces, five hundred stand of arms, and a quantity of coal, provisions, horses and mules, was the great event of the campaign. The last acts in this campaign, the battles on the Volturno and the siege of Capua, are the best known incidents of it.

The drilling of his army and the arrangement of squadrons had not been one of the least of Garibaldi's cares. The Calabrian regiments were now 10,000 strong; the contingent from Basilicata amounted to 2,200, under Corte; from all parts troops and volunteers poured in, so that by the middle of September Garibaldi had an army of 37,000 to occupy the positions before Capua, whereas Francis II. had about 40,000 men and some cavalry encamped on the northern bank of the Volturno.

On October the 1st was fought the battle of the Volturno. It began early in the morning, and the Garibaldians, until the arrival of their leader, for whom Bixio had telegraphed in all haste, were driven back along the line. The advance guard of the Garibaldians consisted of only about 11,000 men, and the Neapolitans were now pressing on to the attack with over three times their number. For some hours they held their ground between San Tamaro and St. Angelo, until a reserve of 5,000 came up, when the Neapolitans were routed on all sides.

Such was the end of the last army which could resist the invaders. King Francis now fell back on his citadel of Gaeta, and Garibaldi was face to face with the army of King Victor Emmanuel.

One morning as the King set out at the head of his troops, surrounded by his generals, a body of horsemen were seen approaching, which proved to consist of a company of Red Shirts and their gallant leader, who had come to lay down the Dictatorship before his sovereign. This was the proudest, the best moment of Garibaldi's life. He had combated his feelings of ambition, he had done his duty without asking for a reward, and from the soldiers, regulars and volunteers alike, when these two great Italians clasped each other's hands, there arose hearty cheers of "*Viva Vittorio Emanuele, rè d'Italia! Viva Garibaldi!*"

Victor Emmanuel, the newly chosen king, finally entered the City of Naples on November the 7th. It was a gloomy day, and the people cheered far more lustily for Garibaldi than they did for their king—it was not a happy augury for the future. They drove together to the cathedral to do their homage to the blood of St. Januarius in the same carriage, the king and the general, and whilst the sovereign knelt at the altar in pious contemplation of the sacred phial, Garibaldi, Farini and Pallavicini stood some steps behind.

Before his departure Garibaldi extracted a promise from the king that his Army of the South should be incorporated with the regulars, and on November 9th, having had to borrow a hundred dollars to pay his debts, and having barely four dollars in his pocket, he set off on his homeward journey.

Garibaldi's later history is disappointing, and leads us to reflect that, after all, the Sicilian campaign was not such as a far-thinking, rational man could ever have undertaken. It owed its brilliant success to the peculiar circumstances afforded by a rotten government and a demoralized army, and to the help of skillful diplomatists, who assisted it in every way.

Then came Garibaldi's appearance in the Chambers of Turin, and the angry session in which he played so conspicuous a part. He arrived early in April at the Piedmontese capital, but was too ill from rheumatic fever for some days to take his seat in the Assembly, and when he did so on the 18th, in his red shirt and American *poncho*, the excitement was terrible.

Meanwhile the general was more vehement than ever in his discourses to the Northern Italians about Rome. To the ladies of Rome he wrote a letter brimming with much ardor, but with little sense, in which he said: "The ashes of Rome, the ashes of her unhappy sons, have been buried, but these ashes are so impregnated with life as to be able to regenerate the world. Rome, the mother of Italian grandeur . . . Rome! Rome! who is not urged by thy very name to take up arms for thy deliverance? who feels not thus has not deserved the tender embrace of a mother, or the ardent kiss of a lover. Such a one has only to restore a base heart to its original clay. Ladies, I am with you to death."

With such unrestrainable material to deal with, Ratazzi and the king had but one course to pursue—a course which by the light thrown upon the transaction by recent disclosures is now well known in Italy. Garibaldi was to be encouraged secretly to march on Rome—encouraged as he had been two years before by Cavour, during his Sicilian campaign; and then, when he had been led to compromise himself indirectly, he was to be taken prisoner as a rebel. Such is the secret of the story of Aspromonte.

Garibaldi set out on his Roman expedition with about 3,000 men, but he forced them to such laborious marches that he had only 1,500 with him when the event of the 29th of August happened. A few casual skirmishes convinced him that he had to do with a resolute resistance. In fact, here for the first time he realized that the Government intended really to oppose his progress; so he pitched his camp on the evening of the 28th, on the brow of the far-famed hill of Aspromonte, on a plateau overlooking the sea, with a wood behind, which connected it with a high ridge of the Apennines. While proceeding to manoeuvre a division of his forces he was struck by two balls—one, a spent bullet, hit him in the thigh; the other in the right foot.

Succumbing to the effect of his wounds, Garibaldi fell, and his nearest friends rushing forward, placed him and his son Menotti, who was also wounded, under a tree. The sturdy hero of two worlds complacently pulled forth a cigar out of his pocket and smoked it, whilst he inquired of the surgeon who was dressing his wound if he thought amputation would be necessary.

Il Duca di Genova bore Garibaldi to his prison in the Gulf of Spezzia at the foot of Varignano. The room was damp, the paper hung in masses from the wall, no lint, no bandage was at hand; the commonest prisoner of a hostile nation would have had cause to complain if treated like the Italian patriot.

Doctors left their practice—amongst others Dr. Prandina

of Chiavari, and Dr. Partridge of London—to come and attend upon him, fondly hoping that to cure Garibaldi would win for them world-wide fame. Hotel-keepers at Spezzia were radiant; they had not a room to spare all the time the general was a prisoner at Varignano. Having at length been liberated, during his stay at Pisa the ball was extracted from his foot, thanks to the combined skill of Dr. Nélaton from Paris, who discovered its locality, and of Dr. Zanetti, who, using the instrument provided by Dr. Nélaton, finally succeeded in drawing it out. This now almost historical bullet was handed about from friend to friend, and fondled as if it had been a new-born babe; in fact, the London *Times* tells us that a letter came to Dr. Nélaton from an Englishman offering thirty thousand francs for the same, but we have never been able to hear if it was handed over to this ambitious collector of curiosities.

Nothing more eventful disturbed the convalescence of the recluse at Caprera than from time to time a lament as to his inability to be active in the cause of Poland. "Would that I could actively display the great sympathy with which your holy cause inspires me," he wrote to a Polish prisoner in Russian hands; "but alas! I must remain inactive." Medical men and visitors of all descriptions went backward and forward to Caprera; the little town of La Maddalena perfectly swarmed with foreigners of all nations. And so this year passed by.

The next chapter in Garibaldi's life is his visit to England. Both politically and socially, Garibaldi's visit to England forms an interesting episode in contemporaneous history; politically, for the very heart and soul of the whole affair was political, the object being to excite additional interest in England for the cause of Italian Unity—the emancipation of Rome and Venice—firstly on the part of the Garibaldian party, who rightly considered that Garibaldi had lost prestige at Aspromonte, and therefore they urged their hero to go to England, where a good reception, it was thought, would set him up again; and, secondly, on Garibaldi's own part, to try if it were possible to arouse some feeling in favor of poor, crushed little Denmark, then writhing in her last dying agony. The effects, too, were political, as was evinced by the scare of the Government at the objection raised to his presence by the French Emperor; but the result, as far as Garibaldi and his friends were concerned, was a failure.

To enter into the details of plots and counterplots, angry correspondence and jealousies, which took place between Garibaldi's friends in England before it was finally settled how he should come and with whom he should lodge, would be of little interest.

It was a wretched, drizzling day, that Sunday, April the 3d, when Garibaldi steamed into the Solent. The Duke of Sutherland, Mr. Seely, M.P. for Lincoln, and a deputation from the Italian residents in England, headed by Signor Negretti, met him on the steam tug *Aid*. As the vessel approached the dock he ascended the paddle-box, that the dense concourse of people might have an opportunity of seeing their guest enveloped in his gray great-coat; and then the Mayor of Southampton, after the vessel had run alongside the pier, addressed him in a somewhat fulsome speech, which gratified all parties.

It required a strong man to go through the amount of handshaking our hero did the day he entered London. In vain did the police strive to deliver him from the demonstrations of his friends. Garibaldi, first of all, moved slowly past the various societies and their bands and banners, and as each was playing a different tune the discord was fearful. All along the road the same enthusiasm was kept up, the crowds thickening as the metropolis was reached, so that the sun was setting when the triumphal



GARIBALDI'S ARRIVAL AT SPEZIA, IN 1862, AFTER THE AFFAIR AT ASPROMONTE.

procession reached Westminster Bridge. Twilight began to set in before the bridge was crossed, and people were almost exasperated who had been waiting all the afternoon to get a glance

at the hero. It was all like some romantic dream of wild excitement, this entry into London. Nowhere but in London could the like have been seen; bells were clanging, people cheering and thronging, bunting flying, club windows crowded, as if every Briton was a Garibaldian.

Garibaldi

would not receive a purse from his English friends. They wished to subscribe a sum of money, which, if invested, would secure him from want for the rest of his

days. As yet his sons and his son-in-law were not so deeply involved as to oblige him to take it; but he gladly accepted the yacht *Osprey*, which they offered him, for the old general loved to skim along the blue waters of the inland sea, and there it lay for a while at Caprera, until, as is the fate with most



GARIBALDI AT THE GENEVA PEACE CONGRESS, IN 1867.

toys, the general got tired of it.

Next comes the campaign in the lakes. The theatre of his operations this year was covered by eight geographical square leagues situated between the Caffaro, Riva and the upper course of the Chiese. In this space he indeed contrived to fight—well, say twenty bloody battles, though none but Bizecca is worthy of the name, when such affairs as Sadowa and Königgrätz were going on in Germany, and doing far more for Italian unity than anything Garibaldi could achieve.

The war which was to decide whether Austria or Prussia should take the lead in Germany was imminent, and Italy, longing for her as yet "unredeemed" territory, was very importunate at the Court of Berlin. It was in vain that Austria sought to buy her neutrality by promising to cede the Lombardo-Venetian territory, if Italy would but allow her to contend with Prussia single-handed; and undoubtedly, if General La Marmora had had as much strength of mind on the battlefield as he had in the cabinet when he refused this offer, Italy would have had Trent and Trieste into the bargain; for had Victor Emmanuel done anything at all in



GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.—FROM A PORTRAIT TAKEN DURING HIS RESIDENCE IN AMERICA.

the field, had he but won a single battle, or even covered his defeat at Custozza, his allies would have insisted on this. As it was, beaten by land and by sea, Italy may consider every penny she spent, and every life she lost on this war as wasted, for the same results could have been obtained by diplomacy without it.

Garibaldi got a polite request, whilst at Caprera, from the Minister of War, in May, to command the volunteers. Accordingly "the pirate of Caprera," as a Venetian paper, still favorable to kaiserism, called him, soon set off by way of Genoa to join his troops, who were gathering rapidly in Como, and people left the haunts of kaiserism, from the shores of the Adriatic, in boat-

loads to join him. Menotti and Ricciotti distinguished themselves, as sons worthy of their warlike father; but all this was of little avail. With the capture of Bizecca

the active part of Garibaldi's campaign was at an end. For the few remaining days before the armistice he busied himself in occupying positions which would insure his advance on Riva, and, moreover, secure his not being attacked from the Chiese valley.

Garibaldi's organization was, as usual,



GARIBALDI'S TROOPS DISARMED AFTER DEFEAT AT MENTANA, IN 1867.

deplorable. However excellent he may have been in the field, actuated by a sort of inspiration, as some will have it, all this disappeared when he came to treat of other things than strategy. There was not an ambulance wagon, no bandages, no lint, no food, and many of the wounded received no assistance for hours. One or two ladies, not influenced by this party feeling, tore up their dresses, and the parish priest of Tiarno di Sotto, though no friend of Garibaldi's, set his parishioners to work to make lint and bandages for the sufferers, who strewed the pavement of his parish church.

The year 1867 was a busy one for General Garibaldi. In it he exercised all his energies, political and strategical, to accomplish the wish of his life, the annihilation of the temporal power of the Pope, and in this he failed. However we may admire the expediency of trying to make Rome the capital of Italy, we cannot forget that Garibaldi, in pursuing his desire, set at defiance the authority of his country and his king, disregarded the will of a Parliament elected by a suffrage well-nigh universal, and urged Italy to break her pledge with France, by which she had agreed to leave the Pope in possession of Rome, if France withdrew her troops as the convention of September 1864 required. Hence France was at liberty, in accordance with a clause in this convention, to return to Rome and protect the hierarchy from the attack of Garibaldi.

Still intent on Rome, he returned to Italy, and there at the villa Cairoli, in Belgirate, he called the Italians to arms, to march on Rome.

The ultra-Republican party tried to dissuade him from his undertaking; they thought the presence of a king in the Eternal City little better than that of a pope. The *Union* in Rome, the secret societies, all were for a repetition of 1849—namely, to leave the pope free as the head of the Church, whilst they established a republic which should spread its fangs over the rest of Italy from the fountain-head of Rome. Yet as Garibaldi's expedition became more imminent, the Roman *Union* became more amenable to his plans. On the 22d of September they issued an address which spoke of their willingness to acquiesce, if not actively to participate in it. Troops now began to collect from all sides as Garibaldi approached the Roman frontier.

Instead of healing the political difficulties, Garibaldi's arrest served only to make matters worse in the Roman question; the *Giunta* became more active, the volunteers assembled more rapidly, and from his prison at Caprera—for he was guarded there by four steamers and a frigate of the royal navy—Garibaldi managed to send them words of encouragement from time to time, asking them if Italy, terrified at the arrest of one man, would withdraw from its glorious mission, and concluding: "Italians, in every way possible you should prosecute the redemption of Rome."

The Pope was inexorable in his determination not to give way one step to popular feeling, and when the Romans presented him with a petition signed by twelve thousand citizens, entreating him to call Victor Emmanuel's army into Rome, not a word would he hear of it. With French aid the Pope was determined to hold his temporal power.

Garibaldi's escape from Caprera may certainly be counted as not least amongst the many exciting episodes in his life. He pretended to be ill for some days, appearing not even to the inmates of his house; and then, on October the 14th, taking advantage of a misty sky and dark night, he set off for the little bay of Stagnarelle, with Fruscianti and another of his faithful friends.

Adverse winds kept them out at sea until the 19th, and then, at 7 P.M., they landed at Vado, by running the vessel into some reeds, only to find themselves in a hopeless swamp, through which they wandered in the dark for hours, until they met some inhabitants who were able to direct them to a neighboring village. Thence they took a carriage to Leghorn, a distance of eighteen miles, and then on, without delay, to Florence.

At the very same time that Garibaldi was leaving Florence by train for Terni, to join his son Menotti, the French frigate, the *Passepartout*, entered Civita Vecchia, with the first installment of assistance for the Pope.

On reaching Terni Garibaldi set about organizing his bands, and preparing them as best he could for marching direct on Passo Corese. They were divided in two columns: with one he took the high road, and the other he sent round by the hills; and they were both to meet before Monte Rotondo.

This town crowns a hill overlooking the Tiber valley. It is open on the east, but shut in on the west by a solid wall of rock; in the centre of the town is the palace of Prince Piombino, with a tower from which Rome and the valley form a delightful panorama. The possessor of Monte Rotondo commands both roads leading to Rome—the one over the Ponte Salaris and the other over the Ponte Nomentano.

For twenty-seven hours the fight in Monte Rotondo lasted. Many Zouave prisoners were taken, and amongst them were discovered several priests, who had doffed the cassock to fight the battles of their cause.

About this time the people in Rome were anxiously expecting the arrival of Garibaldi amongst them; it was known that he was victorious, that the enemy were driven out of Monte Rotondo, that the gates of Rome were open, and yet he came not.

Yet there were several reasons for this delay. Firstly, the Pope's troops had blown up all the bridges except the Montana one, which was strongly fortified and mined; and secondly, Garibaldi had his own plans for entering the city. Four thousand pounds was the price which the Pope's governor at the castle of St. Angelo placed on his honor, and four thousand pounds had been raised by the instrumentality of Garibaldi's English admirers; for this sum the key of Rome was to be handed over to the general.

On the very day that this was to take place, the governor was removed from his post, and the French marched up from Civita Vecchia. Treachery was suspected.

Now when this opening was cut off, Garibaldi resolved to retreat from his position by the Montana bridge—a retreat which seemed uncalled for to many of the volunteers, and no less than five thousand threw down their arms and deserted his cause. This retreat was an incident of evil augury in Garibaldi's career. It showed that his military prestige was gone. He had no longer that irresistible charm over his men which compelled them to do his bidding. Moreover, the Mazzinian party, who looked with disfavor on the expedition because their chief disliked it, began to spread sinister reports among the Garibaldian forces, urging them rather to hasten to Florence and assault the king in the Pitti Palace, and set up the Republican flag before going to dethrone the Pope.

With Italian troops behind, of whose plans he was unaware, with Papal troops before him, with a mysterious expectation of aid coming from France, with his own men more or less disaffected, Garibaldi felt that he must not delay at Monte Rotondo, much as he enjoyed the Prince of Piombino's palace and the lovely view over Michel Angelo's cupola, but that he must hasten to action if anything was to be done. He determined to set off at once for Tivoli.

A column consisting of four thousand seven hundred infantry, two field-guns, and two smaller guns, and one squadron of cavalry, commenced its march at 11 o'clock on November the 3d, on the road to Tivoli. When they had proceeded a mile beyond Mentana the vanguard was suddenly attacked, and had to fall back on Mentana, so as to form the battalions in line of battle.

Seeing, however, the hopelessness of the attack, and that there was no chance of ultimately winning the day, Garibaldi decided to withdraw his men from the field of battle, passing under the fire of the chassepots, and leaving behind him four hundred or five hundred men on the field, and about the same number of prisoners in the hands of the enemy. Two hours after Garibaldi's departure from Passo Corese, the French occupied Monte Rotondo without a blow.

It was on the morning of November the 4th, when the so lately victorious troops of Garibaldi, gloomy and silent, marched out of the gate of Monte Rotondo, still showing signs of the fire by which they had won it.

Two carabinieri now lifted Garibaldi—one took him by the arms, the other by the feet, and he was arrested, and in this way conducted into the carriage destined to convey him to Spezzia, on his second journey to the fort of Varignano.

It was no longer a case in which Garibaldi could decide. His method of reaching Rome was proved to be a failure; his volunteers were disbanded, and if he could have presented himself on the frontier once more, scarcely a man would have been found foolish enough to follow him. So, after a little rest at Varignano, which was exceedingly good for his health—overwrought and over-excited as he had been for a man of his age—the King gave him permission to return to Caprera. As far as Italy and Rome were concerned, his star was now for ever set.

The 2d of October found Victor Emmanuel at the Quirinal; and the Recluse of Caprera had been restless all the Summer, at the sound of the din of arms, having in the previous September positively determined to buckle his sword once more on to his worn-out old body—worn out by frequent attacks of rheumatism, which had drawn and contorted the once stalwart frame.

In short, Garibaldi had now passed beyond the most glorious period of his life: he was no longer the moderate, high-minded man he had been; he was a rabid hater of anything which had government for its object.

After Sedan, and after the declaration of the French Republic, he was happy; his traditional enemy, Napoleon, was degraded from his high estate. At one time he determined to go to France to aid her dying struggles; at another time he resolved not to go, and took up his pen to address the world.

The poor old man could not rest content with his exertions for a world-wide Areopagus, but must needs, only a few days after writing this letter, embark for France, on martial deeds intent. Often must he have repented this foolish expedition. It was like these wild attempts on Rome, in defiance of everybody—for France was at this time almost at the feet of Prussia, fighting but for honor.

Of Garibaldi's campaign in the Vosges little may be said.

Gambetta summoned the "Grand Patriote," as he politely called him, and offered him the command of all the free bodies in the Vosges district, from Strasburg to Paris, and a brigade of the *Garde Mobile*.

Fortified with this permission, the general left Tours on October 13th, to establish his headquarters at Dôle, where he arrived on the 14th, just after General Cambriels had been defeated in the defile of the Vosges, and had retreated

to Besançon with ten thousand men, thus abandoning the French Thermopylæ, so to speak.

And here began that system of pillaging the churches and desecrating everything they came across, which was the great disgrace of Garibaldi's troops in this campaign.

On January the 20th the Prussians arrived in sight of Dijon, and proceeded on the morrow to the attack, with 12,000 men, including some excellent Pomeranian troops. Garibaldi had from 15,000 to 18,000 volunteers in Dijon to oppose them. General Garibaldi himself was suffering much from rheumatism, and could not do more than get into his carriage and drive to the field of action, whilst he gave orders to his men. He staid there all that day, during which the combat raged furiously, the Prussians being obliged to retire. All the two following days the fight went on with unabated ardor; but at length Garibaldi remained master of the field, and the Prussians retreated.

The mobilized troops had been somewhat timid, owing to their inferior arms, but some of the battalions conducted themselves like old soldiers. The Fourth Brigade, under Ricciotti Garibaldi, again distinguished itself by its valor, and possessed itself of a flag—"the first, the only one, alas! which was won from the enemy in this war."

For the hero of Marsala and Naples one would fain recount an old age of repose and honor. Every one would have forgiven General Garibaldi's errors of judgment at Aspromonte and Mentana had he been content to bury the violent sentiments of his latter days amongst the rocks of Caprera; but in proportion to his inability to fight with his sword, has increased his ardor for fighting with his pen; and with this latter weapon, for the last ten years, Garibaldi has tried hard to undo any good he may have done with the former, and to make himself a fire-brand in his country.

We must now pay another visit to Caprera, and see the invalid at home once more, before his bones, or rather his ashes, are mingled with the island rocks; for Garibaldi is a warm advocate for cremation, as he tells us in a letter to Bizzoni not long ago.

The humble whitewashed cottage surrounded by desolate wildness is a myth. True enough, it is one-storied, but it covers a large space of ground. The rooms are fit for a nobleman, and are furnished with sufficient luxury for a modest-minded prince. In short, Garibaldi acts, and does far more than many a prince dare do; he receives far more homage than half the crowned heads of Europe, and if he affects to disregard such things, they are by no means unpleasing to his better-half, who shows off her possessions, and amongst them the old invalid, in quite a regal way, and yet if she thinks nobody is looking, Signora Francesca Garibaldi can run up an apple or a nut-tree in a manner highly undignified for the Queen of Caprera.

One day, early in 1879 Garibaldi, announced his intention of going to Rome, regardless of a sharp attack of illness from which he was suffering at the time, and regardless of a storm which was blowing; so he set off from Caprera, and reached the Eternal City. The young king greeted him, his friends greeted him; yet for a long time no one knew why Garibaldi had undertaken this voyage. But Alberto Mario knew; and so did the world, when Garibaldi's manifesto came out, and the "Democratic League," under his presidency, was noised abroad. This manifesto was a bold one to set up under the very eyes of the king, and no wonder gendarmes were employed to pull the notices down wherever they saw them. It was decidedly a relief to the Government when Garibaldi fell ill at Albano; and other domestic affairs, and the progress of his divorce,



VISIT OF GARIBALDI TO THE KING, IN THE QUIRINAL GARDENS, ROME.

occupied his attention at this time not a little.

We have now reached the year 1880, and the latest episodes in the political career of our hero. At the Mazzini demonstrations in Genoa, Stefano Canzio, Garibaldi's son-in-law, had been seen very near a red flag, and some authorities even thought they had distinguished his voice in crying, "*Viva la Repubblica!*" At all events, no less a person than General Stefano Canzio found himself condemned to a three months' stay in the prison of S. Andrea.

On hearing this Garibaldi was furious, and determined, feeble as he was, once more to make the best of his way to the Continent, to oblige the



GARIBALDI'S RESIDENCE, LE LIEUR VILLA, AT ALBANO, ITALY.



POPULAR OVATION TO GARIBALDI AT GENOA.

Government to deliver his precious son-in-law from his durance vile, forgetting that Canzio had been found guilty by the law of his country for the breach of the same. After a somewhat uncomfortable voyage, Garibaldi reached Genoa on the evening of October the 3d, 1880, but the landing was postponed till morning, and an anxious night it was for the Genoese authorities. Luckily, however, there was no demonstration. In the morning the association of veterans, and a few other societies, carrying perhaps a dozen standards in all, went quietly down to the quay, and the procession, with Garibaldi on mattresses in a carriage,

and Teresita Canzio, with her hair down her back and her child on her knee, made its way to Canzio's house in the Via Assarotti. The dreaded moment had arrived, but there was no frenzy of enthusiasm. The day for such things had passed by, and eye-witnesses described it as a reception of "comparative coolness."

Such, in brief, is the career of a man whose fanatical admirers have been his worst enemies; a career, indeed, more diversified than any other of contemporary history. For Garibaldi is a man as George Sand expressed him: "*Qui ne ressemble à personne, et il y a en lui une sorte de mystère, qui fait réfléchir.*"



THE BLACK VAIL. — "DORA, WHO IS THAT?" ASKED LUCILLE, HER EYES FIXED ON THE PROUD, COMMANDING EYES IN THE PORTRAIT. 'IS IT THE LIKENESS OF A REAL PERSON?' — SEE NEXT PAGE.

ABSENCE.

BY MRS. BUTLER.

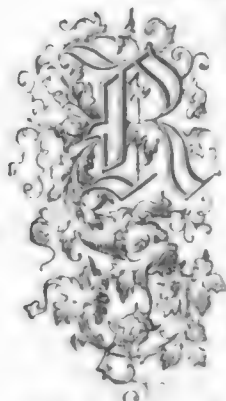
WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that low'rs
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told,
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Thro' these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

THE BLACK VAIL.



ROSLYN HALL, like the castle of the Sleeping Beauty, had waked into life this Summer, and was filled with Summer guests.

It was a sunny, languid afternoon, but through the Hall and the beautifully decorated grounds resounded the busy hum of preparation for the evening's festivities.

Erle Roslyn, *distingué*, handsome, "rich beyond his peers," had but lately returned from Europe, and the evening's *file* and masquerade, besides

amusing his guests, served as greeting to the country magnates.

A carriage rolled up the avenue containing the last installment of Summer guests—Mrs. Donald Sabyn and her daughter Lucille, a demoiselle of only sixteen years, but lovely as if sixteen hundred years had distilled the essence of loveliness and lavished it all on her.

Mrs. Donald Sabyn considered Lucille in purely a business light, and meant to buy with her beauty the richest son-in-law in the land—Erle Roslyn, if possible—and, like Napoleon, the word "impossible" was not in her dictionary.

So she entered Roslyn Hall, and allowed herself to be conducted to her apartments with the air of proprietress-in-chief.

"My dear," she exclaimed, as she passed a lady in the hall. "My dearest!" ejaculated the other lady, and both embraced with effusion, while a young lady nearly smothered Lucille with kisses and bore her away in triumph.

Mrs. Donald Sabyn and her dearest foe—they had long been society rivals—seated themselves comfortably and began to sip the tea the housekeeper had sent up to them.

"My dear Mrs. Estel, to think of meeting *you* here!" said Mrs. Sabyn, in tones of warmest affection, yet seeming to express—"to think of *your* gaining admittance to Roslyn Hall!"

"Yes, dearest; and may this prove as pleasant a Summer to us as last," returned Mrs. Estel, unflinchingly.

Mrs. Sabyn drank a deep draught of tea to cover her discomfiture. That pleasant Summer had witnessed a social triumph for Mrs. Estel, and almost a defeat for her own proud self. She placed the empty cup in its saucer, with an affectionate glance at her adversary.

"And Hortense is with you, I see," she said; "the dear girl! Beauty is of so little value compared with her many lovable traits."

"And many lovable dollars," laughed Mrs. Estel. "Yes, my dear friend, we shall find that to be true."

This was a positive menace, and Mrs. Sabyn felt it so, taking time to prepare another cup of tea before she answered:

"Speaking of dollars," she remarked, "how immensely wealthy Erle Roslyn is! Really, what any one else considered a fortune would seem almost nothing to him."

That touched the weak point in Mrs. Estel's armor, for money was all poor, thin little Hortense had to recommend her.

But, secure in the thought that Mrs. Sabyn would sell her very soul for Hortense's half million, she rose to leave her dearest friend to her beauty-sleep for the evening's ball.

Meantime Hortense, who did not possess a share in her mother's diplomacy, and who did possess a consuming envy of every hair's-breadth of Lucille's beauty, had only accompanied her as far as the door of her apartment.

There she gave her into the hands of her maid, the housekeeper's pretty little granddaughter, Dora, complacently thinking, as she hastened away, that Lucille's mother could never, never afford to buy her a masquerade costume as handsome as her own, not to mention her diamonds.

Dora admired her lovely young mistress most fervently at the first glance, and said, impulsively, "Oh, how glad I am they let me be your maid instead of Miss Hortense's!"

And Lucille smiled on her little admirer of just her own age, and was glad, too. She threw herself on a low couch, in obedience to her mother's strict commands to lie down at once and sleep till evening.

Her eyes wandered round the sumptuously furnished room, and finally fastened themselves, as if spellbound, on the portrait of a wonderfully handsome man.

"Dora, who is that?" she asked, her eyes fixed on the proud, commanding eyes in the portrait. "Is it the likeness of a real person?"

"Oh, Miss Lucille," said Dora, suspending her operations on the masses and billows of curling golden hair, "haven't you ever seen him? Don't you know that is Mr. Erle?"

Lucille still gazed like one fascinated.

"Is he really as handsome as that, Dora?" she asked, dreamily. "I suppose all the ladies just adore him?"

"Oh, Miss Lucille," said Dora, excitedly; "how I'd like to tell you; but your mamma said I was to brush your hair, and make you go to sleep."

"Never mind," said Lucille, regardless for once of her mamma's commands; "you'd like to tell me what?"

Dora began softly brushing out the golden tangles, but at great disadvantage, for Lucille persisted in turning her head to look at the portrait to listen eagerly.

"You know you asked, Miss Lucille, 'didn't the young ladies adore him?' I've lived here four years—ever since I was twelve—and I know there's not a lady in all this county would dare adore him—would *dare* to," she repeated, impressively, while Lucille's fringed violets of eyes changed from darkest blue to black, with questioning interest.

"Why not?" she asked, gazing again into the haughty, handsome eyes, that seemed to hold hers if she tried to look away. "Perhaps he has taken a vow never to marry; or perhaps he loves some beautiful princess, and would never deign to notice other women."

"Oh, no, Miss Lucille," said Dora, "and there never

"was a princess half so beautiful as you; but I scarcely dare tell you; my grandmother has forbidden."

"Oh, Dora, you must tell now," Lucille half-pleaded, half-demanded; "I'll never tell any one, and I want to know this very minute. Why don't they dare love him?"

"Well, then, Miss Lucille," said Dora, in a half-whisper, looking toward the picture, round which the shadows had gathered, till only the eyes seemed to live and glow, "they know something terrible will happen to them if they do. Before Mr. Erle went to Europe, five years ago, the Hall was full of visitors just as it is now, and one lady especially that Mr. Erle paid attention to, and who was desperately in love with him, any one could see. They all dared love him then, and they did, too, for he was just like a king, so handsome and grand. People do say that this lady and her relatives proposed to him, for he never seemed to care much for her, and in no hurry to fix the wedding-day; but it was fixed at last, and such preparation this county never saw. The week before there was to be a grand ball here, and she was to stay at the Hall. She seemed so happy at the ball, and so desperately in love, poor thing! People pitied her afterward when they remembered it. Well, the night after that ball everybody was tired, and went to bed early; but about midnight the guests in the west wing, where her rooms were, heard the most dreadful moaning, sobbing screams. Her door was fastened tight, and couldn't be opened till her father and Mr. Erle broke it down, and there the poor young lady lay, all tied down to the bed, with a stream of blood running from her shoulder. There was a little dagger lying near her with a paper fastened to it, and the window was opened, as if some one had escaped that way; and caught on the blind was a long black veil. They say Mr. Erle snatched the paper and dagger and kept them, and the veil, too. After the wound had been dressed (it was not dangerous, after all), he sent every one away except her folks, and they talked there till almost morning, but no one ever knew what about. The guests all left the next day, and right after that we heard the match was broken off, and the young lady had gone into a convent in spite of all her family could do or say. Then Mr. Erle went to Europe, and all sorts of stories began to get round. People remembered how, once before, a real rich, pretty young lady had been almost engaged to Mr. Erle, and something she never would explain made her refuse ever to see him again, though she grew pale and thin, and seemed perfectly broken-hearted; and then, when this new trouble came out, her mother told some things, and people half-guessed others, till a story flew round all through the county—the story that every one believes to this day."

The very last gleam of light came in through the darkened window, and once more the proud, commanding eyes met Lucille's, but the shadows had softened the command, and made it seem like entreaty.

The gleam of light faded, and made the corners of the room seem darker than before. Dora drew near the couch, half nervously, and went on in a whisper:

"There is something—a woman or a spirit, the village people say a spirit—that watches Mr. Erle wherever he is. It is tall, dressed in black, and its head always wrapped in a long, thick black veil. Mr. Erle may go where he pleases, and do what he likes among gentlemen, but whenever he pays the least attention to a lady, this Black Vail, as they call it, begins to be seen near him, and as the affair goes on, further and further, it is seen oftener and oftener, till——"

The sentence ended in a horrified little shriek, as the hall-door slowly creaked and opened.

It was the housekeeper, and as she came forward Lucille let go Dora's hand, which she had grasped in her sudden panic, and Dora began to brush the golden hair most assiduously.

"Dora," said she, sternly, "you have waked Miss Sabyn with your foolish screaming. Go down-stairs at once, and leave your mistress to finish her sleep."

Dora started to obey, but was called back when Lucille protested vehemently she could not sleep an instant if left there alone.

"Oh, Dora," she whispered, laughing nervously as the housekeeper went down the stairs, "if she had made you go I should have seen a ghost with a black veil on the very next minute. When she opened the door so slowly I was sure she was the real Black Vail herself—weren't you?"

But Dora, in dire fear of another and more trustworthy maid being appointed in her stead, coaxed and beguiled Lucille into shutting her eyes, and at least seeming to be asleep by the next time the housekeeper passed the door.

* * * * *

By twelve that night the masked ball was at its height, and even by frequenters of the county family balls in previous days was pronounced a marked success.

All the county magnates were there in full force, and the rich, fantastic dresses made a brilliant show in the great decorated ballrooms.

Erle Roslyn, handsomer, more *distingué*, more lionized than ever, was conspicuous everywhere, his tall, splendid figure making all other men seem slender, weak and undeveloped beside him. Among the gayly tricked out maskers, he only seemed more grandly handsome in his simple, yet artistic costume, and the *jeunesse dorée* of the county ground their teeth as they noted how every fair mask seemed to have no eyes save for Richard Cour de Lion.

And when, to the accompaniment of his harp, he sang the tender and loving ballad "in the language of oo and oi," his popularity knew no bounds. Poor little Hortense could only stand as near him as possible, staring at his magnificent and wonderful eyes.

Poor little Sultana! all the jewels on her thin brown shoulders and arms only made more painfully conspicuous the sharp elbows and collar-bones of little Miss Million, as she had already been dubbed.

Erle had good-naturedly danced with her twice, thus raising her to the seventh heaven of bliss, and causing Mrs. Estelle's heart to beat high with hope. Mrs. Donald Sabyn had not yet appeared. Finally, when the arrivals had long since ceased, and every one was ready for a fresh sensation, she was announced, Queen something or other, no one cared what—for, at her side stood such a vision of beauty, that all eyes were drawn to it. "Water Sprite," announced the usher, loudly, as she glided in.

Mrs. Estel shut her teeth tight and whispered in Erle's ear that that girl had not a cent to call her own, and must have begged or stolen the money to buy her dress.

But Erle heeded her not, gazing with half unwilling admiration at the rounded figure, which had a swaying grace and a lithe beauty all its own. Other women imagined, all at once, that their dresses seemed commonplace and old style. Where had she found that strangely-fashioned robe, so purely white, among all the other white dresses—and so filmy that it seemed like layer upon layer of soft cloud folded about her. Her arms and shoulders escaped from it in pearly softness and fairness, the white clouds only enhancing their beauty. In her hand she carried a little harp, twisted over with water-lilies, and her wonderful hair fell about her in most artistic carelessness, caught

here and there with pearls and coral. Erle Roslyn, thirty years old, cynical, *blasé*, and something more, found himself thinking he would like to kiss all those golden tendrils one by one.

But, uttering a French malediction at such folly under his breath, he calmly advanced to greet them as host, and as coolly requested the pleasure of a waltz with the Water Sprite, as if it had been poor little Hortense, thin and brown. But in spite of himself, waltzing with this spirit of grace and beauty thrilled him—the slow swell of blue waves, the light swaying of the flower on its stem, seemed embodied in her movements—the contrast strong, indeed, with the stereotyped swing of other waltzers. But Mrs. Donald Sabyn was an astute general, and had planned her campaign well.

That was the only waltz he had before the unmasking—and, after a certain resolve he had taken not to go near her again, it was at least rather singular he should find himself writing his name on her tablets for a waltz.

They were all in the conservatory as the waltz begun, and Lucille had not yet removed her mask. Two by two, the crowd danced away and left them—something ailed the fastening of the little mask, and

when it dropped off, they were alone. She gave a half-shy glance upward and could not withdraw her eyes—his own, filled with wondering admiration, like the eyes in the portrait, seemed to draw and constrain hers.

She heard a slight rustle among the thick leaves, and started with a little shiver, fully expecting to see a black-veiled figure with a dagger—had she but known the rustling was caused by Mrs. Donald Sabyn as she heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

When she looked again at Erle, she was frightened at the pallor on his face, and the gravity with which he offered her his arm.

The waltz music began, wailing and sad like the plaint of a broken heart, till Lucille's eyes had tears in them, and Erle looked reckless and desperate, as if he would defy his fate.

They waltzed through the very last sobbing, sighing note of music, unconscious of time or place; and when the dancers crowded round them with a running fire of small talk, Lucille felt as if she had been in another world and come back to one infinitely inferior.

Mrs. Donald Sabyn, the astute generalissimo, appeared and bore off her lovely Water Sprite in the very flush of her triumph. Lucille had been the success of the eve-

ning, and after she had gone the ball seemed tame and wearisome to more than one of the gilded youth of the county.

Hortense went to her room, tore off her blazing, unsuitable diamonds, and flung them on the floor.

"I hate her!" she cried to her mother. "I'd give my whole half million to see her as ugly as I am."

The next morning the guests to the Hall strayed in, one after another, to a twelve o'clock breakfast. Erle was on hand betimes, witty and courteous to all his guests, pityingly attentive to poor little Hortense, who regarded him devoutly



ABSENCE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 530.

from the opposite side of the table, and who looked much better than when *en costume* as Sultana.

He found himself watching the door through which Lucille must enter, wishing, yet dreading, to see her. Determined to crush at once the feeling that would come into his heart for her, he hoped that to see her in pale, languid and drooping contrast to last night's bright beauty might make him his own indifferent self once more.

Finally, when he had given them up, the door opened, and the generalissimo appeared. Erle's hand trembled as he passed the olives to Hortense, and inwardly enraged at himself, he bowed calmly to the advancing generalissimo.



IN THE LIBRARY.—FROM THE PAINTING BY KIESEL.

and still more calmly to the bright young beauty at her side.

The fair, sweet morning itself was not more fair and sweet than she, with her starry, long-fringed eyes and delicate, changing color.

Erle looked at her, and looked and looked again, with an admiration he tried no longer to conceal. Why should he not admire her? he thought. She seemed so different from other girls, so much less susceptible and sentimental—really, she paid no more attention to him than to the other men!

Just for once, he resolved, he would indulge himself, and forget that he had better not. So he wandered out on the terrace with her, looked as much as he pleased into the sweet, wondering, girlish eyes, admired her beautiful hands as she played with the flowers, and even held one in his own to pluck out a cruel little thorn which had dared to lodge itself in the soft flesh.

His own hand trembled, but hers was cool and passive, and her lovely eyes met his unthinkingly, for, unconsciously, Lucille had some of the generalissimo's tact, and would not be as sentimental as Hortense when she saw how it disgusted him. But in her heart she adored him already with a girl's first love—a depth of feeling society belles may only remember and never experience.

Two days later a riding-party was formed at Erle's request, who no longer desired to become disenchanted with Lucille, and was already as proud of her beauty as before he had feared it.

But the severest critic must have been disarmed as she appeared in dark-blue velvet habit and snowy plumes, the very queen of equestriennes.

The party dashed on through the park avenues, and Erle and Lucille, riding more slowly, soon lost sight of them. They rode on in silence, neither speaking.

Erle loved Lucille most passionately by this time, and made no effort against it, but knowing as he did the inexorable hand which held him from her, a sadness too deep for words filled his heart. Lucille could not but see the pallor and repressed emotion of his face, and the sweet pity and unconscious love that shone in her eyes were almost more than he could bear.

Lucille had made some remark about the beautiful park in which they were riding, and which had belonged to the Roslyns through so many generations.

"Yes," assented Erle, half-abstractedly; "but when I die it passes to another family. I am and shall be the last of the name."

Lucille looked at him wonderingly.

He sprang from his saddle to arrange a refractory buckle, and, instead of remounting, walked restlessly to and fro. He threw his arm over her horse's neck and looked up into her face.

"Lucille," he said, "you are my own true little friend, I know—why should not I call you Lucille?"

"Yes, why not?" responded Lucille, faintly.

"Lucille," he began again, his voice low with intensity of repressed feeling, his dark, handsome face stormy with emotion, "if I loved a girl, the loveliest creature on this wide earth—so beautiful even the dumb brutes must worship her—if I loved her with a force and passion your girlish heart could never know, as *I do*, my darling!"—his face turned white and his eyes burned like the eyes in the portrait—"oh, my own little Lucille—I should pray God to kill her or kill me before she learned to love me!"

A slight stir in the low brush, and there stood close at Erle's side a tall figure wrapped from head to foot in black.

Lucille's horse reared, plunged, dashed frantically

away, she knew not where. When she next became conscious of time or place, she was in her room, her mother bending over her, white and anxious, Dora weeping quietly at the foot of the bed, and the doctor looking grave as he felt her pulse.

Strange to say, she was scarcely hurt—one of her white wrists was sprained, but the shock to her nerves made her weak and ill.

"But poor Mr. Erle!" said Dora, pitifully, one day—"so white and still, and so sorry for you! The visitors have all gone, even Miss Hortense and her mamma, though those two staid until he almost sent them away, and now he has rooms in this same wing, and makes them tell him every hour if you are better."

Lucille hid her face in the pillow to cry for very happiness to think he cared so much, and sorrow that she must go away and never see him any more. She wished she might speak to him if she must leave him for ever. Surely it would not be wrong to see him only once more, and bid him good-by.

The next day she was carried down-stairs, and as she reclined in a great armchair, white and lovely as a snow-drop, Erle came and sat beside her.

"My poor little Lucille," said he, bending toward her, "do you hate me for having been the cause of all this?"

Hate him! Lucille looked up quickly, and before his dark, splendid eyes would let hers go, he seemed satisfied without an answer.

"Lucille," he whispered, presently, a cloud coming over his face, "what frightened the horses that day?"

"Oh, that terrible thing!" she cried, white and trembling. "What was it?"

"The villagers call it a spirit. I wish it were," said Erle, bitterly. "Lucille, that terrible thing is my wife!"

"Oh, Erle; Erle!" moaned Lucille, covering her face, "is it really true? Then I must not love you any more!"

"Not love me any more, my own darling?" said Erle, through his shut teeth. "No, do not love me; but I shall love you while I live."

And as the generalissimo entered, overflowing with smiles and sweet words, he rushed from the room, ready to kill himself or his black-veiled wife, he cared not which.

Lucille had not needed a nurse for several nights, and this night Dora insisted that she be allowed to take care of her beloved little mistress alone. Erle made objection immediately, but it was overruled, and the matter was thus arranged.

About midnight, Erle, watching breathlessly in the corridor near her door, heard a long, low scream, which almost stilled the blood in his veins. Others heard it, too, and in an instant the corridor was full.

Erle broke the door unaided with one mighty blow, and before the others had time to adjust their eyes to the new tableau, he was in the middle of the room in a desperate struggle with something long, lithe and black, that had the strength and suppleness of a panther, and its ferocity.

Two servants joined them before the strife had lasted ten seconds, and pinioned the struggling wild-cat to the floor.

The long black veil was twisted aside, disclosing to the servants a face familiar, though distorted and almost demoniac with passion—the face of a village girl who had disappeared ten years before and never been heard of since.

The servants loosed their hold in surprise. Quick as thought she stabbed Erle twice, inflicting what seemed mortal wounds, and then, with one fearful blow after another, drove the dagger into her throat and heart, and

died with a smile of exultation on her lips. Erle sprang up, bleeding and weak, in the endeavor to spare Lucille the sight of such horrors. He staggered and almost fell as he saw that her bed was empty.

"There, dear Mr. Erle—there she is, all safe," sobbed Dora, pointing to her own little couch. "She was so restless she would change beds with me, and that dreadful creature—oh, how thankful I am!—gave her the chloroform instead of me."

Gently and quietly the servants bore away the poor creature whose dreadful death moved them all to pity, and cleared the room of all traces of the terrible deed.

Some hours later Erle Roslyn, his arm in a sling, and Mrs. Donald Sabyn stood by the coffin, and looked down at the hard face, that seemed filled with hate even in death.

Mrs. Sabyn looked questioningly at Erle.

"She was my wife," he responded, laconically; "I married her twelve years ago, after her mother had given me drugged liquor. When she found I would never own her as my wife, she consented to keep the matter secret in consideration of all the money she wanted. She vowed if I ever loved any woman, she would kill her. Oh, Lucille!" he groaned, sinking on his knees and covering his face—"oh, my angel! if she had killed you!" and he gave a sob that seemed to tear his heart.

"There, Erle—there, my dear boy," said Mrs. Donald Sabyn, soothingly; "Lucille is safe, and she loves you. Come, we will go to her."

On that evening Erle told her, the happiest betrothed in all the land, the whole sad story. And instead of thinking of her own peril, she sobbed and shivered, and said, as he had said:

"Oh, my darling! if she had killed you!"

The dead woman was buried near the grave of her mother, who had lain there many years.

The county magnates foretold all manner of evil for Lucille as well as Erle. The servants had kept their master's secret faithfully, and not for many years was the true story of the Black Vail made known.

And those who had prophesied evil for the lovers were amazed and discomfited to find as time went on that Erle Roslyn could dare to love, marry, and be the happiest man in Christendom, without the slightest interference from the Black Vail.

INSIDE KAIRWAN.

THE march of 22,000 French soldiers on Kairwán is now a matter of history; but the motives for so much pomp of war being directed against a town, the sole defense of which was a few rusty cannons and an *enceinte* of crumbling battlements dating from the Middle Ages, constitute a mystery, for the solution of which we must probably await the autobiography of either M. Saint Hilaire or General Farre.

The story of the fall of Kairwán is a very simple one. On the 26th October, General Etienne and the Susa column appeared before it. A white flag floated on the Minár, which had witnessed so much Moslem prowess and so many Moslem victories. The Tunisian governor, Mourabat (of the Almoravides), came out to meet him. An hour afterward the tricolor floated alone on the citadel. The next day General Saussier and the Zaghonan column arrived. His soldiers entered the Tanners' Gate, marched out of the Bab el Tunis, and encamped beyond it. General Forgemol and the Tebesa column were only twelve hours behind General Saussier. His Turcos also

crossed the city in triumph, and encamped outside it. On the 29th October, the whole *corps d'armée* encircled the ancient city. The next day the commander-in-chief decreed the entry of the officers of the French army into its mosques and *zaouias* (sanctuaries). The Mufti and Cadi of Kairwán had no alternative but to obey.

This order had only just been issued when I left Susa to explore the hitherto hidden treasures of Kairwán, to see sights till now hidden from Christian eyes, and to tread where Christian had never dared to enter before. My sole guide was the works of Messrs. Guérin, Péliissier and Rae; and a strong recommendation from General Lambert to General Etienne led me to hope that my voyage of discovery would not be altogether fruitless.

On the 5th of November I quitted the New Gate of Susa in early morning. It was as yet scarcely light, but during our passage across two lines of low hills covered with olive-trees, the scenes of the combats of the past five weeks were just visible. As day dawned we emerged from the olive-groves on to a wide-spreading, open plain. After two hours we began to skirt a shallow lake. This was the Sebkhah Sidi el Hani—the Lake of Kairwán. Shortly afterward we came in sight of two stunted cupolas on a mound. These were the tombs of Sidi el Hani and his son. A small French camp surrounded them. A convoy had miscarried, and the soldiers made loud complaints. The wooden sarcophagi of the Moslem saints (or, perhaps, as M. Guérin terms them, *santons*) had served for firewood on the previous day. In the open plain below the tomb and the camp were nine wells, one of which at least contained drinkable water.

We pressed forward and passed a sandy ridge. Kairwán became visible in the far west; the city seemed a mere streak of white; but the Minár of Sidi Okbah stood out in conspicuous relief against a background of purple hills. We came nearer, and countless smaller domes and minarets seemed to spring into existence. Crossing two dried-up water-courses, the principal of which is the Oued Beghla, we approached the city walls and then the Tanners' Gate (Bab el Djelladín). The governor's residence almost adjoins it.

Within an hour of my arrival, Sy Amor Ben Yimes el Khaia offered me the hospitality of his house. Sy Amor was the *Khaia*, or military governor, of one of the divisions of the Slass clan, which had joined in the defense of the country; and during my stay he was chiefly engaged in the evidently uncongenial task of persuading his tribesmen to return. The Tunisian governor, whom I visited, seemed to feel acutely the humiliation of his position. His normal occupation gone, he was allowed the solace of a guard of Tunisian soldiers in receipt of French pay.

Sidi Muhammed el Mourabat comes of ancient lineage. His great ancestor, Sidi Abfd el Khiryáni, died five centuries ago, and he was of the Almoravides. The Mourabats have been guardians of his shrine ever since. Sidi Muhammed's father, Sidi Othmán, received Sir Grenville Temple in 1835. He told me, mournfully enough, that as the French had entered the mosques, he could not forbid my doing so; but he seemed exceedingly depressed. It afterward transpired that the shrine of Sidi Abfd had been that morning taken possession of to serve as the quarters for the *Commandant de la Place* and his staff.

During my six days' stay in the city the French authorities gave me every possible facility for the prosecution of my inquiries. Colonel Maulin—the occupant of the sanctuary of Sidi Abfd—procured me an authentic plan of Kairwán, just completed by the French Engineering Department; and both he and his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Walewski

(son of Count Walewski, French Ambassador at St. James's during the Empire), accompanied me in many of the visits I paid to the most noteworthy objects of interest in the last "intact Moslem town" in Africa.

The City of Kairwán has seven irregular sides, and is surrounded by a high brick wall, intersected by towers and bastions, and pierced by five principal gates and four posterns (now closed). The rampart is composed of very small, well-baked bricks, and terminates in round-headed crenellations, about a foot wide, with loopholes below for musketry. It varies in thickness from six to nine feet, and a terrace four or five feet from the top allows a line of

combatants to pass along it. In some parts the *enceinte* is ruinous, in others it is in fairly good repair, and its complete circuit measures 3,125 French metres. Outside the walls are several mounds, which consist, probably, of the remains of its ancient suburbs. Three of these are now being fortified with earthworks and artillery. On every side of the town except one are large cisterns, in which awalled receptacle allows the rainwater to pass into covered vaults below. To the south of the town are its chief suburbs Kubliyah and Jebliyah, the latter having two gates and portions of a

wall still standing. The population of the town does not exceed 14,000 souls.

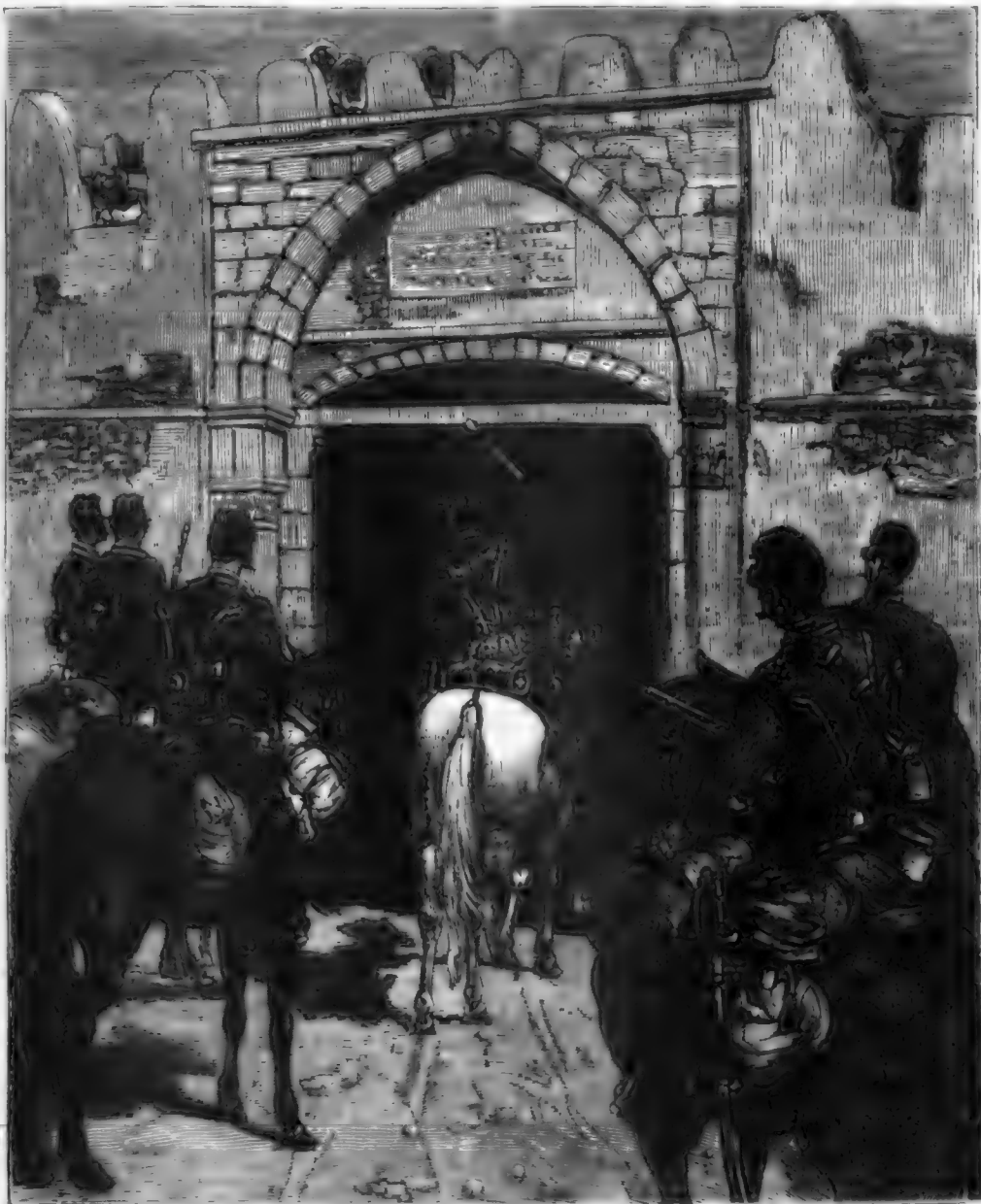
Kairwán is technically divided into five quarters—an arrangement based apparently on a consideration of the Moslem confraternities, to which their inhabitants belong. Around the Great Mosque is the Haoumah, or Arbat Djama. Those who live there are generally followers of the religious school of Sidi Abd el Kádir el Ghiláni. In the quarters known as Chorfa, El Mahr, Jebliyah and Kubliyah, the inhabitants nearly all belong to the religious brotherhood of the Aïssaouia, except in the latter, where many adherents of Sidi Abdesselem are to be found. I shall have occasion to refer again to the power-

ful influence exercised by these great systems of semi-political, semi-religious Moslem freemasonry.

Inside the rampart runs a narrow street, but this is often traversed by the walls of inclosures adjoining the houses below. The main feature in the public and private buildings of Kairwán is the wholesale appropriation of Roman materials—Roman and Byzantine capitals, shafts and friezes meet the eye in all directions. If you draw water, the well is reached by a perforated Roman column; the very stones of the corn-mills have a similar origin, and many of the slabs now bearing Arabic inscriptions are probably reversed Roman tablets. Most of these stones

are believed to have come from the neighboring ruins of Sabra, but the gorgeous pillars of the Great Mosque probably represent the architectural spoils of all North Africa. The streets of Kairwán are narrow, ill paved, and wholly devoid of any systematic arrangement. The principal thoroughfare crosses the southern portion of the city from the Tanners' Gate (Bab el Djeladín) to the Tunis Gate (Babel Tanis), a distance of less than half a mile.

The northern quarter of Kairwán is almost wholly taken up by the Great Mosque, which is only approached by



LIEUT. ARTHUS DEMANDING THE SURRENDER OF KAIRWAN.

narrow lanes. The exterior has been well described by Mr. Rae, and can scarcely be said to be particularly imposing. The southeast end of the Mosque measures 85 yards. A single porch in its centre is appropriated exclusively for the entrance of the Bash-Mufti. The sides of the building are 143 yards in length, and each possesses four entrance-porches, the finest of these facing the ramparts. Mr. Rae thus describes it: "It has an outer horseshoe arch, and an inner one which contains the door opening direct into the prayer-chamber. The exterior is a finely proportioned piece of Saracenic work; it has a row of arched panels along the upper portion of its sides, and the dome and interior of its arches are in plaster fretwork."

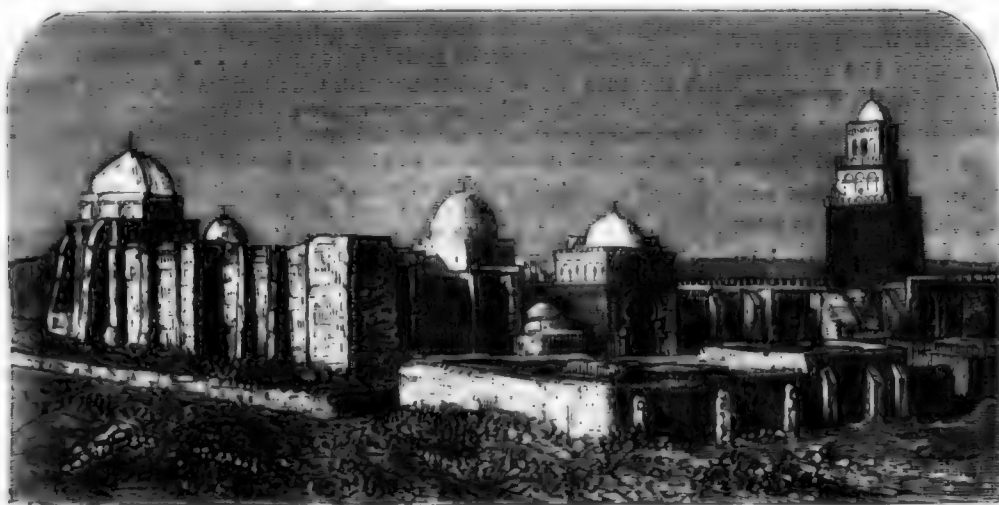
Midway on the same side is the sacred well of *Kefáyat* (Plenty). It is fenced in by a low wall, its aperture is lined with different-colored marbles, and tradition asserts that it communicates directly with the spring of Zemzem, at Mecca. It has scarcely ever failed to yield a plentiful supply of water.

The northwest end is somewhat narrower than that facing the southeast. It measures only seventy-five yards across, and the *Minár* rises in its centre. The four porches on both sides of the building correspond, and they are divided by enormous buttresses of solid masonry. The interior of the Mosque may be divided into the prayer-chamber (forty yards in length by eighty-five in breadth), the vestibule adjoining it, and a great cloistered court. The roof of the prayer-chamber is loftier than that of the vestibule, and that of



VIEW OF KAIRWAN.

birds. The columns of the central nave are at least twenty-two feet high. Their arches support a wall covered with tracery, and a lofty circular roof. The nave terminates in a dome lighted by small painted-glass windows. Two groups of four columns each mainly support the weight of the cupola. The *mihráb* niche in the east stands between two red porphyry pillars of great beauty, and is lined with delicate mosaic in marble and lapis-lazuli. On one side of it is a large square of white marble covered with emblems in mosaic, and surmounted by a slab of *verde antique*; on the other stands the ancient *mimbar* or pulpit of carved dark wood, some ten feet high, and having twelve steps, and a number of small receptacles with bronze hinges below them. The pillars of the nave are arranged in groups of two or three together, and one of these clusters is worn away by



GRAND MOSQUE OF OKBEAH AT KAIRWAN.

the vestibule higher than that of the court. The prayer-chamber is divided into a great central nave, with eight aisles on each side of it. These are formed by parallel rows of ten columns each, the two nearest to the eastern wall being close together. The pillars of the lesser aisles are of various-colored marble, and are about fifteen feet in height. The capitals in many cases evidently do not belong to the columns on which they rest, but they are generally of white marble or stone. From the capitals spring semi-circular arches supporting a flat ceiling of dark-colored wood. In the southwest walls of the prayer-chamber thirteen columns are imbedded in the masonry, three close together on one side of the porch and one on the other. The latter evidently came from some Byzantine church, and its capital consists of a grotesque arrangement of flowers and

the faithful squeezing themselves between them, to prove their "purity of soul."

The total number of columns in the prayer-chamber is 296. The pavement consists of small slabs of white



THE GOVERNOR OF KAIRWAN RECEIVING FRENCH OFFICERS.

marble, hopelessly broken. The vestibule is approached by seventeen elaborately carved and paneled wooden doors. When these are open the dim religious light which generally pervades the seventeen aisles disappears. The great central door is surmounted by a horseshoe arch, the head of which is filled up by fine arabesque fretwork. In the vestibule are thirty-four pillars, those in the centre being much higher than the rest. This part of the building opens on to the cloister beyond—a vast quadrangle paved with white marble, and almost entirely surrounded by a covered arcade, only broken by the Minár. This arcade contains eighty-six columns on either side, and twenty-seven at the end. The total number of the pillars in the interior of the Great Mosque is, therefore, 439, not far short of the 500 spoken of by El Bekiri—a statement usually looked upon as fabulous. In this court are several other Byzantine columns. On four of the pillars Arabic inscriptions are carved. One belongs to the fourth century of the Hegira, and its design is extremely curious.

Below the court are enormous cisterns, and in the centre an ancient sun-dial. The Minár is a massive square building of stone, consisting of three stories, one smaller than the other, and each having a battlement of round-headed crenellations. In the interior is a white marble staircase, composed of fragments of Roman pavement and ornamentation. It has 129 steps, and is about 100 feet high. The view from the summit was one never to be forgotten. Immediately below were the cupolas, terraces, tortuous streets, and battlements of Kairwán. Further on, its suburbs, with its border of *koubas* and tombs. To the west, the great camps of Generals Logerot and Forgemol, with their almost countless tents and vast convoys. Far away to the north, the mountains over which the French troops had marched on Kairwán: to the south, the hills over which the columns must now pass on their expedition toward Gabes and Gassa. Descending from the tower, I observed two Roman inscriptions at the side of the entrance. One was reversed, but apparently read thus:

HIC MAXIME IMPERA
TORIS CAESARIS N.S.
DIVI TRAJANIA.
DHEP: CAE: AEDEM.
PECERUNT.

A second was more easily decipherable:

ANTONINI FILI
AURELLIA ANTONINI
DIVI NERVAE AD
NEPOTIS
TET DEDICAVERT.

A few months ago, in executing some repairs outside the Mosque, a table was discovered and sent to Tunis. It is now in the possession of Mr. Reade, her Britannic Majesty's Agent and Consul-General, and bears the following inscription:

DEO PLUTONI SACR: PRO SALU
ET DDDD. NNNN. DEOCLETIA
NI ET MAXIMIANI ET CONSTANTI ET
MAXIMIANI NOB-LISIMI CAES-SS OO
TEMPULUM PLUT-NIS LABSUM ET
DEDICATUM PER INSTANTIA FELICI
CAELI FORTUNATI ET . . . ONI . . . ARSVN
. . . IS . . . FD- JUB-L ET FORTVNATVS ALIQU
TIS A-CARIUS ET . . . IN-PO ET MAIEST CURA.

During the days I spent at Kairwán, I visited nearly every public building in the place, as well as those *extra muros*; but only about six of these edifices merit particular description. Many of the lesser tombs and *zaouias* are absolutely in ruins. There are 63 mosques and over 100

sanctuaries in and around the city, including the three *zaouias* or college-monasteries of the Kádria, Tijánia, and Aissaouia sects. Close to the Great Mosque is the headquarters of the brotherhood of Sidi Abd el Kádir el Ghiláni. It consists of a lofty cupola, and the usual entrance-hall and cloister of marble columns and arches leading to a number of conventual cells. The great door is covered with copper. The principal apartment is lighted by stained-glass windows. The chief inhabitants of Kairwán all belong to this association, which, having its headquarters at Baghdad, exercises considerable influence throughout Islam. The Kádria have always opposed French aggression; the Emir Abd el Kádir himself was one of their most zealous secretaries; and it was in this *zaouia* that, after long and serious discussions, the hopelessness of a defense was fully realized, and the chiefs of the warlike tribes of the south, still true to the traditions of their faith, were entreated to depart to save the sacred monuments of Kairwán from inevitable destruction.

Leaving the Zaouia Kádria, a short walk brought us to a remarkable building in the centre of the town—the Djáma Bon Thetha Bibán (the Mosque of the Three Doors). The exterior of this edifice is thus accurately described by Mr. Ræ:

"It has a plain façade, with a triple gateway, the arches of which are supported by marble columns. . . . Its chief feature is the rare old carved stonework, which gives it the air of the front of a fine old Crusaders' church. It runs above and about the arches, extending across the front in broad bands of successive text and ornament, in solid, deep, beautiful chiseling: first a line of running foliage two feet in depth; then a band of Kufic or early Arabic characters, free and bold; then a row of alternate panels of carvings, each containing a single rose or a leaf pattern; then text and carvings alternately; and finally the moldings and corbels of the cornice."

The interior consists of one poor room, some thirty feet broad by twenty deep. Its roof is supported by sixteen columns, most of them having richly sculptured Corinthian capitals. The Creed of Islam in raised bricks, runs around the stunted Minár; and this feature is very general in nearly all the mosques of Kairwán. Almost opposite the Djáma Bon Thetha Bon Bibán is a college scarcely less important than that of the Kádria—the *zaouia* of Sidi Hussein el Aláni, the headquarters at Kairwán of the followers of Sidi Ahméd el Tidjání. The principal seat of this powerful confraternity is at Temássin, in the Sahara of Constantine; the Bey of Tunis is one of its affiliated members; and its teachings seem calculated, according to M. Duveyrier, to allow of an understanding, or at least a *modus vivendi*, between Christian rulers and Moslem subjects. At the gate we were received by the guardian of the *zaouia*—Sy Amor el Aláni—who explained that he had studied in the college of Tidjání in Temássin, and had subsequently become the representative of the association at Kairwán. He said that he considered, on this account, his college entitled to very especial protection on the part of the French. The tomb of Sidi Hussein is approached through a cloister: the apartment containing the catafalque which covers his remains is surmounted by a lofty melon-shaped cupola. In the four walls there are twelve stained-glass windows, and there are sixteen others in a circular band of arabesque fretwork, from which the dome springs. The floor is paved with marble.

Just beyond this building is the College of Sidi Abdullah Ben Khút Hami. In the court, shaded by a wide-spreading fig-tree, are three fine Byzantine columns. The cupola over Sidi Abdullah's tomb and that of one of his relatives has an inner lining of perforated carving in cement, which

is singularly effective. Leaving this building, we regained the main thoroughfare just opposite the Tanners' Gate and Tunisian governor's house.

In a lane to the right is the finest specimen of Moorish architecture within the walls of the city—the sanctuary of the Almoravides, and the burying-place of the Mourabat family from the time of the Sidi Abîd el Ghryâni in A. H. 805. The entrance-door is very striking. A broad horseshoe arch, nearly forty feet high, rests on two marble pillars, each bearing a Kufic inscription; the interior of the arch is filled up by a doorway of pure white marble, and a window with a bronze grating. Between the two runs a broad band of different-colored marbles, and the whole is framed, as it were, in a tasteful arrangement of black and white marble slabs. A vestibule leads to a finely proportioned court having two arcades, one above the other; the centre is paved with black and white marble in geometrical patterns. A white marble basin in the centre catches the rain-water and attracts the birds. The columns are of marble, the arches above of stone. At either angle is a chamber; three of these contain tombs; that of Sidi el Abîd is inclosed by bronze grating, and the catafalque above it is covered by a pall of embroidered silk and velvet. Opposite the entrance is a small mosque—the family chapel of the Mourabats—having a door on either side of a niche, lined with arabesque tracery, flanked by porphyry pillars, and surmounted by the Moslem Confession of Faith boldly carved in relief in Kufic characters on a slab of the purest white marble. The interior of the mosque presents the usual features—a flat roof, supported by sixteen Roman columns and arches, and a *mihrâb* adorned with carving in hard stucco. A passage to the left of the doorway leads to a second arched cloister surrounded by conventual cells; many of its columns are fine specimens of Byzantine art. Beyond this is a small open burying-ground. The upper story of the principal court also contains thirteen small rooms.

On the day of my arrival this beautiful building was occupied by Colonel Moulin and his staff. About thirty of the smaller *zaouias* and mosques are now tenanted by French soldiers composing the garrison, as well as all the houses belonging to the Slass chieftains, who have gone to harass the French march toward the desert in the far south.

Returning to the Dar el Wazir, we passed along the great street. Nearly in the centre of the town is a covered grain-market, the roof of which rests on massive columns with large capitals. A little further on there is a cluster of three mosques, built over shops and the bazaar. The Djâma el Melik, on the left, has a lofty minaret, with the usual band of Kufic inscription in brickwork on its exterior. The Mosque of the Bey, on the opposite side of the road, has a similar tower, and in its interior are galleries, after the manner of English churches at the commencement of this century. The Djâma el Barôta, almost adjoining it, has a spacious dome of green tiles.

When we at last succeeded in obtaining an entrance to it, we found it had been converted into a mill, and a camel was turning the stones by making frequent circuits round the centre of the cupola. A relay of camels was comfortably stabled in another apartment. On either side of the street is a row of small shops. The makers of yellow-leather shoes work below the Mosque of the Bey; the coppersmiths ply a busy and noisy trade between the Djâma el Melik and the Bab el Tunis; but the carpetmakers are never seen. They are the ladies of the old and historical families of the "intact Moslem city."

Passing the *zaouia* of Sidi Abd el Selam, we soon reached the Bab el Tunis, opposite which is another small mosque, possessing no feature of interest.

The five gates of Kairwân are called respectively the Bab el Tunis (Tunis Gate); the Bab el Khaukh (Gate of Peaches—not Greengages, as Mr. Rae imagines); the Bab el Djelladîn (Tanners' Gate); the Bab el Kishlah (Citadel Gate); and the Bab Jedîd (New Gate). The first three of these gates are almost precisely similar in form, possessing an outer and an inner doorway, with an intervening court. The Bab el Tunis is the most remarkable. The outer gate consists of two horseshoe arches, resting on Roman columns. Within them is a doorway of white marble, the jambs consisting of slabs covered with exquisite inscriptions in relief, belonging either to the seventh or eighth century of the Hegira, and a tablet above recording the repair of the gate A. H. 1181.

The Bab el Djelladîn was rebuilt in the same year, and the Gate of Peaches in A. H. 1180. The most modern building in Kairwân is the Kishlah, or *Kasbah*, only completed in A. H. 1283. It is on the same level as the rest of the town, and is nothing more than a large square inclosure, having crenellated walls somewhat higher than the ramparts, and a series of vaulted rooms on each side to serve as barracks. Since the 26th October the French flag has floated alone from its roof.

Emerging from the New Gate—either built or repaired in A. H. 1280—we entered the suburb of the Jebliyah. Opposite the Bab Jedîd is a small mosque—the Djâma Zeitoun, evidently so called from a venerable olive-tree growing in its courtyard. This building is very ancient, and a band of ornamentation surrounding the Minâr has been correctly copied by Mr. Rae. The question as to the nature of this decoration has yet to be solved. The columns in the interior evidently belong to the earliest period of Roman buildings in Africa. A narrow lane leads through the Faubourg Jebliyah to the conspicuous mosque of Sidi Amîr Abâdah, quite a modern, and certainly the most eccentric, building in Kairwân. Its founder, a celebrated dervish named Amîr Bed Sâd ben Mufta, was at the zenith of his power at the time of the Russian war in 1854, and he possessed a complete ascendancy over the mind of the reigning Bey of Tunis, Sidi Ahmed.

The Bey had already defrayed the cost of the erection of six lofty, melon-shaped, fluted cupolas, opening one into the other, when the construction of a seventh was absolutely stopped by the death of the saint and his patron. The dwelling-house of Amîr Abâdah, adjoining the mosque, was built just twenty-nine years ago. Beyond this, in a ford, lie four enormous anchors, measuring some sixteen feet by nine. Whether they originally belonged to a European ship-of-war or a galley of Malta, nobody knows. The people of Kairwân believe, on the word of Sheikh Amîr Abâdah, that they once attached the ark of Noah to Mount Ararat. Amîr heard these anchors were at Porto Farina, near Tunis, and he ordered Ahmed Bey to send them to him forthwith. His request was complied with, and their transport across the sandy plain between Susa and Kairwân occupied some five hundred Arabs during five months.

During the siege of Sebastopol, Amîr Abâdah constructed two cannons with his own hands. He wrote to the Bey that the Prophet had appeared to him and announced that on their arrival before the beleaguered town the latter would at once surrender. They were expeditiously forwarded to Tunis, and, at the Bey's pressing request, the Sultan sent a ship to convey them to Constantinople, and thence to the Turkish camp before Sebastopol. By an extraordinary coincidence, within a few hours of their being landed the town capitulated. The fame of the last of the saints of Kairwân spread far and wide, and the



THE SANCTUARY OF THE MOSQUE OF SIDI OUBBI, KAIRWAN.



TOMB OF SIDI ES SAHIB, MY LORD THE COMPANION.

building of the seven cupolas went on for a time rapidly enough. The Amír even asserted that his mosque was so holy that the faithful could only enter certain portions of it. Most of the domes have one or more broad bands of Arabic inscription, in raised brick, running round the interior. In the entrance-hall are several tables of wood, likewise covered with interminable Arabic inscriptions. The guardian of the sanctuary, Haj Mabruk bin Saleh Kírwani (who is the husband of the great sheikh's only daughter), said they contained prophecies of the French occupation of the city. On inspection, however, they turned out to be an enumeration of French measures. The tomb of Amír Abúdah is barely a yard long. At his head are three Russian cannon-balls, at his feet three large iron shells. Above the grave is a great carved and painted wooden case, supporting one of the famous inscribed tablets, at least twelve feet high, and a pipe of enormous dimensions, covered with writing, and having a bowl capable of containing

many pounds of tobacco. Several stools around the tomb are curiously carved, and on racks against the walls are sixty enormous iron swords (weighing seventy or eighty pounds each), covered with mystical inscriptions. All the weapons were manufactured by order of Ahmed Bey at Sheikh Amír Abúdah's request; and he assured that prince (the prophecy now discovered by his son-in-law notwithstanding), that as long as these swords remained in holy Kairwán, no Christian enemy could invade the Mecca of Tunis and Africa.

From the Amír Abúdah mosque a walk of half a mile brought us to the grandest and most important building in Kairwán—the tomb, *zaouia*, and mosque of Abdullah

ben Wadib el Belawi (*Sahab Ennabi*) "the shrine of my Lord, the Companion of the Prophet." The entrance to the sanctuary is through a doorway in the base of a *minár*, which is built in the angle of a spacious court. The exterior of the *minár* is almost entirely coated with blue and green tiles, and on either side of its upper



THE HALL OF THE AISSOUIA AT KAIRWAN.

portion there is a double round-headed window divided by a marble pilaster in the centre. Its roof is formed of bright-green tiles, terminating in a gilded crescent. The lower story of the tower forms the lobby or vestibule of the main building. Its interior is lined with the brilliant Tunisian *faïence* of the seventeenth century, surmounted by panels of arabesque fretwork. A second door opens from this apartment into an oblong cloister. The arcade running round it rests on white marble pillars and arches, and it covers a low marble seat on either side. The walls are decorated in the same fashion as the lobby. At the upper end are two windows and a door of pure white marble, highly decorated, and of Italian origin. This leads into a second vestibule crowned with a fluted cupola, each division of which is adorned with lace-like fretwork. The sides are covered with *faïence* and panels of finely chiseled carving in cement. A door at one side communicates with a mosque and two other cloisters surrounded by conventual cells. In each of the four walls of the apartment is a small window filled with old stained glass; and the circular band of arabesque design from which the melon-shaped dome springs is pierced with eight other apertures filled with colored glass, which is nearly concealed by delicate tracery, throwing a thousand variegated reflections on the marble pavement beneath. Beyond this beautiful room is a broad court surrounded by an arcade of white marble pillars, and arches supporting a wooden roof beautifully painted in squares. In a corner of the court is a cell containing a tomb. Here lies Abdullah ben Sharif el Hindawi, and Indian pilgrim, who sought an asylum and found a grave in Kairwân a century ago. At the further end of the cloister is a doorway and two windows from Rome or Florence. Their cornices are profusely adorned with fruit and flowers, and the jambs of the door are picked out in red porphyry. A massive grating of bronze fills each window. The door itself is of carved dark wood. It led to the tomb of "my Lord the Companion," a more sacred spot, if possible, even than the *mihrâb* of Okbah himself; for here for nearly twelve hundred years has slumbered a personal friend of the founder of the faith of Islam, who lived, died, and was buried wearing always as a symbol of devotion a portion of the Prophet's beard on his breast. I was the first European who ever entered this Moslem *sanctum sanctorum*. The chamber is about twenty-one feet square, and lofty. Its walls are covered with a geometrical pattern worked out in black and white marble. Four lengthy inscriptions are imbedded in them, and the room is dimly lighted by four small windows of rose-colored and blue glass. From the cupola of fretwork hangs a grand old chandelier of twisted Venetian glass. Below this is the tomb itself, surrounded by a high grating of bronze, shut in by four marble columns about seven feet high. From a rod, on a line with the grating, hung festoons of ostrich-eggs and golden balls. The catafalque above the grave is covered by two elaborately embroidered palls: the first of black and white velvet, adorned with Arabic inscriptions in silver, was the gift of the late Ahmed Bey; the second, of pink and blue brocade, was a votive offering from Muhammed Essadek. Over these hung thirteen banners, rich in gold, silver, and needlework—the tribute of the successors of Hassan Ben Ali to the sanctuary of the Sidi Bon Awfb.

Our visit was certainly unexpected, for at least a dozen fine Arabic MSS. rested on as many lecterns of mother-of-pearl and tortoiseshell in front of the screen. The guardian of the *zaouia* could scarcely realize the fact of Christians desecrating by their presence such holy ground. Running his amber chaplet through his hands with fever-

ish haste, he suddenly threw himself upon his face, and probably prayed to be forgiven. Some Algerian soldiers who had followed us, prostrated themselves before the tomb, and eagerly kissed the edge of the palls through the metal lattice-work. Looking at the bright white marble pillars of the cloister, my eye fell on one remarkable capital: at either corner a bird supported a Greek cross in the centre. The spoils of some fair Byzantine church had evidently been brought to honor the resting-place of the "Friend of the Prophet."

Leaving this beautiful building with regret, a short walk brought us to the necropolis of the Holy City—two square miles of countless graves. Scattered about in all directions were memorials of every shape and form; pillars of marble covered with elaborate tracery, and crowned with a wide-spreading turban; white and gray slabs bearing long and ornate inscriptions in Kufic; and monuments of every century since Kairwân was founded—lay piled one upon another in the confusion of decay. From these unequaled memorials of the past the history of Arab dominion in North Africa will probably be written.

Skirting the city walls and traversing the suburb of the Kubliyah, passing *en route* a mosque with a *minâr* almost as much out of the perpendicular as the Tower of Pisa, we come to a great *zaouia* near the Bab el Djelladîn. Almost one-half of the inhabitants of Kairwân are members of the Confraternity of the Aïssaouia. The *Zaouia Sidi Bon Aïssa* is their sanctuary, and scene of their mystic rites. Passing into a courtyard, we were welcomed by the local chief of the sect, Sy Hamuda Ben Aïssa, who led the way to the main building.

The college of Sidi Bon Aïssa consists of a cupola some thirty feet high, flanked by two aisles containing six arches each, all of which rest on an irregular arrangement of fine old Roman shafts and capitals; both the dome and the arcade on either side of it were festooned with ostrich-eggs, gilt balls and small lamps; and on the walls were suspended the tambourines, earthenware drums, swords, metal prongs and banners, which constitute the stock-in-trade of the establishment. Nobody acquainted with the rites and practices of the Aïssaouia could even believe that the slender, olive-complexioned, gentle-mannered and courteous Sy Hamuda was the head and moving spirit of such a brotherhood as this. The Aïssaouia form one of those semi-religious Orders which, as I have stated before, render modern Islamism, as far as the North African littoral is concerned, a sort of freemasonry. The followers of other associations are to be found in all parts of the Moslem world; but the Aïssaouia belong exclusively to the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Their founder was Muhammed Ben Aïssa of Mequinez, in Morocco. Next to their headquarters at Mequinez itself, Kairwân is the most important seat of their power. As far as can be ascertained, the Aïssaouia have no decided political sympathies. Visitors in Algeria are often admitted to their rites, and they have in some places become almost as much a matter of show as dancing-girls and Arab concerts. Not so at Kairwân. Here, till the 7th of November, no Christian foot had ever passed the threshold of the *Zaouia Sidi Bon Aïssa*. Here its ceremonies and observances are carried out on a very imposing scale, and from Kairwân the minor congregations of southern and northern Tanis receive their instructions and commands.

The guiding principles of the Aïssaouia seems to be the greatest possible measure of self-inflicted bodily torture, coupled with the greatest conceivable amount of religious frenzy. Practical Aïssaouia only exist in North Africa; theoretical Aïssaouia are to be found in all countries. During my visit I asked Sy Hamuda if he had any objec-

tion to Europeans witnessing one of his meetings. He replied that he would welcome them with pleasure, and even organize a special assembly for their reception. In accordance with this invitation, we repaired on the following evening once more to the sanctuary of Sidi Bon Aïssa.

The hall had been evidently decked and garnished; the lamps burned brightly in the cupola amidst the golden balls and ostrich-eggs; the sheikh was clothed in a rich silk robe of office and an awe-inspiring green turban, and a row of rush-seated cane-chairs was waiting to receive the expected visitors. In ten minutes six or seven hundred Arabs filled every inch of available space. The Sheikh Hamuda took his seat in the centre, surrounded by the musicians, and an old, blind Aïssaouia, guided by a little girl, came in gently from a side door and sat down beside him. The Aïssaouia themselves occupied the whole space covered by the cupola. The aisles contained the Moslem spectators of the first religious rite ever witnessed by Christian eyes in the holy city of Kairwân. Amongst the Aïssaouia I noticed gray-bearded and decrepit old men, many sedate-looking shopkeepers I had previously seen in the bazaars, half a score of the Bey's soldiers, and a dozen children under twelve years of age. The sheikh struck a note on a drum; the musicians began to play a peculiar and monotonous tone, gradually increasing in intensity. After a pause several of the Aïssaouia rose, and swaying backward and forward, shoulder to shoulder, shrieked a chorus to the sound of the drums. The music quickened, and so did the chorus. Then one of the most wild-looking of the singers began to throw off his clothes, and passed down the line to urge the others to shout with renewed energy. Then one of the Tunisian soldiers (he wore the Bey's brass badge on his red cap) seized a sword and began to lacerate his stomach. The blood flowed freely, and he imitated all the cries and movements of the camel. We soon had a wolf, a bear, a hyena, a jackal, a leopard and a lion. One man knelt down before the sheikh, and holding two long prongs to his sides, insisted on their being driven into his flesh with blows of a mallet; this was done. A mere lad did the same thing. A burly Arab passed an iron skewer through the upper part of his nose, and transfixed the skin of his face below the eyes. He rushed apparently toward us. Two or three powerful men knocked him down, and held him till the sheikh laid his hands upon him and whispered some mysterious formula into his ear. Another man in quick succession swallowed more than twenty large iron nails, there being no mistake whatever as to his really doing so. A large bottle was broken up and eagerly devoured. The frenzy then became general. While one Aïssaouia plunged a knife through his cheek, another transfixed his shoulder-blades with a prong, and a third pierced his hand. A brazier of cinders was speedily emptied. Twenty different tortures were now going on in twenty different parts of the hall. Three large bushes of the thorny Indian fig or prickly-pear were eaten up in almost as many minutes; and at last, before we had time to prevent it, a living sheep was thrown into the midst of the maddened Aïssaouia; it was in a thrice torn into shreds by eager hands, and still more eager mouths, and its still quivering and bleeding flesh knawed to the bones with apparent relish. We left the college of Sidi Aïssa as quickly as we could, and the orgies waxed more furious and more horrible in our absence. I believe that the disciples of Sidi Aïssa at Kairwân number nearly one thousand, but only about fifty are fully initiated into the performance of the rites—and these all assume the distinctive cries and habits of some animal. The rest are merely honorary members, but are bound to support the common brotherhood.

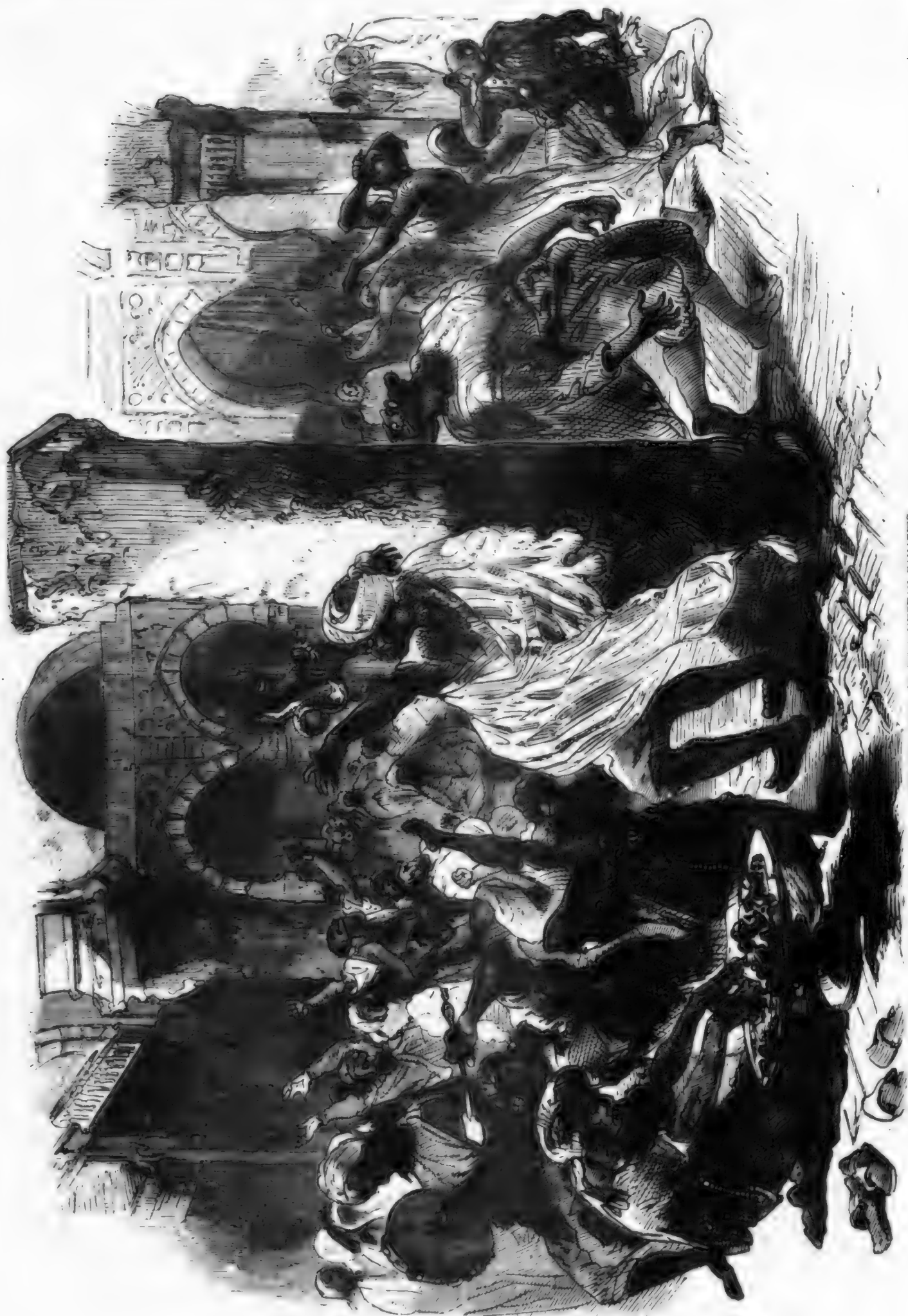
The Zaouia Sidi Bon Aïssa is the last of the public buildings of Kairwân which needs description. The institution it represents is certainly not one of the least curious features of the conquered city. The inhabitants themselves seem almost stupefied by the faith which has overtaken them. Many of them asked me what England said of their misfortunes. "Tell us," they said, "what your Queen will say to our brothers in India when they know that the sanctity of our mosques and our holy places has been violated." It was useless to explain that our Ministers had been deceived. The Moslems of Kairwân, even in the hour of agony, still trust to God, the Sultan, and England. There is one word in every one's mouth—Tripoli. One of the chief men of the place spoke thus: "Between our Bey and the French we have little to choose. Muhammed Essadek's recent conduct has rendered him an unbeliever, and one unbeliever is as bad as another; but we never forget our allegiance to the Sultan and the Caliph: if he does his duty by us, we shall be faithful to him." The action of the Sultan is watched with far more anxiety in North Africa than people in Constantinople either know or suspect. The Arabs feel that their very existence is now in peril. If the Sultan declines to protect that faith of which he is the head, the Moslems will find a chief and Caliph who will.

The Arabs who a month ago surrounded Kairwân are now on the very frontiers of Tripoli. Into that country they will ultimately retreat. Will the Sultan's troops force back at the point of the bayonet from the Regency of Tripoli their co-religionists, whose only crime has been to defend from invasion the Regency of Tunis? Will the French follow their swift-footed foes across the boundary-line? Will Mr. Gladstone ask England to believe in sober seriousness that the Tripolitans have afforded good ground for French aggression, after the manner of his assurances about the Hamirs six months ago? Will the so-called European concert allow the absorption of Tripoli as well as Tunis into the colony of Algeria? These important questions will soon have to be answered. The Moslems of Africa await with impatience the verdict of Europe. The fall and occupation of Kairwân have raised a momentous issue between the two great rival creeds. History repeats itself; the town which produced such great results eleven centuries ago may be destined indirectly to affect once more the fate of nations.

The interest excited by this Old World city in the minds of the annalist and the archaeologist is undoubtedly great, for within its walls a mine of unexplored wealth awaits them both; but, for the moment, this interest is completely eclipsed by that centred in the very grave political questions which must naturally arise from the presence of a hostile Christian force in what was once "the camp and ramparts of Islam."

ST. FIACRIUS, or Fiaker, the person to whom the French cab owes its name, was the son of an Irish King, and was born in the year 600. Another legend makes him the Crown Prince of Scotland, son of "Eugenius IV., King of Scotland." Pilgrimages to the relics of St. Fiacrius became very fashionable in the seventeenth century, and the coaches in which the pilgrims made their visits were adorned with a picture of the saint, either on the outside or inside. St. Fiacre was supposed to insure them against accidents. Hence the hired carriages were called *voitures de St. Fiacre*, which was afterward shortened into "fiacre."

SILK rifles have been invented by an ingenious Japanese at Tokio. They are said to be as rigid as iron weapons, while they are easy to carry, and have a very long range.



THE AISAOUIA, OR MOHAMMEDAN FANATICS.



MRS. DESMOND'S AMBITION. — "CAPTAIN THORNTON, I HAVE LISTENED LONG ENOUGH; YOU FORGET TO WHOM YOU ARE SPEAKING." "DO YOU WISH TO UPSET THE BOAT?" ASKED LAWRENCE, VERY QUIETLY.

MRS. DESMOND'S AMBITION.

It was one of those delicious Spring days when one longs for cool, shadowy woods and the soothing murmur of the sea; at least, so thought Lucy Desmond, lying on the sofa in her mother's pretty blue-curtained boudoir.

A tantalizing glimpse of blue sky seen through the half-closed blinds, and the slender vase of violets on the toilet-table, intensified this longing, and a shade of dissatisfaction darkened the lovely face, so wonderfully perfect in every feature, albeit a little too thin and pale just then.

Mrs. Desmond watched her anxiously. No one, seeing the commanding figure and high-bred face of Mark Desmond's widow, would have imagined that she had been born and brought up in an obscure New England farmhouse. Thanks to her husband's reticence and her own diplomatic powers, she had kept this a profound secret, even from her own daughter.

With a sudden fear at her heart, Mrs. Desmond crossed the room, and laid her shapely white hand on Lucy's forehead.

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"What is it, mamma? Oh, I know; you think I am ill—seriously ill; but, in fact, I am only tired, worn out with gayety and excitement."

"Shall we go to Newport, dear?"

"I don't think I could stand Newport and crowds of people. Let us try some out-of-the-way place, where we can run around in calico dresses and sun-bonnets."

"You would have a very dull Summer, Lucy."

"Just what I need, mamma. Kato Benedict went to Dinford Harbor last year, and she says it is delightful—such air and waves! She staid at a quaint little farmhouse with a family named Thorn, or Thornton—good-hearted, simple-minded kind of people. I wish you would write to them."

Mrs. Desmond hesitated; she had planned a brilliant season at a fashionable resort, and in her heart detested rustic simplicity with all the fervor of which her cold nature was capable.

It was with evident reluctance that she finally yielded.

"It shall be as you wish, child; I will write to the Thorntons immediately."

"If it wasn't so warm, I think I could dance the Tarantula," said Lucy, with brightening eyes.

Mrs. Desmond smiled dubiously, but she wrote the letter; for, having made up her mind what to do, she was anxious to have the matter settled and Lucy's mind at rest.

In a few days came the answer, stating that Sarah Thornton would be very happy to accommodate Mrs. Desmond, provided she could put up with their plain style of living, etc.

"That means salt pork and potatoes, I suppose, or worse still, a couple of miserable rooms with low ceilings and rag-carpeted," said the widow, smiling at the old-fashioned chirography.

"I like the whole tone of this letter, mamma. It is honest. I suppose these rustics stand very much in awe of city people?"

"We shall see," replied Mrs. Desmond, oracularly.

* * * * *

Dinford Harbor was at its best when the two ladies drove up to the old beach farmhouse, for earth, sea and sky were bathed in the light of a glorious sunset.

Mrs. Thornton stood waiting at the gate, looking so cheerful and good-humored that Lucy thought her handsome in spite of her homespun dress and gingham apron.

She ushered them into one of those airy, white-curtained rooms that are never seen save in a well-ordered country household, and the instant they were left alone the mother and daughter exchanged glances of approval.

"The ceiling is high, and, thank heaven, they do not disdain easy-chairs," was the comment of the elder lady as she sank into the nearest, with a sigh of weariness.

"And look, mamma, what wide windows, and facing the bay, too! and flowers on the toilet-table; how prettily they are arranged! I wonder who did it?"

"Do sit down, child; you are completely worn out."

But Lucy had flown to the window, with a cry of delight. It was, indeed, a pretty sight, that broad fair harbor, placid and smiling in the waning golden light, and flecked here and there by snowy sails. On the right, the village with its gleaming white houses and spires, and, beyond, a ridge of purple hills.

"Around this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise,"

quoted Lucy, rapturously. "Come, mamma, you must not miss this," looking over her shoulder and smiling radiantly.

She turned quickly at the sound of a boat's keel on the beach, to see a young man, followed by an immense Newfoundland dog, leap lightly from a skiff and advance toward the house.

"Well, Lawrence, what luck?" called a cheery voice.

For answer he held up a string of magnificent fish.

"They are beauties!" Then, in a lower tone, "They have come, Laurie."

"Whew! when?"

"Half an hour ago."

"You were right, after all. I had no idea they would come."

"Are you hungry, Lawrence?"

"As a bear; and so is Alan," bending to caress the dog.

"All the better. Alice has made your favorite short-cake."

They disappeared, and Lucy turned to find her mother at her side.

"He must be a sailor, mamma."

"Probably," Mrs. Desmond replied, absent-mindedly.

She was thinking strange, unwelcome thoughts; a vision had confronted her—that of a gray-haired woman, whose eyes of sorrow and reproach sent a thrill through her veins. It was a very gentle face—that of her mother, whom she had first deserted and then very nearly forgotten. She had died, the neighbors said, of sheer sorrow and disappointment, but that could not be, thought Louise Desmond, with a shudder, for had she not sent her money from time to time? What more could she do? What was it that the waves were saying?—Retribution!

Long after Lucy had fallen asleep that night the troubled woman lay awake, wishing that she had never come to Dinford Harbor. She had been opposed to it from the first, and that long journey in the stagecoach had completely upset her nerves. Thus she reasoned with her better nature.

When Lucy awoke the next morning, it was with a keen sense of pleasure in her new surroundings. She made her simple toilet quickly, and ran down-stairs with a light step and a lighter heart.

The kitchen-door stood open, and peeping in, she saw a pretty sight. The daughter of the house, with her white arms bared to the elbow, was making rolls for breakfast, and at the open window sat father and son—the former contentedly smoking his pipe, and the other mending fishing-tackle. The morning-glories outside peeped in with cheerful faces, enjoying it all as much as anybody.

Lucy would have gone quietly away, but the old farmer called out, cheerily:

"Come right in, Miss Desmond."

In a few moments Lucy found herself sitting at the window directly opposite the handsome brown face and deep-blue eyes of Captain Thornton.

"His eyes are just the color of the sea," thought Lucy, with inward approval.

"How delicate she looks, and yet how lovely!" said Lawrence to himself, trying to go on with his work.

Miss Desmond looked out of the window very steadily for a few minutes.

"Tick-tack," said the old-fashioned kitchen-clock. "I know a bank where the wild thyme grows," sang Alice, softly, under her breath.

Lucy stretched out a thin little hand, and seizing a branch of morning-glories, lightly brushed the dew from their pink-and-azure cups. At that moment she met the young sailor's eyes, watching her with amused interest.

"I was trying to think of something to say," she said, naively.

"So was I," with a hearty laugh.

After that the conversation flowed smoothly—"too smoothly," thought Mrs. Desmond, as she passed the window and caught a glimpse of the two animated faces.

"Never been on board a schooner!" he was saying, in surprise. "Then you must not fail to visit the *Elizabeth*—plenty of time, though, for we don't sail in six weeks or more."

"What presumption!" thought Louise Desmond, mentally resolving to chide her daughter; but, on second thought, deciding that nothing could be more unwise.

"I had better say nothing. Lucy is so obstinate when roused."

But when, as the day passed on, a friendship sprang up between the three young people, the proud woman began to feel a sense of growing uneasiness.

One morning Lawrence entered the sitting-room, where the girls were arranging freshly cut flowers.

"Would you like to go over to Dinford? It is cool and pleasant at sea."

"I cannot, for I must help mother with the baking," said Alice, regretfully.

In answer to his pleading look, Lucy seized a large sun-hat, and declared herself ready.

From the window of her room, Mrs. Desmond saw them enter the skiff; her first thought was to call them back, and she half opened the blinds for that purpose. Then came a second consideration, and a scornful smile curved her lips.

"Why should I care? If Lawrence Thornton so far forgets his position as to speak love to my daughter, so be it. Lucy, with all her apparent simplicity and democratic tastes, would never be so mad as to accept him."

Out on the harbor glided the little boat, and Lucy, bending to dip her fingers in it, said, softly:

"How blue the water is to-day! It reminds me of Lake Geneva."

Her companion looked steadily at the downcast face and willowy figure; even the knot of blue ribbon at the fair, girlish throat and the blush-rose at her waist-belt did not escape his notice.

"It reminds me that I shall soon see nothing else. I sail next week, Miss Desmond."

"So soon?"

It was the tone, not the words, that made Lawrence lose his head. He turned very white, indeed, and stopped rowing abruptly.

"Is it too soon?"

"It is coming," thought Lucy, and for a moment she was stricken dumb; but, recovering herself in an instant, she said, quietly:

"Do you see that lovely bank of clouds, Captain Thornton? Does it not remind you of Emerson's 'Midsummer'?"

Lawrence colored and bit his lip; then he spoke right out in his downright, manly way:

"I have never read Emerson, Miss Desmond. I am a man without education—at least, what you would call education."

"But you have a quick eye and ear for all that is beautiful?" said the young girl, quickly.

"You are right—the worse for me, perhaps."

It was coming, after all. Lucy dropped her head and blushed faintly.

"Will you do me a favor, Miss Desmond?"

His voice was steady now.

"Name it," with a shy upward look.

At that moment she was simply irresistible. Lawrence dropped the oars and seized the hand that hung listlessly at her side.

"Lucy," he said, eagerly, "I had only intended to ask you to go on board the *Elizabeth*. I wanted to carry away with me the memory of your standing on the deck, but something in your face just now has given me courage to say more. If you will give me hope I will not go at all. I know how little I can offer you, but——"

"Stop!" interrupted Lucy, imperiously. "You must not say another word."

Lawrence grew very white and calm.

"Having gone so far, I must go on," he said, manfully.

"I do not know how long I have loved you—it must have been since I first saw you."

No answer.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Lucy?" His tones trembled, and, notwithstanding her mother's teachings, Lucy Desmond had a heart.

She dropped her face in her hands and said, in a smothered whisper:

"I never meant to lead you on to this."

"Then you reject me?" in a tone of ominous quiet.

She bowed her head in silence.

"Then God forgive you!"

Forth flashed all the pride of the Desmonds.

Lucy rose impetuously, and as she did so the rosebud at her belt fell, and was crushed beneath her feet.

"Captain Thornton, I have listened long enough; you forget to whom you are speaking."

"Do you wish to upset the boat?" asked Lawrence, very quietly, and meeting her scornful glance unflinchingly.

She sank back in the seat like a chidden child, hiding her face in her hands.

"You are right," continued Lawrence. "I forgot that I was speaking to a woman of the world, and one who shares all the prejudices of her class; but much as you despise my love, you cannot despise it more than I do."

Lucy lifted her tear-stained face and held out her hand imploringly.

"Forgive me, Lawrence; do you not—can you not see that what is suffering to you is remorse to me. I am trampling on my own heart!"

"So much the worse!" with a grim smile. "If I thought your conduct had been prompted by mere girlish coquetry I might overlook it. Evidently you would trample on your own heart as remorsefully as you have just set foot on that poor little flower, rather than sacrifice one inch of your pride!"

"Go on, Captain Thornton; you have a right to reproach me, and when will you find a better opportunity?"

A deep red flush replaced the pallor of Lawrence's face.

"I beg pardon, Miss Desmond. 'I was a brute to speak as I did—forget it if you can.'"

Silence after that, broken only by the steady dipping of the oars. A great hush fell upon the face of Nature, and it seemed to Lucy Desmond that even the waves lapped mournfully against the side of the little boat, as if they were saying:

"All is ended—all is ended."

* * * * *

The following days were very uneventful. Lawrence spent most of his time out of doors, and when at home treated Lucy with a good-humored courtesy, which nettled while it puzzled her.

One afternoon—it was Tuesday, and the sun had been hidden by low-lying black clouds since twelve o'clock—Lawrence took his mother and sister on board the *Elizabeth*, and the two ladies were left to their own devices.

"Will you come down to the beach, mamma?"

But Mrs. Desmond did not even look up from her novel, so Lucy went alone, glad to escape from the dead monotony of the house.

High and dry on the beach lay the little skiff in which she had taken so many pleasant rows. Near it was a little negro boy making a fortification of sand and oyster-shells, stopping every now and then to survey his work with a chuckle of delight.

Lucy held out a piece of coin with a smile.

"Will you help me shove off this boat?" she asked, pleasantly.

Pete doffed his ragged cap with a grin, but remonstrated.

"Misse better not go. Big storm comin' over thar."

But Lucy persisted, and between them both they managed to get the boat into the water.

Out alone on the harbor, Lucy began to row with a sense of keen delight.

"How infinitely better than moping in the house!"

On and on she went, with the tide ebbing fast, and she half rowing, half drifting with it.

By-and-by a huge drop of rain fell upon her hand, and awakening instantly to a sense of danger, she tried to turn the skiff around, but already the wind was too much for her feeble strength.

Losing all presence of mind, she dropped the oars with

At that moment Mrs. Desmond appeared in the doorway. "Is Lucy here?" she asked, in the gracious, silvery voice so like her daughter's.

Mr. Thornton and his wife looked at one another in alarmed silence, but Lawrence was on his feet instantly.



OUT IN THE RAIN.

a cry of fear, and away they went, far beyond her reach. Her last hope gone, the poor girl dropped her face in her hands, that she might not see the threatening sky above her. Meanwhile, the Thorntons, seeing the storm approaching, had returned to the house.

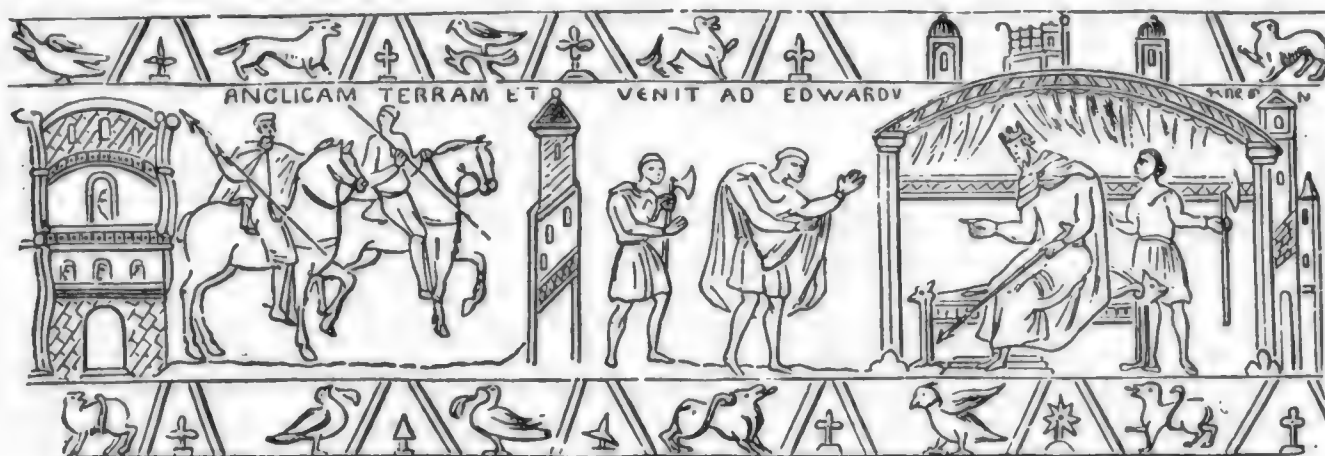
"Going to be a bad night—hey, Lawrie?" said the old farmer, as they seated themselves at the tea-table.

"When did you see her last?"

"Not since three o'clock," said the widow, growing very pale and beginning to tremble. "I thought she was with you."

"Oh, Lawrie, the skiff is gone!" cried Alice, from the window.

Mrs. Desmond began to moan and wring her hands.



THE MAKING OF TAPESTRY.—SPECIMEN OF THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.—SEE PAGE 552.

Down she sank in all her delicate silk and laces, and buried her face in her hands, praying and imploring that her darling might be saved.

"Comfort her, mother," said the captain, hurriedly.

"Where are you going, my boy?" she asked, seizing his arm.

"To save or die with her!"

He bent and kissed her wistful face, and hurried out into the gathering darkness.

* * * * *

How long she had been drifting out toward the terrible sea, Lucy could not have told. It seemed hours to the terrified girl, who knew that to that fearful voyage there could be but one ending.

"I am so young to die!" she moaned, and then instinctively cried out: "Lawrence! help me! help me!"

The answer came, clear and distinct above the tumult of wind and wave:

"Courage, I am coming!"

She looked eagerly around, and could just discern the outline of a boat. Presently Lawrence's strong arms were around her. She clung to him wildly, sobbing for joy.

"How good of you to come!"

"Did you not know that I would?" he asked, tenderly, holding her close.

"Yes," she said, simply, with a sigh of content.

Presently she lifted her face from his broad shoulder.

"Are we going home now?"

"No, dear; I can do nothing in such a storm."

"Then we must die."

He could not answer, but she understood.

"Lawrence, I have been very worldly, and have sinned against you, but if

you forgive me, God surely will. I am not afraid to die."

They were the last words spoken between them, for the next flash of lightning revealed the little boat completely overturned, and at that moment two bright young lives went out of this world into the next, and Louise Desmond was left desolate indeed.

* * * * *

But she knows it not. Judgment is tempered with mercy; and when they told her that Lucy was no more, she smiled vacantly, and said:

"I do not understand. My daughter has gone away for a little while, but she will come back very soon."

She has never left Dinford Harbor, for when her friends came to take her away, she resisted.

"Lucy will expect to see me here."

So they left her to the care of the kindly Thorntons, whose sorrowful hearts went out to the widow in her affliction.

Sometimes she will go down to the beach and sit for hours, with a happy, dreamy smile upon her face. If any one asks her what she sees, she will say:

"A sail! A white sail coming swiftly toward me! It may be Lucy!"

Always happy and expectant. Verily in this case judgment is tempered with mercy!



SPECIMEN OF PAINTED TAPESTRY WORK.

THERE is, it is said, a theatre in Berlin which gives performances at half-past six o'clock in the morning during pleasant Summer days. The price of admission is low, and 2,000 to 3,000 persons are often present at these representations.

BIBLE NAMES.

THE Reformation threw one class of names into the cold shadow of neglect and oblivion, but it took care to fill up the gap with an assortment of its own selection. We may set down the interval between 1580 and 1720 as the most curious era in the history of personal names, whether of this or any other country. The more I have studied the English baptismal registers of the seventeenth century—and I may say, without boasting, few have studied them more frequently than I—the more profoundly am I convinced that no other revolution of a religious or social character in the annals of nations can present claims to eccentricity equal to that which, beginning with the Reformation, found its climax in the Puritan Commonwealth. Alas! I can only touch upon the subject here, but I could easily fill book a with instances gleaned by myself in a not very long life. Friends interested in the same pursuit, I must add, have also helped me; not to mention *Notes and Queries*, that storehouse of treasures to antiquaries of every bent.

The first signs of serious change betrayed themselves at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign. The English Bible rested in English hands. But it was a new book. Names familiar enough in 1877, but probably heard of for the first time in 1577, were drawn forth from their concealment, and made to subserve the new impulse of the nation. It was then that the minister at the font had to begin registering such names as "Abacucke Harman," "Sydrach Sympson," "Phenenna Salmon," "Gamaliel Capell," "Archelaus Gifford," "Melchizedek Payne," "Dyna Boosher," or "Zebulon Clerke." It was as if the Bible were a new country full of verdant tracks, and as they passed through each plucked the flower that pleased him most. By the time King James came to the throne, "Phineas," "Philemon," "Uriah," "Aquila," "Priscilla," and "Hilkiah" had become the rage. Before he died, Harry had fallen into neglect, Ralph and Guy were utterly despised, and names like Hamlet, or Hamnet (Shakespeare's son was Hamnet), or Avise, or Douce, or Warin, or Drew, or Fulke, had gone down like sodden logs in a stagnant pool. Whether they will come into use again is very doubtful. Only national caprice can do it; but that, we know, can do anything. That Advice, so pretty and simple as it is, should have disappeared, I cannot but think a national loss.

By the time of Charles the First, the national taste had gone a degree further. It becomes positively amusing to study the registers of this period. It had evidently become a point of respectability among certain classes of the community to select for their children the rarest names of Scripture. John, Nicholas, Bartholomew, Thomas, and Peter, though Scriptural, were tabooed; a stain rested on them, as having been in the Calendar during centuries of Popish superstition. In fact, the Apostles were turned out for having kept bad company. Many seemed to have rested their claim to thorough knowledge of the Bible upon the rarity of the name they had discovered in its pages. Thus I find "Ebedmeleck Gastrell," whose Christian name only occurs once in the Scriptures (Jer. xxxviii. 8). "Epaphroditus Houghton," "Othniel Haggat," "Apphia Scott," "Tryphena Gode," "Bezaliel Peachie," are cases in point. If a child were styled by a new, quaint, unheard-of title, as a matter of course it was assumed to be from the Bible. From the appearance of such a name as "Michellaliell," I fancy tricks of this kind were common.

A further stage of eccentricity was reached when it became fashionable to emphasize the doctrine of original sin by affixing to the new-born child a Scripture name of

ill-repute. The reader can have no conception how far this was carried. In the street Dinahs and Absaloms walked hand-in-hand to school; Ananias and Sapphiras groveled in the dirty courts and alleys; and Cains took Abels to pluck flowers in the rural lanes and meadows, without thoughts of fratricide. Archbishop Leighton, son of a much persecuted Presbyterian minister, had a sister Sapphira. The acme of eccentricity was reached in the case of *Milcom* Groat, whose Christian (!) name was "The abomination of the children of Ammon." It may be seen in the State Papers (Domestic). I am furnishing all these names haphazard from my note-books. In the dame's school the twelve patriarchs could all have answered to their names through their little red-cheeked representatives who lined the wall, unless, maybe, Simeon or Reuben stood on a separate seat with the dunce's cap on! But the strangest freak of all is still to be recorded. We have all heard of Praise-God Barebones. Hume, in his History of England, asserts that his brother bore the long name of "If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-condemned Barebones." What the historian adds to this I will not repeat, for fearing of seeming irreverent. Many have supposed this to have been a case of mere exceptional eccentricity. Nothing of the kind. It was not an uncommon custom for a man or woman after conversion to reject with horror the pagan name of "Harry" or "Dick," which their godparents had imposed upon them, and be known henceforth as "Replenish," or "Increase," or "Abstinence," or "Live-well." Of course, if they married after this, they spared their children the necessity of any such alteration by furnishing them with personal appellations of this character at the outset.

The earliest specimens of this peculiar spirit will be found in the reign of Elizabeth—that is, within a score of years or so of the Reformation and the gift of an open English Bible; so we must not suppose it was wholly an institution of what we may term the Cromwellian period. It reached its climax then, nothing more. In the Elizabethan "Proceedings in Chancery" may be seen such names as Virtue Hunt, Temperance Dowlande—Temperance was one of our most popular names for a hundred and fifty years—Charitie Bowes, and Lamentation Chapman. Lamentation would easily be affixed to a child whose mother had died in childbirth. Ichabod has often been given for a like reason. On the contrary "Comfort" would be readily seized upon under circumstances of Christian or parental joy. The other day I was in Tewkesbury Abbey, now undergoing restoration, and, as is my wont, I began ferreting for peculiar names. In a churchyard I instinctively walk like a dog with my nose to the ground. Almost immediately, I came across two "Comforts"—"Comfort, wife of Abram Farren, died August 24th, 1720," and "Comfort Pearce, died November, 17th, 1715"; the latter was granddaughter of the former. Miss Holt, whose "Mistress Margery" and other sound and well-written stories will have been read by most of my readers, told me not long ago that she had seen in the register of St. James's, Piccadilly, the following entries: "Repentance Tompson," "Loving Bell," "Obedience Clark," and "Unity Thornton"; "Nazareth Rudde," also, was contained in the same record. This reminds me of "Jerico Segrave" in a Derbyshire record. In that county it was very possible for Bible place-names to be thus incorporated into personal nomenclature. Among the ruder peasantry it was a common custom—a custom dating from the Reformation—to have their child baptized by the first name the eye lighted on after the parent had let the family Bible fall open upon the table. A

clergyman not long ago, asking in the Baptismal Service "What name?" received the whispered rejoinder, "Ramothe Gilead." Naturally enough, he inquired, *sotto voce*, "A boy or a girl?" A curious instance of this general class is to be found in the case of Frowen, Archbishop of York, who died in 1664. He was the son of a Puritan minister in Sussex; his Christian name was "Accepted," and his younger brother was "Thankful." It is from this epoch that we must date the origin of some of our prettiest, if not now most popular, names for girls: "Grace," "Faith," "Hope," "Charity," "Truth," and "Prudence." All these have survived the era in which they, and a hundred longer and less simple terms, were introduced; and if they are now getting out of favor, it is only one more proof that the fashions in detail, as well as the fashions generally, of this world, undergo silent, it may be, but inevitable change.

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE FRENCH CONQUEST OF ALSACE.

AS SHOWING something of the spirit with which the Germans of the nineteenth century still look upon the exploits of Louis XIV. at Strasburg, a citation may be here given from a recent historical work, purporting to sketch the fall of the city into French hands, for the present generation of younglings happily going to school under the ægis of Kaiser Wilhelm I. The book bears the simple title, "The Robbery of Strasburg."

"Through constant flattery on the part of his courtiers, the idea entered into the head of Louis XIV. that he was the greatest of Kings, ordained to hold universal sway; just as, later, the same idea possessed Napoleon I. By means of his chief-general, Turenne, he devastated and bathed in blood the Palatinate—the beautiful, fertile garden of Germany—carrying off all the plunder he could lay hands on. Then he turned his attention upon Alsace, and ordered its seizure on the ground that the safety of his kingdom, the honor and majesty of his crown required it. Without any cause, and in pure cold-blooded malice, he took all these steps, and they were carried out by Marshal Turenne and Minister Louvois in such a barbarous way as would have caused even Huns to blush. He told his minister that it was necessary to stamp out Lutheranism in Alsace, in order that it might again be wholly Catholic, and that with Turenne and the Church on his side he was convinced that this could be accomplished in spite of all the other Powers. Louvois suggested that a pretext for the seizure could be had in the assumed willingness of the Alsatians to be united with France; and if they should prove refractory, then the "reunion" would all the same be effected, because it was the sovereign will of his Majesty. That would be all-sufficient, and it would be, moreover, an easy matter to get the Bishop of Strasburg to lend a helping hand toward the occupation of that city. Strasburg, especially, was the cherished aim of the King. Have it he must, and unscrupulously he authorized his minister to enter into negotiations with Prince Furstenberg, the bishop, to secure his aid at any price in furtherance of the plan. An interview between the King and the Bishop was then brought about, and it was in this interview that the latter, though a full-blooded German Prince, consented to sell his country and his native city—the pearl in the necklace of German cities—to France for a large pension, and additional princely honors duly guaranteed to him. And that did a German Prince, a bishop, the arch-enemy of his country, on the plea that, so soon as he should raise his voice and proclaim the seizure of Strasburg the act of God, its citizens would acquiesce in it! He professed that the act would be welcome in the eyes of heaven, because, since the Reformation, the famous cathedral of the city had been in the hands of Lutherans, and it was indispensable for the good of the citizens that such heretical hands should no longer be allowed to ring its bells or desecrate its altars. The bargain was finally consummated, the bishop set his agents to work to intrigue, the Catholics zealously prosecuted the enterprise, many Lutheran families were banished, and very soon the Royal troops entered the city, again officially proclaimed Catholic, and took possession of it along with Alsace, in the name of the French crown. The bishop received his reward—a life pension and the favors of the King and his court. Thus was the

shameful usurpation done: Alsace, the heart of Germany, Strasburg, the heart of Alsace, was excised, and, as without the heart the circulation of the blood ceases, so did that portion of our Rhineland from that day wither and decay. In virtue of the capitulation-treaty with the municipality, the French army, 15,000 strong, on the 30th September, 1681, at 4 P.M., made its entry into Strasburg."

RECENT FRENCH CABINETS.

FRANCE has been making a good deal of history under the existing Republican régime, if setting up and knocking over a great many statesmen and cabinets be making history. M. de Freycinet's is the eighteenth Ministry which has undertaken the conduct of public affairs since the downfall of the Empire, not quite eleven and a half years ago. This gives us an average rate of consumption of one cabinet for every eight months, turning out about one immortal statesman, let us say, every three weeks:

1. Favre (Trochu and Gambetta).....	Sept. 4, 1870.
2. Favre (Thiers).....	Feb. 19, 1871.
3. Dufaure.....	Aug. 2, 1871.
4. Dufaure (reconstructed).....	May 18, 1873.
5. Duke of Broglie (MacMahon).....	May 25, 1873.
6. Duke of Broglie (remodeled).....	Nov. 27, 1873.
7. General de Cissey.....	May 23, 1874.
8. Buffet.....	March 10, 1875.
9. Dufaure.....	March 9, 1876.
10. Jules Simon.....	Dec. 12, 1876.
11. Duke of Broglie.....	May 17, 1877.
12. General Grimaudet de Rochebouet.....	Nov. 21, 1877.
13. Dufaure.....	Dec. 13, 1877.
14. Waddington (Grévy).....	Feb. 4, 1879.
15. Freycinet.....	Dec. 28, 1879.
16. Jules Ferry.....	Sept. 23, 1880.
17. Gambetta.....	Nov. 15, 1881.
18. Freycinet.....	Jan. 31, 1882.

The longest in making of these ephemeral Cabinets, Gambetta's "great Ministry," it will be seen, lasted very little longer than the already quite forgotten Ministry of General Grimaudet de Rochebouet, which the Chamber incontinently refused to recognize. Of these Ministries only two or three have identified themselves with important or interesting events, and it is not of good augury for the Republic that the great majority of them have busied themselves mainly in what irreverent Frenchmen call the confection of pap for cats.

LOTOS-EATERS.—The title of a poem by Alfred Tennyson, first printed in 1830. It is an allegory full of picture and music, which figures forth the tendency to abandon the battle of life, to retire from a fruitless, ever-renewed struggle. Lotos-eaters in the "Odyssey" are described as people who ate of the lotos-tree, the effect of which was to make them forget their friends and homes, and to lose all desire of returning to their native country, their only wish being to live in idleness in Lotus-land.

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!"

Hence the term lotos-eater is applied to one who cares for nothing more than to live in ease, luxury and retirement—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

MARSEILLAISE HYMN.—The words and music are ascribed to Rouget de Lille or L'Isle, a French engineer officer, who composed it at the request of Marshal Luckner, in 1791, to cheer the conscripts at Strasburg. It derived its name from a body of troops from Marseilles marching into Paris, in 1792, playing the tune. The author was pensioned by Louis Philippe, 1830.



ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR TAPESTRY-WORK.

THE MAKING OF TAPESTRY.

EVERYTHING connected with the making and the original manufacture of textiles appears to be lost in the mists of a great antiquity, and we can only trace the steps by which the invention was arrived at by an examination of those made in the South Sea Islands, or some such country, where the inhabitants are slowly groping their way to civilization.

By comparison of these rude attempts with the remains of some shreds of woollen stuff found in the graves of the earliest inhabitants of Britain, we discover that the plait of three strands was probably the first step in the manufacture of any textile. These plaits have been found sewn together, and a loose fabric was thus formed without a loom.

A celebrated authority traces the origin of textiles to the wattled huts which are usually the earliest attempts to form habitations amongst savage people. The weaving in and out of these reeds or wands gave the first idea of materials.

The loom must have been of very early invention, however, as we find it mentioned in the Holy Scriptures; and it is probable that the first knowledge of weaving came to the Israelites from the land of Egypt. The loom of the Egyptians was upright, the weaver being able to sit at his work, by beginning to weave at the top and working downward. In Palestine, also, the weaving was done in an upright loom; but as he began at the bottom and worked upward, he was obliged to stand.

The earliest account of hangings which we possess is that in the Book of Exodus respecting the preparations for the sanctuary, when "the women who were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun—both of blue, purple, and of scarlet and of fine linen." Afterward we have the description of the most exquisite of all their work, which was the embroidering of the vail which separated the Holy of Holies from the remaining portion of the tabernacle.

This hanging was of fine white linen, but little of its origi-

nal fabric was discernible amid the gorgeous tracery which covered it. It appears probable that at this period nothing was known of figure-weaving, the cloths woven being ornamented with stripes of color, and the pattern wrought on them afterward with a needle.

A favorite method of doing embroidery amongst the Egyptians was to draw out entirely the threads of linen which formed the weft, and reform the body of the material by working in various colors and stitches on the warp alone.

In this we plainly see the forerunner of what we now call tapestry; and a few hundred years later in the Book of Proverbs we find an absolute reference to this peculiarity of its manufacture by the woman who says, "I have



RUINS OF THE GOBELIN FACTORY.



PLATE XIV. VISITING THE GREAT TAPESTRY FACTORY AT NOBELIN.

woven my bed with cords; I have covered it with painted tapestry brought from Egypt."

"Tapestry is neither real weaving nor true embroidery," says a recent authority; "but, in a manner, unites in its working these two processes into one. Though wrought in a loom, and upon a warp stretched out upon its frame, it has no woof thrown across these threads with a shuttle, or any like appliance, but its weft is done with many short threads, all variously colored, and put in with a needle. It is not embroidery, although so like it, for it is not worked on a real web having warp and woof, but upon a series of closely-set fine strings."

The foregoing quotation will show what the modern definition of the word "tapestry" is. The ancient meaning was much wider, and more associated with the derivation of the word from the Latin *tapes*—the cover of a wall or bed; from whence comes the French word *tapisser*—to line. Tapestry, therefore, up to the present century, meant any description of hangings—either for wall, bed, or window; whether wrought entirely with the needle or in the loom, and of every material—whether stamped leather, printed canvas, cloth, or even paper.

The so-called "Bayeux tapestry"—so closely connected with English history—is an example of the ancient application of the word. It is worked in different colored crewels on white linen, to which time has imparted the color of brown holland. It is worked in outline, the parts representing the flesh being left untouched. It is two hundred and twenty-seven feet long and twenty inches wide, and is believed to have been executed between the years 1066 and 1068—whether by Queen Matilda and her ladies or not it seems difficult to decide.

From Egypt the art of tapestry-making found its way to Europe—perhaps through the Saracenic conquest of that country—being carried by the Saracens into Spain and France in A. D. 710. At any rate, we find it practiced in the year A. D. 985 at St. Florent, in Saumur, where the monks of the abbey at that place wove tapestry ornamented with flowers and figures of animals. These designs were carried out in red, on a white ground—an ancient method long followed in the East, and restored in Italy at the beginning of the Renaissance. The earliest name by which tapestry was known in the Middle Ages was Saracenic work—*Opus Saracenicum*.

The form of the ancient Egyptian loom had been changed, and the Saracenic weaver wrought at a low or horizontal loom; but the artisans of France and Flanders changed to the upright, or vertical frame, which was afterward known abroad as *haute lisse*, in contradistinction to the horizontal or low frame, called *basse lisse*. Workmen who kept to the unimproved loom were known in the trade as "Saracens," retaining the method of work which had been learned from their paynim teachers, while their work was called Saracenic.

With the new as well as with the old frame, the weaver had to grope on his path a great deal in the dark. In both of them he was obliged to put in the threads on the back, or wrong side of the piece, following his sketch as best he could behind the strings, or warp. As the face was downward in the flat frame, it was much less easy to observe or correct a fault.

In the upright frame he might stand in front, and with his own work in open view on one hand and the original design on the other, he could mend, as he went, the smallest mistake. The work done in the upright frame far exceeded in perfection that from the flat frame.

Arras is another name by which tapestry was known later on in the Middle Ages; and by this it is constantly mentioned in books.

At first the manufacture of tapestry was one of the manual labors followed in religious houses, and the monks were some of the best workers. The walls of the churches were hung with it, and so choice was it considered that crowned heads were the only other private possessors.

It is not easy for us to realize how valuable hangings and tapestry was in those old days when the bad finishing and the lack of plastering admitted innumerable drafts of cold air—when there was no other means of covering the bare stone walls. The castles and palaces must have been comfortless, indeed; and when we remember the bare floors strewn with rushes, the lack of furniture, the wide chimneys, and the badly-fitting doors and windows, we can only marvel how the occupants lived in them at all, more especially if the climate were—as it is said to have been—much worse than at the present time.

The tapestries did not remain on the walls, but were hung on the hooks provided for them round the top, just below the ceiling, only when the rooms were inhabited. They were also sometimes suspended on frames which stood at a little distance from the walls, and thus afforded the means for persons to conceal themselves behind them, as we read of their doing in old books and historical novels.

It was the office of the grooms of the chamber to hang up the tapestries which, in a royal progress, were sent forward with the purveyor; and several amusing stories are told of the blunders committed by functionaries who had "no heads on their shoulders."

The Duc de Sully records one in his "Memoirs" concerning the visit of the Cardinal Legate of Florence to the Castle of St. Germain-en-Laye, in the reign of Henry IV. of France. The keeper of the castle had received orders to hang the halls and chambers with the finest tapestry of the Crown. The orders given he executed with punctuality, but with so little judgment that he hung the legate's chamber with a suit of hangings made for the Queen of Navarre—very rich, but full of emblems and mottoes against the Pope and the Roman Court. Fortunately, the duke's anxiety led him to take a horse and ride fast in order to arrive before the expected guest, when he saw the blunder and altered it immediately. The legate, of course, would have not failed to look upon the mistake as a design to insult him, and would have represented it as such to the Pope, when the negotiations in progress would have come to a premature end.

The corporation of master workers in the Saracenic style had preserved their low-warp looms, and opposed the manufacture of high-warp tapestries. The two styles of manufacture were united in the year 1302 by the Provost of the Merchants of Paris, and the industry afterward appears to have been most prosperous, until it became extinct in consequence of the war with the English, called the "Hundred Years' War."

And so for nearly three hundred years the seat of this famous manufacture was transferred to Flanders, until it was driven from thence back to France by the exactions and bloody rule of the Spaniards under the infamous Duke of Alva.

The history of Flemish tapestry has yet to be written, but when it finds its historian few books will surpass it in interest. To these towns, for three centuries, came all the kings and princes of Europe to purchase storied tapestries for the decoration of churches and palaces, and the workers in the art formed the most distinguished corporation of that nation of weavers.

The great Jacques van Artevelde belonged to one of the well-known families of the weaver's guild, and the influence exercised by Flemish art upon Europe was para-

mount; and when the manufacturers of tapestry abandoned the primitive subjects they had been accustomed to produce, and called for subjects from painters, the great masters, Raphael and Giulio Romano in the South, and Lucas van Leyden, Roger van der Weyden, and Jan Mabuse, and a host of others in the North, furnished designs to be carried out by the Flemish weavers.

It says not a little for the skill of these men that they were able to keep pace with the vast strides made in Italian art under the influence of the great masters of the Renaissance, and they were entrusted by foreign sovereigns with the execution of magnificent hangings, the designs for which were drawn by Italian painters.

The number of tapestries woven in Flanders during five centuries must have been enormous, and in the time of the revival of the painters' art the most celebrated artists, like Raphael, Mantegna, Albert Durer, Lucas of Leyden, Giulio Romano, Guido Reni, Carlo Dolci and others, supplied the Flemish looms with originals.

The most famous set with a history of its own is the one after the cartoons of Raphael. They were painted by the prince of painters within two years of the close of his short life for Pope Leo X., and represented the following subjects, chiefly taken from Scripture: 1. The Nativity. 2. The Adoration of the Magi. 3, 4, 5. The Slaughter of the Innocents. 6. The Presentation in the Temple. 7. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes. 8. St. Peter Receiving the Keys. 9. The Descent of Christ into Limbus. 10. The Resurrection. 11. Noli me tangere. 12. Christ at Emmaus. 13. The Ascension. 14. The Descent of the Holy Ghost. 15. The Martyrdom of St. Stephen. 16. The Conversion of St. Paul. 17. Paul and Barnabas at Lystra. 18. Paul Preaching. 19. Death of Ananias. 20. Elymas the Sorcerer. 21. The Delivery of Paul and Silas from Prison. 22. St. Peter Healing the Cripple. 23 and 24. Emblems alluding to Leo X. 25. Justice, Religion and Charity above the Papal armorial bearings.

These tapestries were to ornament the apartments of the Vatican, and, though equal in height, differed in breadth according to the spaces they were designed to fill.

The cartoons were sent to Arras to be woven under the direction of Bernard Van Orlay and Michael Coxois, both pupils of Raphael. Two sets are believed to have been executed between 1514 and 1519, at a cost of 70,000 crowns; but the appropriation was delayed by the murder of the Pope and by subsequent intestine troubles. Pope Adrian II. at last had the tapestries sent to Rome, but the cartoons remained in Flanders. During the sack of Rome, in 1526-27, the hangings were carried away by the Spanish army, but were soon after restored by the French General Montmorenci. Under Pope Paul IV. (1555), they were first exhibited to the public before the Basilica of St. Peter, on the festival of Corpus Domini, and also at the celebration of the "function of Beatification." This exhibition was continued until the French took them away in 1798, and sold them to a Jew at Leghorn, who had one of the set (Christ's Descent into Limbus) burnt, in order to extract the gold. The rest was purchased for 1,300 crowns and restored to the Vatican in 1814. They are now again exhibited every year at the occasions mentioned.

The second set of the Raphael tapestries is supposed to have been presented by Pope Leo X. to Henry VIII., and was hung in the banqueting house of Whitehall. The Spanish Ambassador purchased the same from Cromwell, and about forty years ago they came into possession of a Mr. Tupper, then English consul in Spain, who had them exhibited first in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, and afterward in the provinces. What has since become of this second set is unknown.

The cartoons themselves remained at Flanders, and, save seven, perished in the course of time. These seven, now the pride of England, were purchased by Rubens for Charles I., and fortunately escaped being sold with the Royal spoil under the Commonwealth, although they were only valued at £300 in the inventory.

Many more specimens of old Flemish tapestry are still to be found in public and private collections in England, as well as on the Continent. Their appropriation to the towns where they have been wrought is a difficult but not a hopeless task, which may be achieved with the aid of the monograms and weaver's marks, found nearly on every piece.

The example, of ancient Flemish make, which we illustrate, may show the general character of the design for tapestry. It represents "Dame Arithmétique" teaching her art to nine life-size figures in the costume of Louis XII.'s time. This tapestry is preserved in the Musée de Cluny, and signed with the letter B, which probably stands for Bruges, and with the artist's or weaver's name, "Davi: F.," for David fecit.

Much in the same manner that England became possessed of the silk industry—through the religious persecutions in France—France became the inheritor of the famous artistic manufactories of Flanders after the religious wars and the cruelty of Spanish rule, which gave a crushing blow to them; for, although Francis I. had established a manufactory of high-warp tapestry at Fontainebleau, and Henri II. one at Paris, in the Hospice de la Trinite, the grand era of its manufacture must be fixed in the reign of Henri IV., who gave a new and permanent impulse to the last named *atelier* by importing into it workmen from Italy and Flanders.

This king established no less than three *ateliers* of tapestry altogether, and to him France also owes the foundation of a manufactory of carpets, called "Turkey-stitch," the first beginnings of that famous carpet manufactory called the "Savonnerie." Most of these manufactories appeared to have been gathered together in the galleries of the Louvre, where the king frequently visited them.

The first Gobelins manufactory began in 1603, with a colony of Flemish workmen, which the king transported to a house in the suburbs of Paris, that was built and occupied for more than two centuries by a family of the name of Gobelins, who brought to Paris, in the reign of Francis I., the secret of dying a most beautiful scarlet color, which was called by their name.

Eighty looms were set up, under the direction of De Comans and De la Planche; and if we may judge from the entries in the Memoirs of Sully, that famous minister found the demands of the new importations excessive, and the money paid to them beyond their deserts. However, he very sensibly says that he is "but an indifferent judge, as these things are not at all to his taste." Henri appears to have paid the Flemings no less a sum than £100,000.

During the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., these different establishments produced some remarkable hangings; but it was only under the administration of the great minister, Colbert, that the French manufactories of tapestry eclipsed, by their magnificent productions, those of Flanders. This minister united the different *ateliers* at the Maison des Gobelins, which was purchased by the king in 1667; and from that time to the present this manufactory has ranked as the first in the world. The great painter, Lebrun, was placed at the head of the works, and gave great impulse to its activity, although his fault in designing seemed to be in the endeavor to enter into competition with painting, by the addition of half tints, of which time has destroyed the harmony.



MODERN TAPESTRY.

From that period to the present the best painters of the day have been employed to make designs and patterns, besides painting pictures, which were afterward reproduced in tapestry.

At the present moment, however, the Gobelins have ceased copying pictures, and prefer obtaining from special artists patterns in which a simple composition and a free touch are combined. A more satisfactory general effect is thus produced, and a great economy of time and money secured.

The manufactory of the "Savonnerie" was united to the Gobelins in 1826, and the manufacture of carpets has greatly benefited by the union.

In 1669 the Minister Colbert gathered some ancient ateliers at Beauvais together into a manufactory of low-warp tapestry, intended for the decoration of the furniture of the royal palaces and the making of *portières* and small hangings. And when, at the end of the eighteenth century, they ceased to use low-warp looms at the Gobelins,

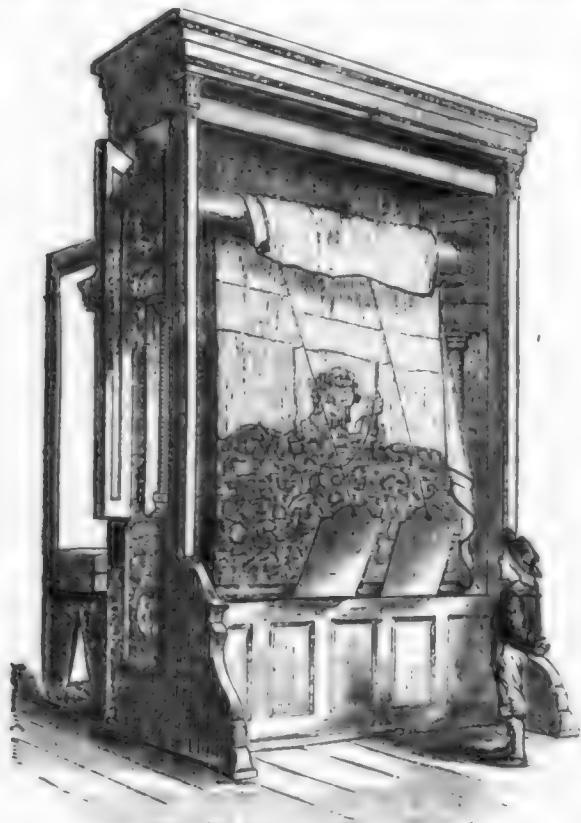
been closed, although their respective fortunes have been at the lowest ebb.

In 1804 they again came under state control, and a school of drawing and one of tapestry were both established. The invariable support given them by the successive Governments of France has enabled them to withstand all the changes of fashion, which, in private life, resulted in the abolition of tapestry as a form of decoration, and thenceforth its use was limited to the state palaces—the state alone being able to pay the sums required for them, which far exceeded the limits of moderate or even of great incomes. The last movement made in advance was to open a public exhibition in Paris of the history of tapestry in August, 1876, to which the South Kensington Museum contributed some of its fine examples; and a commission was appointed, which drew up a remarkable report, and a plan of reform and improvement in twelve heads. As these contain much general information, it is best to subjoin them:

"First. In future no tapestry will be executed at the Gobelins manufactory except from copies or cartoons produced expressly for that purpose.

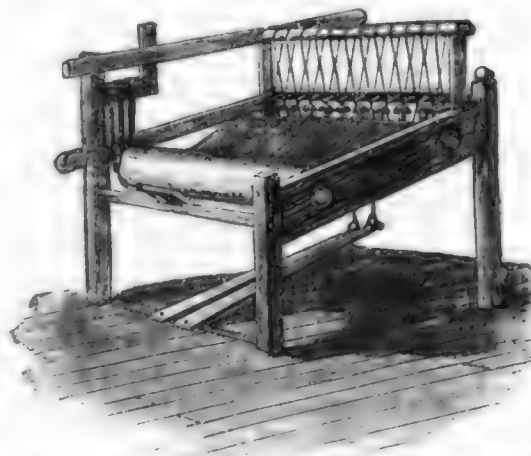
"Second. The compositions for tapestries will be submitted to public competitions as far as possible.

"Third. A competition will take place every year between the



THE UPRIGHT LOOM.

they were sent to Beauvais, which has ever since remained the sole atelier of that manufacture. Throughout all the revolutions of France these two manufactories have never



LOW WARP LOOM OF AUBUSSON AND BEAUVOIRE TAPESTRY MANUFACTURERS.

pupils of the Gobelins manufactory who have served three years' apprenticeship; the Minister of Fine Arts in France will provide the laureates with the means of pursuing for two years a course of study in the School of Fine Arts.

"Fourth. In the manufactory itself greater care will be given to the study of drawing, and the theoretic principles of the art of tapestry will be taught.

"Fifth. Reform in the method of executing the tapestry, which will be much more simple in future.

"Sixth and Seventh. A considerable diminution in the manufac-

ture of velvet-pile carpets, and the entire suppression of the velvet-pile fabric as applied to furniture."

"*Eighth.* The re-establishment of a course of chemistry as applied to dyeing, and of a laboratory to which outside pupils can be admitted.

"*Ninth.* The formation of a museum in the manufactory, where old and new copies may be exhibited for the purposes of study.

"*Tenth.* A very desirable supplement to these reforms would

of instruction, not only in drawing and designing as applied to textiles, but in dyeing and chemistry, and in every branch of decorative art.

While the hangings, furniture-covers and *portières* made at the Gobelins and at Beauvais were solely for the use of crowned heads and the state, we are most affected at the present moment, perhaps, by the manufactories at Aubusson, which provided the general public with tapestries,



ANCIENT FLEMISH TAPESTRY.—DAME ARITHMÉTIQUE TEACHING HER ART.

be the establishment of a museum of decorative art, in a central situation, outside the walls of the Gobelins manufactory."

As Rules eleven and twelve have only reference to the executing of private orders and pecuniary matters, they need not be quoted.

Enough, however, has been said to show that the French Government are fully in earnest in their determination to form the present Gobelins manufactory into a State school

and which originated the manufacture and use of carpets as we now have the comfort of them.

This establishment appears to have been founded in the fourteenth century by some Flemish workmen, who, working from the designs of native artists, used the short-fleeced wool of the country. The tapestries were made in large quantities, and were sold at moderate prices.

Here, also, we find the helping hand of the Minister

Colbert, for in 1669 he induced the king to sign a charter, which may be called the foundation of the prosperities of Aubusson. This, in addition to other permissions and rights, entirely prohibited the introduction into France of foreign productions, and so left the way clear for the tapestries of the town, which flourished and prospered exceedingly.

During the revolutionary wars the manufacturers—seeing that there would be no demand for some time for expensive and grand works—set to work to produce carpets and common tapestry, thus finding occupation for their workmen, and commencing—although unknown to themselves—a manufacture of goods which should be used throughout the known world.

There are records in history of Italian manufactories at Ferrara, Turin, Rome, Florence and Naples. Those at Rome and Turin still survive. There was also one at Madrid, at Munich, Berne, Berlin and Copenhagen, and one at Constantinople, which produced some very fine works. All these were originated by Flemish workmen, and were inspired by Flemish art, so there is little to notice concerning them.

Even from this short and condensed description, the importance of tapestry in the history of our textiles can be gathered. In fact, as we look around our comfortable houses, we have to thank these ancient workers for nearly everything that makes "the house beautiful." Carpets, rugs, curtains, hangings, *portières* and bed-coverings—all had their origin in the "storied tapestries" of long-ago times.

GONE TO SLEEP FOR FOUR MONTHS.

ALL lovers of White's "Selborne" (and who can live in the country without loving White and his quaint book?) will remember his tortoise Timothy, and the delight the naturalist experienced when he became possessed of him. After the creature had grown old in Sussex, "I dug it out of its Winter dormitory," he writes, "in March last, when it was enough awakened to express its resentment by hissing; and packing it in a box with earth, carried it eighty miles in post-chaises."

Had it been an aged father he could not have been more particular in reporting its welfare.

"The rattle and hurry of the journey so perfectly roused it, that when I turned it out on a border, it walked twice down to the bottom of my garden; however, in the evening, the weather being cold, it buried itself in the loose mold, and continues still concealed."

Then the kindly naturalist falls to moralizing on "the matter of wonder that Providence should bestow such a profusion of days, such a seeming waste of longevity, on a reptile that appears to relish it so little as to squander more than two-thirds of its existence in a joyless stupor."

While thus occupied, a delightful surprise was in store for him. "While I was writing this letter (April 21st, 1780), a moist and warm afternoon, with the thermometer at 50, brought forth troops of snail-shells; and, at the same juncture, the tortoise heaved up the mold and put out its head; and the next morning came forth—raised from the dead, as it were—and walked about till four in the afternoon."

The mention of snails will recall to every gardener that these creatures, early in the Autumn, retire under ivy, stones, etc.; and after hermetically sealing the entrance of their shells with a calcareous secretion, sleep securely behind it till Spring. Not so their brethren the slugs. They sally forth from their hiding-places all the Winter in mild weather, and do much injury to the young wheat

and to all garden produce. The thick coating of slime on their bodies acts like the blubber on a whale, or the seal's fur, to ward off much of the cold.

This hibernation, or Winter-sleep, is a curiosity of nature worthy of more general attention than is usually given to it.

Among our fish, eels it is well known retire into Winter quarters. Yarrell gives a curious account of some tame eels which were kept in a pond, and their habits carefully observed. About August, it was found they became restless, and tried to escape from the pond overland. Their heads were invariably found on these occasions turned toward the sea. At the end of that month or the beginning of September, they retired to their Winter retreat under some stones.

On very sunny days they would come out and crawl about, but would never take any food, after a little retiring again. The 28th of April, in 1840, was the first day on which they arose to take the worms which their owner threw to them; and they ate sparingly till the weather became warm, when their ordinary voracity returned, and one swallowed twenty-seven large worms one after the other.

Until the last thirty years it was believed by many well-educated people that swallows hibernated with us, in church-towers, barns, etc.; or, more marvelous still, under water. A countryman lately told us that he knew of a cliff falling down during Winter, when out dropped two or three torpid swallows; he had not seen them, however. Even White was scarcely able to shake himself free of this vulgar error, being staggered at stories told him by different observers of swallows appearing round old buildings, especially round the colleges at Oxford, on sunny days in Winter.

The fact seems to be, when the main body of these birds leaves us in October, a few stragglers are left behind. These naturally retire into sequestered barns, towers, etc., and come forth in sunny gleams, until they perish, or are driven away. We thus noticed one hawking for several hours each day on the sunny noons of the 14th, 15th, and 16th of November, 1866, long after its congeners had fled to other lands. Their torpidity under water is simply an impossibility.

These remarks show that with us hibernation is mainly caused by cold enfeebling the system. It is quite conceivable that extreme heat might have the same effect. During the heats of midday the life of a tropical forest is often suspended till the grateful cool of evening; and still more remarkable, a lethargy akin to hibernation falls upon the "taurec," or Madagascar rat, which sleeps during the height of Summer.

The bears of America retire to their Winter quarters in a cave or hollow tree while extremely fat, which probably serves as a nutriment during their period of inactivity. Savage as the grizzly bear is at all times, to beard and slay him in his dark retreat is a very dangerous pastime, but the hunters dare his rage for the sake of his fur; and some of the "bar" stories which consequently result are as amusing in their way as the regular Indian tales of tigers.

Another curious phenomenon of cold is the transformation of dark-colored wool, hair, or feathers into white. In the Arctic regions white is the prevailing color of animal life. With ourselves it may be seen in the Winter plumage of the ptarmigan, in the white fur of the Scotch hare, and in the changes of tint in the stoat, from reddish-brown in Summer to white in Winter, with a beautiful black-tipped tail. The final causes of their change are various, but two stand forth prominently; first, by the assimilation of the creature to its environment of snow, that it may more

successfully escape its enemies; secondly, because the animal heat from within is more completely retained by a white than by a dark covering. Thus, hibernation and change into a white dress are kindly adaptations of nature toward the same great end—preservation of life.

A poet, unjustly neglected by too many at the present day, furnishes us with a lively picture of animal life when some of the creatures have undergone their Winter change of coat in the snowclad wilds of Russia:

"There life glows,
Yet, cherished there, beneath the shining waste,
The furry nations harbor. Tipt with jet,
Fair ermines spotless as the snow they press,
Sables of glossy black; and dark embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts."

—THOMSON'S "Seasons" (Winter.)

We might pursue the subject of hibernation to the semi-torpid lives forced upon the Esquimaux during their six months' dreary night, and to the analogy of it presented by the inactivity of vegetation during the Winter months; but enough has been said to point out sources of pleasure for observation and theorizing during a country walk in Winter. The great vivifying forces of nature are then lying dormant, regaining their energies by repose, till increase of heat and intensity of light again call them into play.

"All nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen."

Our Indo-European forefathers possessed a myth which contained this truth, in their belief that the Ribhus—or sunbeams—slept during Winter for twelve days in the house of the sungod, Savitar, and then woke up to prepare the earth to clothe itself anew with vegetation, and to breathe life once more into the frozen waters. The twelve days must be connected, it is easy to see, with the signs of the Zodiac; but in North Germany they are restricted, in the superstition of the peasant, to the twelve days between Christmas and Epiphany. Regarding these as an epitome of the year, he believes that as the weather is on each of these days, so will it be in the corresponding month of the ensuing year.

Winter-dreams are akin to Winter-sleep; so it may be mentioned, in conclusion, that another scrap of Germanic folk-lore tells that whatever a person dreams on one of those twelve nights will come to pass within the year. As for the higher and spiritual meanings typed in hibernation, this is not the place in which to treat of them. As we have rambled into mythology, it may suffice to say that he who can read the riddle of the Phoenix can penetrate to the idea latent in this "four months' sleep," termed hibernation.

EARTHQUAKES IN NEW YORK IN 1737 AND 1744.

THE *New York Gazette* of December 12th, 1737, says: "On Wednesday night last (the 7th inst.) about eleven o'clock, there was a severe Shock of an Earthquake felt all over this City; and continued above one Minute. It begun with a Rumbling Noise, like a Coach or Coaches running along the Streets; the Houses did Shake, the China, the Glass and Pewter did move and clatter, to the surprise of the Inhabitants. It is said that the Shock was greater and continuance longer in the Country, than it was in the City."

The *New York Weekly Post Boy* of June 11th, 1744, says: "The Earthquake felt at Boston on Sunday, the

3d instant, was also felt by many Persons both in this City and on Long Island at the same time, but nothing so violent as 'twas said to be there."

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

The sweet day, opening as a flower
Unfolds its petals tender,
Renews for us at noontide's hour
The Summer's tempered splendor.

The birds are hushed; alone the wind,
That through the woodland searches,
The red-oak's lingering leaves can find,
And yellow plumes of larches.

But still the balsam-breathing pine
Invites no thought of sorrow,
No hint of loss from air like wine
The earth's content can borrow.

The Summer and the Winter here
Midway a truce are holding,
A soft, consenting atmosphere
Their tents of peace unfolding.

The silent woods, the lonely hills,
Rise solemn in their gladness;
The quiet that the valley fills
Is scarcely joy or sadness.

How strange! The Autumn yesterday
In Winter's grasp seemed dying;
On whirling winds from skies of gray
The early snow was flying.

And now, while over Nature's mood
There steal's a soft relenting,
I will not mar the present good,
Forecasting or lamenting.

My Autumn time and Nature's hold
A dreamy tryst together,
And both grown old, about us fold
The golden-tissued weather.

I lean my heart against the day
To feel its bland caressing;
I will not let it pass away
Before it leaves its blessing.

JERUSALEM AND ITS INHABITANTS.

ACCORDING to a letter from Jerusalem, printed recently in a contemporary, there are many persons in the city who hold extreme or fanciful views on religious topics. Eighteen Americans, it is said, arrived there recently to await the second coming of the Lord. They are respectable, educated, and apparently wealthy persons, and are to be followed by others. For many years a half-crazy Englishman, dressed in graveclothes, and carrying a wooden cross on his shoulders, was wont to address crowds of people in the market-places of the city. He recently died of fever. A German woman, who regarded herself as "the bride of Christ," and who had prepared costly dresses in which to receive her Lord, went away to the Jordan recently and never returned. She died and was buried by the natives. A young man is now in Jerusalem to whom it has been revealed that the Ark of the Covenant is buried in what is known as the Potter's Field. He is searching for it assiduously. Another, who is described as "a rather gentlemanlike young Jew," has arrived at Jerusalem, and claims to be the Messiah.

These instances are sad, indeed, and it is pleasant to

turn to what is comparatively a brighter side of religious life in Jerusalem. Of the Jews the correspondent writes as follows: "Many Jews have arrived here from Bulgaria and Russia, and many more are expected—it is said about eight hundred—an important and embarrassing addition to our already overcrowded Jewish quarter. On the whole the Jews have a good time in Jerusalem, and were it not

horses. At the hour he appointed four men came to apply for the place. Turning to the first one, he said, "How near can you drive to a precipice and not go over?" "Oh!" answered the man, "I can go within three feet of it." The second man said, "Sure, I can go within two feet of the bank." But whilst he was speaking a strong man, with brawny arm, lifted his head and said,



THE LITTLE NEIGHBORS COME TO SEE THE BABY.

for their poverty, would be perfectly happy. They live according to their own laws, have their own "house of judgment," marry and divorce in their own fashion, and the Chief Rabbi has even the right of requesting the civil authorities to arrest any of his people."

CLOSE DRIVING.—A gentleman wanted to hire a coachman, a skillful driver, who could manage a pair of spirited

"Indeed, I have been six inches from the very edge, and drove away safe." The gentleman turned to the only man who had not yet spoken—a small, mild-looking person whom the others thought would never be in their way. To him he said, "I suppose you can go no nearer than that?" "No, sir!" he replied; "it is my rule to keep as far from danger as possible." "You are the man for me," said the gentleman; "I do not wish to hire any one to see how near he can drive my family to destruction."



KISMET.—"SHE THRUST FORTH HER BARE, WHITE ARM. HOLDING IT UP TO THE RED SUNLIGHT, MIDDLETON DECIPHERED TWO LETTERS TATTOOED UPON THE SNOWY SKIN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

LAWN TENNIS.

Oh! rapture of setting the poles and the netting!
 Oh! joy of the balls and the bats of it!
 The service, the rally—oh! awfully jolly!
 The flirts and the smiles and the chats of it!

From Jack, Pat, and Sandy, from Kathleen (when handy),
 From Janet and Gwen it has benison;
 But he who would pen his emotions on tennis
 Should write with the pen of a Tennis 'un.

Hurrah for Lawn Tennis! From Dublin to Ennis
 (In spite of your archer and boat-eries),
 From Thurso to Lerwick, from Penzance to Berwick,
 In thousands it numbers its votaries.

It's played in all nations by folks of all stations
 (Though somewhat debarred from it Venice is);
 For people with leisure who're yearning for pleasure,
 There's nothing so jolly as tennis is.

KISMET.

CHAPTER I.—WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.

On the 10th day of May, 1873, the following paragraph appeared in the *New York Herald*:

"A MISSING HEIR.

"John Essex Middleton, formerly a well-known merchant of this city, died at his residence on Washington Heights yesterday. Mr. Middleton was born in 1793, and was for many years favorably known as a merchant of great enterprise and sagacity, ranking highly among the leading commercial men of his time. He was formerly largely engaged in the coffee trade between Rio Janeiro, Philadelphia and New York. He leaves a large fortune, to the disposition of which considerable interest attaches. By will, dated in 1835, his entire property was left to his two sons, George and Henry Middleton, the former of whom died three years ago intestate, leaving an only child, Robert. Henry Middleton went to England in 1843, and is believed to have soon afterward entered the British army, since which all trace of him has been lost by his relatives in the United States. Immediate measures are about to be instituted by the grandson, Mr. Robert Middleton, to ascertain the whereabouts of Henry Middleton or his heirs, to whom one-half of the large Middleton estate is now due."

On the 22d of June, and for three months afterward, the following advertisement appeared in the leading newspapers in London, Paris, and New York:

"A liberal reward will be paid for information of the whereabouts of Henry Middleton, youngest son of the late John E. Middleton, of New York, or for authentic evidence of his decease. He is believed to have entered the British army about the year 1844. His heirs, or any persons having reliable information concerning him, will find it to their advantage to communicate at once with Bigelow & Daniels, attorneys for Robert Middleton, 10 Wall Street, New York."

If Robert Middleton had been a poor man, he might have been a scholar, an artist, a musician. His wealth fixed him for all his life in the ranks of the *dilettanti*. He dabbled in the arts and sciences, taking up one after the other as the whim seized him, and throwing it aside for whatever new pursuit engaged his capricious fancy.

In personal appearance he was good-looking—tall, fair, and twenty-eight years of age. In character he was amiable, impulsive and generous—a signal example of a youth born rich and unspoiled by fortune.

On the 7th day of July, 1873, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, Robert Middleton sat in an easy-chair in his library, reading. The large window was open, and a cool breeze from beyond the Hudson came softly in and fluttered the leaves of the book as he turned the pages. The door opening into the library from the hall was

closed. Beyond the library was a smaller room, used by Middleton as a studio, a laboratory, or a study, access to which could only be had from the library, and by means of a door which stood open directly opposite where Middleton was sitting.

From his chair, as he looked up from his reading, nearly the whole of this inner room was within his view. The book which he was perusing was "*Lalla Rookh*."

The afternoon was drowsy, and the story seemed dull. Middleton turned over the pages carelessly and yawned. At last he cast the book aside and glanced upward. As he did so his eyes fell upon his writing-desk in the room beyond, and also upon an object whose presence there was most extraordinary and unaccountable.

At his desk, with her back toward him, was seated a young girl, apparently engaged in writing. Her costume was rich and strange, but Middleton did not notice her dress so much as the beauty of her figure as she bent over her occupation. Upon her head was a headdress of small gold coins, from beneath which fell a dark mass of rich waving hair that enveloped her shoulders as in a cloud.

For a moment Middleton could not credit his senses. He sprang to his feet, and rubbed his eyes. It was impossible that any person could have passed through the library without his knowledge. He had himself been seated at the desk not twenty minutes previously, and when he had sat down to read, both rooms were without any occupant other than himself. How then did the stranger gain access?

Though greatly surprised and puzzled, Middleton lost no time in conjecture, but stepped quickly to the threshold. The figure at the desk looked up, and turned toward him a face that seemed to him more lovely than any he could have believed possible upon this unhappy earth. Middleton advanced in some embarrassment, and was about to speak, but his voice failed him. He put out his hand to touch his visitor on the shoulder.

"Well, old fellow, what's the news?"

It was the voice of Ned Markham at his elbow. Middleton turned quickly to greet, with a nod, the newcomer, and immediately looked again toward the desk.

The young girl had disappeared!

He staggered back, thoroughly frightened and bewildered.

"Where has she gone?" he cried to Markham. "Did you pass any one as you came in?"

"Not a soul," replied Ned. "The library was empty, so I came in here."

"No one has passed that door since you entered?" asked Middleton, excitedly.

"No one. That I'll swear, for I'm standing on the threshold. Why, my dear boy, what is the matter with you? You look as if you had seen your grandfather's ghost."

"I have seen," said Middleton, sinking into a chair, "a houri."

"Well, well, well," said Markham; "how sorry I am that I didn't get here soon enough to see her, too! What are you talking about?"

"I sat," explained Middleton, "in that chair in the library, reading. I looked up from my book and saw, through the open door, a woman at the desk here writing. Whence she came, or by what means, I cannot conceive. She was dressed like an Oriental princess. She was beautiful as the heavens! I sprang forward to address her, but could not. I put out my hand to touch her and she was gone. I cannot understand it. It is a most extraordinary occurrence. If I were superstitious, it would frighten me."

"What book were you reading when you saw this ecstatic vision?" asked Markham.

"It was no vision—it was real! The book was 'Lalla Rookh.'"

Markham smiled.

"I see nothing extraordinary about this," he said, seating himself. "It can be explained very simply. Let us see. My friend Robert Middleton has been all his life afflicted with that troublesome complaint known as 'nothing to do.' In his endeavors to kill time he becomes what every man in a similar circumstance becomes—a dreamer. His mind becomes filled with abnormal fancies. Finding nothing in this world to engage his attention, he creates an imaginary world of his own, and lives in it. He falls asleep on a warm afternoon, while reading 'Lalla Rookh.' Naturally he dreams of Fadladeen, Feramorz and houris. The noise I make in coming up the stairs only partially awakes him. In the half-conscious, bewildered state of his mind he is well aware of his whereabouts and surroundings, but the creatures of his dream persist in associating themselves with familiar objects. In this half-awake condition he imagines that he sees Lalla Rookh writing in his back-room—the desk being the first object to meet his gaze on opening his eyes. Why, my dear fellow," continued Markham, bending over and slapping Middleton on the knee, "you were not thoroughly awake until I spoke to you."

Middleton shook his head.

"All very plausible," he said, gravely; "but I know that I was not asleep. I had not closed my eyes. I was as wide awake as I am now, and I saw the figure as plainly as I now see you. And here," he exclaimed, springing suddenly to the desk, "is the proof! Look here!"

He took from the desk a sheet of paper. On it was inscribed in a neat feminine hand: "Lat. 26 deg. 17 min., N. Long. 81 deg. 33 min. E."

Markham arose and looked at the paper closely.

"One of your house-servants writes a very pretty hand," he said.

"I tell you, Markham," said Middleton, a little angry, "you are entirely wrong. No servant has access to these rooms except the housekeeper. Look! the ink in the pen is still wet."

"All nonsense, my boy," replied Markham. "You have doubtless yourself been writing here since the ink had time to dry. As for that nautical conundrum, it was probably on the paper when you bought it, and has only just come to your notice."

Middleton was silent for a moment, and seemed lost in thought. At last he said:

"Where is latitude twenty-six north, and longitude eighty-one east?"

"Blessed if I know," replied Ned. "Suppose you look at the map."

Middleton went into the library, and let down from its roller a large and beautiful map of Asia.

"It should be at the antipodes," he said. "It is. It is in India, and not far from the City of Lucknow."

"'Lalla Rookh' again," said Ned. "Is it possible that you wrote that nonsense in your sleep?"

"Ned," said Middleton, "you know I have requested you to go with me to Europe, to aid me in the search for my uncle. We will extend our journey further. We will go to Lucknow."

"Go—to Lucknow!" exclaimed Ned, falling back in amazement.

"To Lucknow," repeated Middleton.

"Well," said Markham, with a sigh of resignation, "I have no objection to going to India—in fact, I would

enjoy it immensely—but I positively decline to undertake to place myself precisely at latitude twenty-six—what do you call it? It may be the peak of some inaccessible mountain, or the bottom of the Ganges. And now, old fellow, banish this meagrim and come out for a walk. If you don't, I won't go with you to India, or anywhere else."

CHAPTER II.

LUDGATE HILL.

A CHEERLESS, foggy Autumn evening had settled down upon the streets of London. In a snug upper room in a snug coffee-house on Ludgate Hill, Ned Markham sat before a cheerful soft-coal fire, reflectively sipping a mug of warm whisky-toddy and reading the *London Times*.

"When you are in London you must do as the British do," thought Ned—a motto upon which he had invariably acted since his arrival.

Markham had finished the news items and commenced on the advertisements when the door opened and Middleton entered, looking tired and rather pale and haggard.

"Here you are at last!" exclaimed Markham, jumping up. "I thought you were never coming. Sit up by the fire and have some toddy, and take off that wet coat."

Middleton threw off his coat, and drew up a chair to the fire.

"Well," said Markham, after pouring out a glass of the fragrant liquor for his companion, "how have you succeeded? Have you made any discoveries?"

"Yes," replied Middleton, "I have. After spending the entire day at the Horse Guards and the Foreign Office, and examining tons of musty records and bushels of papers, I have at last found what became of my uncle, Henry Middleton."

"And where is he?" asked Markham, leaning forward with interest.

"He is dead."

Markham drew back with a sigh of relief.

"I expected as much," he said, "and so, I suppose, did you. My dear fellow, I am sorry for your bereavement, in the loss of an uncle that you never knew, but I congratulate you. You are sole owner of your grandfather's estate."

"Perhaps not," replied Middleton. "I have found that my uncle married, and may have left heirs."

"Ah! So now we must hunt for the heirs."

"Yes. Henry Middleton, as we supposed, entered the British army. He married here in England, and soon afterward received a commission as major, and was attached to the Fourteenth Fusiliers. The regiment was sent to India.

"To India!" exclaimed Markham, starting.

"To India, sir!" exclaimed Middleton, reaching for his glass with a nervous hand. "He took his young wife with him, and was for a time stationed at Madras, where he is known to have at least one child. Her name appears in the commissary list as Rose Middleton. At the outbreak of the Sepoy rebellion he was sent to the front, and was killed while leading a charge, at the head of his regiment. All traces of his wife and child are lost."

"Where was he killed?" asked Markham, sipping his glass reflectively.

Middleton arose and leaned upon the mantelpiece before replying. His face, in the flickering firelight, looked more unreal than ever, as he replied: "At the siege of Lucknow."

Markham dropped his empty glass and spoon upon the floor, and stooped to recover them. When he looked up again at Middleton, there was a smile upon his face.



LAWN TENNIS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 562.

"At latitude twenty-six north, longitude eighty-one east, I suppose," he said.

But Middleton did not hear him. With his arms still upon the mantel, his eyes were fixed intently upon some object at the further end of the room.

"We are not alone," he whispered, pointing toward the window.

Markham looked in the direction indicated by Middleton's outstretched finger. At the lower end of the apartment stood a young girl, among the shadows, yet distinctly visible in the ruddy firelight.

Her eyes were bent upon Middleton with a look almost as intent as his own. Her figure was lithe and graceful, and her face, as it was turned toward them, seemed beautiful as those that are sometimes seen in dreams.

For a moment she stood gazing earnestly and sadly at the two young men; then she turned away, and, parting the drapery curtains before the window, disappeared behind them.

Middleton and his companion sprang to the window instantly. The space behind the curtains was empty. The window, which was partly raised, opened upon a small balcony, not six feet in length. Upon this Markham stepped and looked over into the street below. The distance to the ground was not less than forty-feet. The balcony, too, was empty.

The dark mass of St. Paul's loomed against the murky sky; the dull roar of the streets filled their ears, while up from the river and through the narrow and crooked by-ways that lay between Cheapside and the Thames came a damp chill that seemed to penetrate their very bones, and sent them shuddering back to the fire.

"It was she whom I saw that day at home," said Middleton, hoarsely. "Do you believe me now?"

Markham took several turns around the room before replying. At last he stood before the fire, and said: "No. I do not believe, any more than I did then, that you have seen anything that can be called supernatural."

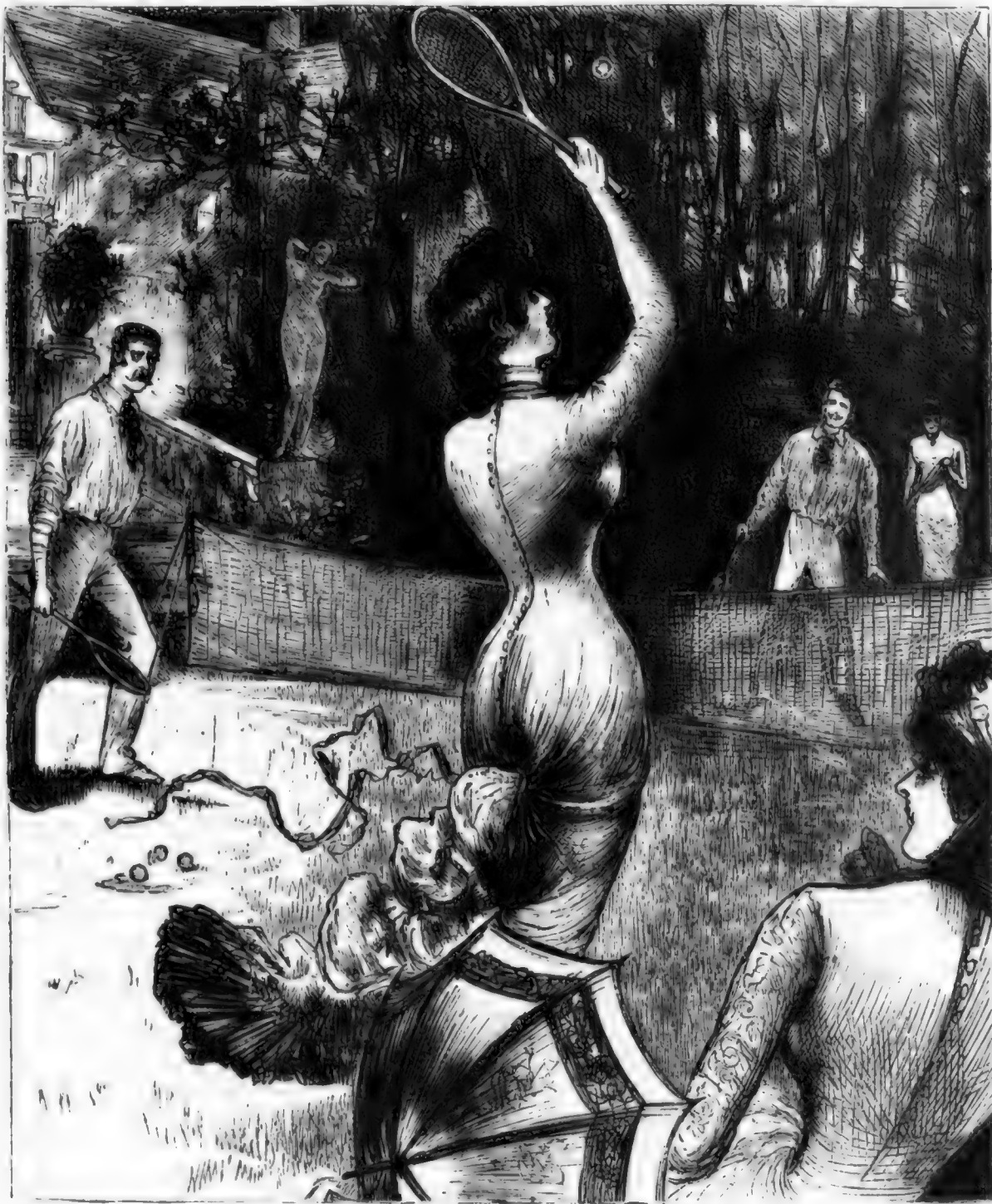
"Although you, too, have seen it."

"Although I, too, have seen, or think I have, precisely what you have seen, my dear boy," continued Markham, "I see no reason why this cannot all be naturally accounted for. You dream an absurd dream and persist that it isn't a dream. You associate with it all that infernal nonsense about latitude and longitude that somebody left on your desk. You find that a barbarous place in India has some correspondence with that geographical

ing, picked up a scrap of paper from the carpet. Returning to the table he spread it out under the lamp. It contained these words: "*December 27th, 1873.*"

"Do you believe *now*?" asked Middleton, holding up the paper before Markham's eyes.

"No," replied Markham; "this is even more foolish than your fancy about the other scrap. By-the-way, did you preserve the first one—that about latitude and longitude, you know?"



LAWN TENNIS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 562.

conundrum, and immediately set out to go there. You come home to-night tired almost to death, and in a highly nervous condition. The first mention of Lucknow immediately brings into your mind a sort of reflex of your old dream, and in the excited state of your brain, stimulated by the whisky-toddy, you believe that you see a ghost. All whisky-toddy, old fellow; all whisky-toddy."

"But you saw it!" exclaimed Middleton, impetuously.

"You saw it, and you have had no dream!"

Middleton walked back toward the window, and, stoop-

"Yes," said Middleton, "I have it here."

He took it from his wallet, and placed it on the table with the last. Markham examined both pieces closely. *The handwriting was identical!*

"Do you believe *now*?" repeated Middleton, looking searchingly in his friend's face.

Markham sank into a chair, with a face as white as Middleton's own.

"Yes," he replied, huskily. "I believe now. Your convictions are something more than vagaries."

CHAPTER III.

LUCKNOW.

THE sun—"the golden sun of Oude!"—was setting on the thousand minarets and bulbous domes of Lucknow. It was a peaceful scene, and beautiful. Middleton and Markham, who had spent the entire day of their arrival in sight-seeing about the wonderful city, had not yet tired of its glittering splendor.

Together they had visited the Imambarra, the Martiniere, and the palace of the Kings of Oude. They had lounged under the peepul-trees, had listened to the tinkling of the fountains in the cool courtyards of the tomb of Azuf-ed-Dowlah, and had watched the long procession of horses, elephants and pedestrians—all so novel and barbaric in their eyes—that crowded the narrow and winding streets. At sunset they had ascended to the roof of their caravansary, and stood looking over the parapet at the entrancing panorama that lay spread before them.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Markham, "it's like a page out of the 'Arabian Nights.'"

As the sun grew low, the flat roofs of the city became populous. Mussulman and Hindoo, Buddhist and Parsee, came forth from his dwelling to enjoy the cool evening air, while the frequent sound of laughter and the occasional flutter of a gayly-colored robe betokened the presence of his children, or of the ladies of his zenana.

The roof of the caravansary overlooked many of the more distant buildings, but those nearer at hand were jealously screened by high walls, which completely shut out all intrusion from curious eyes.

On the balcony of the English Residency, immediately opposite, a group of English ladies—the wives and daughters of the Resident and his staff—sat gayly chatting and looking down into the street.

Markham sat upon the parapet, smoking a cigar, and leaning back against the high brick wall which separated the roof of the caravansary from the adjoining house.

"Life over there should be pleasant," he said, nodding toward the Residency. "By Jove! we ought to call on the Resident and get acquainted with the ladies. Perhaps he would quarter us in the house, and that would be better than this beastly lodging."

"I have already been over there," replied Middleton, quietly. "I went there on our arrival, while you were settling with the driver of the post-garree."

"The deuce you did! And what sort of reception did you get?"

"I went there," said Middleton, "only to, ascertain from the survey maps, which I knew I would find there, the exact locality of latitude twenty-six degrees seventeen minutes north; longitude, eighty-one degrees thirty-three minutes east."

"And did you find out?"

"I did. It is, leaving out the fractions of a minute, the exact position of the Residency itself, and also of this caravansary."

"Allah il Allah! It is our kismet!" exclaimed Markham, with more serious feeling than his outward manner implied.

Middleton made no reply. Lost in his own reflections, he leaned over the parapet and gazed abstractedly down into the street, while Markham smoked in silence.

Suddenly there arose upon the still evening air the sound of a woman's voice. It was a fresh, girlish voice, and caroling a melody so soft, so sweet, so harmonious with the place and scene, that both the young men started upright and assumed an attitude of absorbed attention. The song was an English air; the words were Arabic.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Middleton. "The woman who possesses that voice must be nothing less than an angel. I never heard anything so beautiful."

"It is from the adjoining roof," said Markham, throwing aside his cigar and getting down from the parapet. "What a nuisance this confounded wall is!"

At the sound of their voices the song ceased, and Middleton motioned to Markham to be silent. Presently the song began again, but to a different air—a plaintive melody, and full of minor cadences that thrilled Middleton to his inmost soul.

Middleton possessed a very fair tenor voice and a good ear. As soon as the air died away he repeated it from memory, but with improvised words of his own. When he had finished there was silence for a time, and then the same melody was repeated on the opposite side of the wall. This was continued for some time, the singer first warbling a verse, and Middleton repeating it after her to words of his own improvisation, either in English or Arabic.

"Do you understand the song?" asked Markham.

"Partly. It is an Arab love-song. I am afraid, however, that she doesn't understand either my English or my Arabic. What a pity that when I learned to read it I couldn't also learn to pronounce it!"

"Test her by saying, 'I love you,'" said Markham. "You will soon find out whether she understands you."

"No, no!" said Middleton; "it might be too near the truth." He turned and placed his hands on his friend's shoulders. "Ned," he said, looking earnestly in Markham's eyes, "there is something in that voice that moves me most strangely. I know not what it is, but I feel tonight as though I were under the influence of a spell. Cost what it may, I will—I must—see the other side of that wall. Don't try to prevent me. That voice I have heard many times before—in my dreams. Nay, I have dreamed of this very scene—these palms, these distant minarets, this housetop, the setting sun, and your eyes looking into mine as they look now. Ned, do you know what day this is?"

"Yes," said Markham. "I had hoped that you would forget it. It is the 27th of December."

"As you said just now," continued Middleton, "it is Fate that has brought us here. I feel, I know, that the solution, or at least the end, of this long mystery is close at hand. Help me to scale the wall."

There was a large box upon the roof that had been made to form part of an extemporized divan. Placing this against the wall, Markham mounted upon it and assisted Middleton to his shoulders. From this position the latter gained the coping of the wall without difficulty.

The scene that met his eyes as he looked over was a subject for a painter, or for the eloquence of Sheherazade.

Upon the roof below him a gayly-colored awning had been erected, beneath which was spread a rich and warmly-tinted Persian carpet. A low divan, with large, soft cushions, was arranged upon one side. Upon this reclined a young girl, richly dressed, with a robe of crimson silk thrown carelessly across her feet. Her back was turned to Middleton, and he could not see her face, but her dark, beautiful hair fell about her shoulders and swept the carpet. At one side stood a small stand upholding a silver *zerf*, on which was a tiny cup for coffee.

The young girl's eyes were bent far away across the housetops and the trees, as though in reverie, and Middleton paused a moment before making his presence known.

The other side of the wall was decorated with arabesque designs in stucco, in the interstices of which he had no difficulty in finding a foothold and descending. At the

sound of his footstep the girl sprang up with a cry, and turned her face toward him. Middleton halted instantly as though paralyzed by an electric shock.

The face was the same which he had seen in his study on the 11th of July, and afterward in the coffee-house in London!

For a moment each confronted the other with a look of terrified amazement.

"Is it a spirit!" at last exclaimed the girl, in excellent English. "Holy Prophet, protect me!"

"No, no," replied Middleton; "I am no spirit, but a Frank traveler from the adjoining caravansary."

The girl made a hasty movement, as though to conceal her features with her robe, but paused and gazed in Middleton's eyes as if fascinated.

"I have seen your face before," she said, "in my dreams. It has haunted me. I dreamed of it long ago. There was a room with books; and then again I saw you standing in the firelight." She placed her hands to her temples, as though trying to remember. "There was a window," she continued, "and red curtains. And there was some one with you, but I cannot remember his face."

"And I, too," said the young man, "have had dreams—dreams by day and by night—dreams in which your face has appeared to me as I see it now. What are you? You are fair and speak my language, but you are not of my people."

"I learned English of a lady at the Residency," she replied. "She had been of service to my father in his illness, and afterward often came to sit with me. She is dead."

"And your father," said Middleton. "He is living still?"

"Yes. My father is Abd-el-Keber. But I must not converse with you. Already I have transgressed the commands of my father and the laws of our Prophet. Speak no more, or you will be heard."

"Nay," said Middleton, impetuously, seizing her hand. "I must speak. If you send me away now you must let me return. It was for you that I left my own country and sought this strange land. Your face has charmed me. It has led me on, across seas and thousands of weary miles, until now, when I hold your hand in mine and listen to your sweet voice, it still seems to me a dream. I know that in some mysterious way your destiny is linked with mine. Do you understand me, daughter of Abd-el-Keber?"

Her hand trembled in his, but she made no attempt to withdraw it. Her eyes fell, and she said, softly and hesitatingly:

"My name is Syra, but—I think—I once had a different name. I——" she passed one hand across her brow in a bewildered way, as if trying to grasp some long-lost, evasive memory, "I sometimes think," she said, "that Abd-el-Keber was not always my father, or that there was another. I do not know—I cannot remember. When I try to think I am only terrified. Perhaps that, too, is a dream. But what is this?" she asked, suddenly and almost fiercely, throwing back the folds of her silken *feridjee*. "This is no dream. Surely I was not born with this! Did the genii place it there?"

She thrust forth her bare white arm, and pointed to a small blue mark near the shoulder. Holding it up in the red sunlight, Middleton deciphered two letters tattooed upon the snowy skin. The letters were "R. M."

When Middleton regained the roof of the caravansary he found Markham still sitting—though in the moonlight now—on the parapet, smoking.

"You've been gone a deuce of a time," he said. "I've

used up half a box of cigars, and was about to devise some means of getting over the wall myself. What did you find over there that was so interesting?"

Middleton placed his hand on Markham's shoulder and looked down into his face.

"I found my kismet," he replied. "I found Rose Middleton."

It was intimated the next day to Abd-el-Keber, by a courier from the Residency, that his presence before the Resident was desirable, for the purpose of explaining the former's true relations with his reputed daughter, Syra.

Since the "Great Mutiny," the requests of the British authorities in Oude were generally regarded, and, in obedience to the summons, Abd-el-Keber presented himself at the appointed hour. He found a semi-official military court of inquiry, at which Middleton and Markham were present, assembled to await his arrival.

"I have little to tell," said the old man, "but that little I will tell truly. The girl is not my daughter. It would be useless to conceal the fact, for she is fair, while I am dark. She is not of my people."

"Go on!" exclaimed Middleton, excitedly—"go on. If you will tell the truth you need fear nothing."

"By the beard of the Prophet," replied the old man, "I will speak truly. But I entreat you, sirs, not to take her from me. She is as the apple of my eye. I have reared and nurtured her from childhood, and she is now the only solace of my old age. She is the daughter of a Frank—a soldier who was killed in the siege of this city. I found her—a mere babe—with her mother among some prisoners that were brought in from the front. The mother was wounded in a skirmish which threatened the rear of the British lines, whither their women had been sent. I took her to my house to await an opportunity to send her back to her own people. In the subsequent overts she was forgotten by them, and afterward died from her injury. The babe I kept, for I had learned to love it. She was never claimed, and if these young men have a better title than I, I pray that it may be put to rigid proof. These trinkets," continued Abd-el-Keber, "were her mother's, and some of them, I think, belonged also to her father. I know not his name, but there are Frank letters upon some of them, and a miniature, which I have never shown the child."

The old man produced a silken bag, and laid upon the table several articles, among them a locket with a small portrait on porcelain.

"It is the portrait of Henry Middleton!" exclaimed Middleton, springing forward and seizing it. "I have here its counterpart. It was given me by my father."

It was a nine days' wonder in New York when Robert Middleton, heir to the great Middleton estate, sold the property on Washington Heights, converted the invested interests of the estate into cash, and left his native shores, as was said, for ever.

It was a still greater wonder that Ned Markham, whose patriotism was never doubted, should cast his fortunes with his friend and bid adieu to the country without a promise of returning. Rumor hinted at the purchase of vast interests in India, which Ned Markham was to manage.

But only a few of the young men's most intimate friends knew that in leaving his native land, Robert Middleton was hastening to something more precious to him than wealth, and that in an enchanted palace in the far-off kingdom of Oude his Fate awaited him.



THE SACRED MOUNTAIN, FUJIYAMA, JAPAN.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SUMMIT OF FUJIYAMA.

By C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

FUJIYAMA! The Peerless Mountain. Fuji-San. Fuji, the most honorable—the outline of which must be familiar to all who have given the most casual attention to Japanese art in any of its varied applications, and dear to the traveler as the first and last vision of beauty that enchants him as he approaches the Land of the Rising Sun, or watches its receding shores.

While still too far at sea to discern any land of ordinary height, this lovely mountain appears towering above the clouds, sometimes bathed in golden light, sometimes pale celestial-blue, or else relieved in purply-gray against a clear primrose sky; its color varying with every change of atmosphere, never lovelier than when the early sunlight sheds a rosy hue over the newly-fallen Autumn snow which clothes that peerless cone in dazzling white, while the grand unbroken curves of the wide, far-spreading base sweep downward in purple gloom.

Beautiful as are the low ranges of mountains around, they are so utterly dwarfed by the gigantic volcano that they serve but to add to its apparent height. Thus, queenly alike in her beauty and in her solitude, rises this majestic mountain—the Holy Mount of Japan—the goal to which,

from time immemorial, thousands of eager pilgrims have pressed year after year.

I had seen the fair vision while yet distant a hundred miles from its base, and from many nearer points both on sea and land; I had gazed on its snowy crown when, in the Autumn of 1878, I first visited Japan. And yet the hope of ever being myself numbered among its pilgrims had never presented itself as a possibility. This Summer, however, on my return from six months' wandering in China, the idea did suggest itself, but only to be repudiated, so serious were the difficulties which stay-at-home friends declared to lie in the path. Nevertheless, the thought, once admitted, returned with fresh force every time that a break in the envious clouds afforded us a momentary glimpse of the mysterious, mighty giant.

At last I had the good fortune to find a lady as anxious

as myself to make the ascent; and a gentleman who had already accomplished it four times, but always in unpropitious weather, volunteered to try his luck once more, and be our escort. So, being duly provided with passports, which ordered us to abstain from scribbling our names on temples, attending fires on horseback, and



SAILORS AT A TEA-HOUSE NEAR YOKOHAMA.



THE STYLE OF HORSE WE FOUND IN JAPAN.

various other crimes, and empowered us to travel in certain districts for thirty days, we started from Yokohama at sunrise on August 7th, not, however, beginning our journey in the true pilgrim style, inasmuch as we had engaged a very good three-horse wagonette to take us as far as Oodiwara—a distance of about forty miles; a very pretty drive through cultivated lands and picturesque villages, beneath cryptomerias and pine avenues, along beautiful seacoast, and past cr-

chards and temples. Amongst the infinite variety of crops, our attention was from time to time arrested by whole fields of lovely tall white lilies, the roots of which

are used as food. Or else we passed ponds or flooded fields devoted to the sacred lotus, whose magnificent rose or lemon-colored blossoms peeped up from among the large blue-green leaves, which rise to a height of three or four feet above the level of the water—certainly the most lovely of all edible plants.



THE ENTRANCE-GATE OF YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

Heaps of luscious green watermelons, with pink flesh, were offered for sale, in slices ready cut, to tempt the thirsty pilgrims, of whom multitudes thronged the road, on their way to or from the Holy Mount, nearly all dressed in white, with straw hats like huge mushrooms, straw sandals, a wallet, a gourd to act as water-bottle, cloaks of grass-matting, sole protection against the rain, and a stout staff to support their flagging steps on many a weary march.

They come from all parts of the empire, visiting and making offerings at all the most sacred shrines along their path. One at least, sometimes several, in each company carries a small brass bell, which he rings continually, and the majority carry rosaries, which they prize exceedingly. Some of these are really valuable heirlooms, the large beads being either of crystal or agate. The rosaries of different sects vary somewhat, but those I have most frequently examined consist of one hundred and eight beads, which represent one hundred and eight holy persons, while four beads of another color represent four distinguished saints, and ten small beads, hanging separately, represent ten holy precepts, and two very large beads typify the sun and moon, or dual principle. In praying the beads are not counted, but rubbed together, and the chain is turned over to make a cross, and kissed; these two actions representing two Chinese characters, which signify success—which is likewise represented by the knots on the silken chain.

Every teahouse along the road was gay with a multitude of quaint calico flags of all colors, having mysterious-looking symbols inscribed on them. Of these dozens fluttered from a bamboo erected in front of the house, or from a long rope suspended under the eaves. These are the visiting-cards left by previous pilgrims, and now hung up as testimonials to attract others.

Another pretty custom added color to the scene. This being the seventh month of the Japanese year, a sort of school examination was going on everywhere, and in front of every second or third house was planted a graceful branch of bamboo, from each twig of which flutter little strips of bright-colored paper, whereon the children of the house had written some little sentence or poem as a test of their progress.

When we returned by the same road a fortnight later, another festival had its turn. The children's trees had vanished, but in every house feasts for the dead were spread before the domestic shrine; colored lanterns and straw ropes, from which fluttered sacred symbols of white paper, were suspended in the streets. The heaps of watermelons, too, had disappeared, the sale of all fruit being prohibited by law, as a precaution against the dreaded cholera, which, alas! was spreading in every direction, its presence being marked by a house here and there inclosed by the police with bamboo fencing, to prevent ingress or egress from its infected walls. At one door we notice an onion hung up, as a charm to keep off the dreaded malady. But the most singular and common medicines which attracted our attention, hung up in fanciful patterns outside the houses, were dried lizards, which, when reduced to powder, are supposed to be exceedingly efficacious in some simple childish maladies (as a vermifuge).

But in Japan there is always something interesting to notice, either for its beauty or its oddity. For instance, how strange to one newly arrived in the country is the first halt at such a teahouse as that where we stopped to change horses and partake of a light native meal; the pile of wooden clogs lying on the threshold, the tired coolies squatting on the mats, enjoying what looks like the prettiest

dolls' feast in little china dishes with bowls of black and red lacquer, served on lacquer stands by the most winsome and polite of prettily-dressed damsels, while close by, always next the street, is the kitchen where all these dainties are prepared! And probably in the open courtyard a large wooden tub is being heated, by means of a charcoal stove, for the benefit of some dusty travelers. Probably those travelers, well-to-do tradesmen, will proceed to divest themselves of all superfluous garments, and, hanging them up to air, will sit down in the very lightest attire, to share the family meal with the well-dressed ladies of the party. And all these different groups—your own included—are, as it were, in one large open room, for the paper slides which divide the house into many rooms at night have all been thrown open during the day, leaving free space.

It was about two o'clock when we reached Oodiwara, the point at which we were to leave our carriages and ponies (for in Japan all horses are mere ponies), and proceed in *jinrikishas*, literally *man-power carriages*, which are simply bath-chairs, quite a recent invention, but one which has multiplied all over the land with marvelous rapidity; the men who earn their scanty pittance by doing the work of ponies having in many instances been, a few years ago, wealthy and in good position, but having lost their all in the sudden overthrow of old feudalism.

On the present occasion, owing to the steepness of the road, we had but a short run in these little carriages, and were next transferred to *kangos*, or mountain chairs, which are basket-work seats slung on a pole, which is borne by two men. Being made for the little Japanese, they are, of course, horribly uncomfortable for full-grown Europeans, for whose benefit, however, *kangos* of a larger size are now made, and can be had at Myanoshita, whither we were now bound. It is a pretty village in a wooded valley, noted for its shops for the sale of all manner of fancy woodwork, and much frequented in Summer by foreigners, for whose benefit two large hotels are now kept in semi-European style. As we infinitely preferred a purely Japanese teahouse, we pushed on a short distance to the far prettier village of Kinga, where we found excellent quarters, though I confess that the sound of ever-rushing, brawling waters in the immediate vicinity, is to me anything but a soothing lullaby.

On the following morning, having secured *kangos* of extra size, three men to each, and a packhorse to carry our baggage and provisions, we started very leisurely across the plain, and up a very steep ascent to the Otomitonga Pass, a very narrow saddle, from which on the one side you look back on the Hakoni Lake and on the valley through which you have traveled, while before you lies outspread the vast level plain from which the faultlessly harmonious curves of the great mountain sweep heavenward. Probably from no other point is so magnificent a view to be obtained as from this, as we acknowledged when, on our homeward route, we contrived to reach this point soon after sunrise, and for a little while beheld the giant revealed in cloudless beauty.

On the present occasion, however, our march was one of simplest faith—not a break was there in the close gray mist, which clung around us as a pall, and veiled even the nearest trees. Vainly did we halt at the little rest-house on the summit of the Pass, and there linger over luncheon in the hope that the mist might clear a little. We had to console ourselves, as our coolies assuredly did, with the consequent coolness of the weather, and devote our attention to the beautiful wild-flowers which grow so abundantly along our path. There were real thistles and blue-bells growing side by side with white, pink, and blue

hydrangea, lilac and white hybiscus, masses of delicate white clematis and creeping ferns hanging in graceful drapery over many a plant of sturdier growth, and all manner of lilies, greenish and lilac, crimson, orange and pure white. A few days earlier the splendid *lilium auratum* had been flowering in such profusion that the air was too heavy with its perfume. I fastened one magnificent spike to the front of my kango, where the white blossom shone in relief against the brown back of my coolie, till, alas! the constant process of changing men crushed my lilies and their lovely buds.

It was already five o'clock when we reached Gotemba, a pretty town lying about half-way across the plain, but we had determined to push on to Subashiri, which is considerably nearer the base of the mountain. Heavy rain came on, and the coolies very sensibly demurred at going further. Obstinaoy, however, carried the day, and we subjected ourselves to the misery of reaching our destination in the dark, to find the only good rooms occupied, and all our clothes and other goods soaked—a serious matter in a Japanese house, where the only means of drying them is over a small *hibachi*, which is simply a small brass bowl containing a handful of charcoal. We spent a considerable portion of the night at this primitive occupation, aided by a pretty little Japanese damsel, and, as a matter of course, were not inclined for an early start next morning.

The village is a long, straggling street, gay with the pilgrim flags which float from its many teahouses, while from the grove of rich green cryptomerias which clothes the base of the mountain appear the quaint, overhanging thatch roofs of a fine old Shinto gateway and temple, at which all devout pilgrims pay their vows ere commencing the ascent. Passing by a shrine which is the stable of the sacred white wooden horse, they perform their ceremonial ablutions at the fountain, where a sacred bronze dragon ceaselessly spouts clear running water into a stone tank, from the wooden canopy of which float bright calico flags, which act as towels. Then the pilgrims, who at this season press on in ceaseless streams, assemble in groups before the temple, or else kneel reverently before the sacred mirror on the altar, while the old priest, rapidly repeating some formula of blessing or of prayer, holds up a great bronze sort of crozier, from which floats an immense *gohei*, a sort of banner of mystically cut paper, hanging in very peculiar folds, which is the Shinto symbol of God, supposed to have originated in a play on the word *kami*, which expresses both God and paper. Having thus consecrated the first stage of their pilgrimage, the wayfarers will, on their descent, return here, or else by the sacred village of Yoshida, a very picturesque spot on another spur of the mountain, where the priest will imprint a stamp on their garments which shall prove them true pilgrims in the sight of all men, and the raiment thus sanctified will become a relic and heirloom for ever.

It was ten o'clock ere we were ready to start. The same gray, unpromising weather continued, and our one consolation lay in the cool freshness of the air, knowing how trying would be the ascent over that great expanse of bare lava, should the sun blaze with the same fierce intensity that it had been doing for some time previous. We were already at a height of 2,500 feet above the sea level, and our route from this point was a steady ascent over volcanic ash and cinders. The lower slopes of the mountain are all wooded; a good deal of larch mingles with the fir; cryptomerias and other pines, willow, maple and chestnut all flourish, and raspberries grow abundantly.

About two and a half hours brought us to the rest-house, where, by law, we were obliged to leave our kangos,

as no carrying nor any beast of burden is allowed on the Holy Mount. Even coolies cannot be engaged here, but those which foreigners bring with them are winked at, and ours had agreed to accompany us all the way. From this point to the summit takes from seven to eight hours' steady walking. At easy intervals, there are eight or nine rest-houses, two or three of which collapsed last Winter, and have not been rebuilt; but at the others, which are merely wooden sheds, may be had the welcome tiny cup of pale tea, and a bowl of rice with savory accompaniments, or a tray of sweetmeats, notably peppermint drops, and a sort of very strong crystallized peppermint, of which an infinitesimal quantity is given as a reviving dram. A drink by no means to be despised, and which we found very sustaining, is a compound of raw eggs, beaten up with sugar and hot *saki*—a kind of wine distilled from rice. In our capacity of pilgrims we tasted all that was offered us, and rather enjoyed the curious fare.

Our route for some distance lay through pleasant woods, in which we found a good deal of white rhododendron, blue monkshood, and masses of large pink campanula and small bluebells. Further up we passed through thick alder scrub, and found quantities of real Alpine strawberries, on which we feasted. Finally we emerged on to the bare cone, which presented precisely the appearance of a vast cinder-heap.

One coolie had been told off to help each of the ladies, and mine did me good service by going ahead carrying the two ends of a hammock, which, as being softer than a rope, I had passed round my waist. We pressed on in advance of the others, till, after five hours' climbing, we reached the rest-house known as No. 6, where I was welcomed by an old man, who, with infinite discretion, immediately spread a *futon*, or wadded quilt, rolled up another as a pillow, and heaped up a big fire, the material for which must have been brought from the woods far below. In a few minutes I began shivering violently, but was all right ere the others arrived, which they did in a sharp thunder-shower.

The rain soon ceased, and then for the first time the summit stood out perfectly clear, seeming so close that it was quite aggravating not to have gained it. But we were all thoroughly tired and disinclined to go further, so we arranged to sleep here. The sunset was magnificent, and a splendid double rainbow spanned the heavens. We had brought our own provisions and two Japanese attendants, so supper was duly served, and we then made the best of rough quarters.

Our landlady at Shibashiri had kindly lent us a huge roll of quilts, made up in the form of gigantic wadded dressing-gowns with sleeves, three of which made a very heavy coolie-load. In these we wrapped ourselves, and lay down in the corner furthest from the wood fire, round which our shivering coolies crouched, but the smoke of which made our eyes ache horribly. We were, however, soon routed from our lair by the heavy rain which dripped through the roof. Happily we had brought large sheets of oiled paper to protect our baggage, and these, being spread as a canopy over our heads, proved excellent protection.

At 1 A.M. we woke and found the rain had ceased, and that a bright half-moon was shining, so we quickly roused our host, and made him prepare rice for the coolies, and also some breakfast for ourselves, and at 3 A.M. we started for the last, and by far the steepest, part of the ascent. By mistake we got on to the track by which the pilgrims descend, which is quite straight instead of zigzagging, and also leads over very soft, decomposed ash, in which we sank so deep at every step that it was very exhausting.

We therefore struck across the cone, and scrambled over a belt of rough lava, beyond which we struck a very uncertain track, which, however, eventually led us to the beaten path, trodden by such multitudes of pilgrims, and so thickly strewn with their straw sandals, as to give it the appearance of having had straw laid over it. As the shoes cost somewhat less than one cent a pair, they can be replaced without serious extravagance, and the provident traveler is wont to carry at least one extra pair; more would be unnecessary, as they are sold at every halting-place. Many pilgrims overtook us, hastening upward, and repeating in chorus a sort of chant, *Rokkonshojo, Rokkonshojo*, which is a formula expressive of the purity of flesh and spirit required in those who ascend this holy mount.

Toward the summit the path leads right through several small shrines, in which the faithful may purchase small paper *goheis* floating from little sticks, which they plant in the lava as they ascend; and the curious, whether faithful or not, can purchase odd pictures and maps of Fujiyama, showing the various routes by which it may be ascended from all sides of the country. By dint of great exertion and with the help of my faithful coolie, I managed to reach the summit at 5:30 A.M., just in time to see all the companies of white-robed pilgrims kneeling to adore the rising sun as his first rays gilded the mountain-top, and chanting deep-toned litanies. It was a very striking scene, though at a little distance the groups of white figures kneeling on the dark lava were singularly suggestive of seabirds nestling on some high rock—a resemblance which was increased by their having removed their large hats and covered their heads with a white cloth.

I had been told that many women of all ages perform this pilgrimage. So far from this being the case, among the many thousands of men whom we met going and returning I only observed two women—one very old and bent almost double; the other a merry girl, who seemed more intent on the amusement of the expedition than on

the expiation of her sins. The fact is, it is only recently that the law has been annulled which forbade any woman to ascend the holy mountain, so that it really is not customary for women to go.

Having chanted their sunrise orisons, the next care of the pilgrims is to march in procession sunwise round the crater, a distance of about three miles. On descending the mountain, the more zealous repeat the sunwise circuit round the base of the cone, which, of course, implies a very long additional walk. It is the same ceremony which I have

witnessed in many a remote corner of the earth—in Himalayan forests, or round the huge *dogobas* in the heart of Ceylon—and which we still trace in many an old custom not yet wholly extinct in the Scottish Highlands.

Being anxious to reach the western side of the crater in time to see the vast triangular shadow cast by the mountain at sunrise as at sunset, I hastened round, and had the good fortune to witness an effect precisely similar to what I had seen from the summit of Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, and which I am told also occurs at Pike's Peak, Colorado—namely, a vast blue triangle, lying athwart land and sea and cloud, yet apparently resting on the atmosphere, its outlines being unbroken by any irregularity of hill or valley. It may be interesting to add that when I witnessed this phenomenon in Ceylon, the edge of the triangle was



PILGRIMS ASCENDING THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.

tinged with prismatic colors, giving the appearance of a triangular rainbow.

A magnificent panorama lay outstretched before us. We had gained an altitude which I have heard variously estimated at from 12,365 feet to 13,600 feet, and the world below appeared as a vast plain. On every side dreamy visions of far-away ocean, range beyond range of dwarfed mountains, wide expanses of level green dotted with towns, gleaming lakes, and filmy vapors forming veils which now and again hid some portion of the landscape from our sight; and, in strong contrast with all this delicate distant color, the strong warm madder and chocolate

tints of the lava foreground, melting away into the hazy greens of the forest below, while here and there, on some secluded spot, patches of last Winter's snow still lingered, soon to be covered by a fresh fall.

All around us, on the steep slopes of the cone, were heaped up a multitude of cairns of broken lava, memorials of many a pilgrim band — another link in the chain of curious customs common to so many races. At short intervals all round the crater are tiny shrines, where the devotees halt for the observance of some religious rite of the Shinto faith. One of these crowns the highest peak, and is conspicuous from afar by its quaint wooden Torii, a curious specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, which forms the invariable gateway to every Shinto and many Buddhist temples, but which to the irreverent foreigner is rather suggestive of a gallows. Another of these structures marks the spot where, on the edge of the crater, a holy well yields pure cold water, with which the devout fill their gourd-bottles, to be reverently carried home, together with large bundles of charms, as a cure for all manner of ills. I have since noted similar cold springs in the bed of the great extinct crater of Haleakala, in the Sandwich Islands.

I mentioned that one of my companions had already made the ascent of the mountain several times. On each previous occasion the weather had been so unpropitious that the whole scene had been shrouded in cold gray mist, and he could not even discern the outline of the crater which yawned at his feet. This morning the whole lay bathed in cloudless sunlight, and a clear blue sky threw out yet more vividly the wonderfully varied colors of the lava, great crags of which—red, claret, yellow, sienna, green, gray and lavender, purple and black—rose perpendicularly from out the deep shadow, which still lay un-

touched by the morning light, in the depths of the crater. I believe that in reality its depth does not exceed 500 feet, while its greatest length is estimated at 3,000 feet, its width 1,800. We best realized its size by noting the long lines of figures (their large straw hats giving those near us the appearance of locomotive mushrooms),

which became mere pin-points when seen against the skyline on the further side. I can only hear of one gentleman (a foreigner, of course) who has made a descent into the crater itself.

Very peaceful and calm was the scene in that clear early morning, without a sound save the ringing of pilgrims' bells. Yet, by the frequent earthquakes which still cause the land to tremble, we know that the fires which of old desolated this region still smolder, and may at any moment break out again, and repeat the story of 1707, which is the date of the latest eruption. According to native traditions, this huge volcano arose suddenly upward of 2,000 years ago, the date assigned being B.C. 285. At the same time a mighty convulsion rent the earth near Kioto, 300 miles to the southward, forming a chasm sixty miles long by eighteen broad, in which now lie the blue waters of Lake Biwa.

The internal fires find vent at many points all over these fair green isles, which are dotted with boiling springs and active volcanoes as numerous as those which mark the Malay Archipelago, Lombok, Sumbawa, Java, Sumatra, the Philippines—in short, all those isles which, with Japan, form a chain along which volcanic action extends right up to the shores of Kamtschatka.

In Kiusiu alone there are five active volcanoes. Of one, near Nagasaki, called the High Mountain of Warm Springs, noted for its hot sulphur baths, the Japanese tell how, in 1793, the summit fell in, and torrents of boiling water burst forth. On one occasion it overwhelmed the city of Shima Barra, destroying 35,000 persons. We are also told of a mountain fortress in the district which suddenly subsided, and the place where the hill had stood became a lake.

There has scarcely been one century in which the national records have not had occasion to record dire catastrophes caused by earthquakes. Thus, in the year A.D. 685, 2,000 acres of land on the coast of Tosa, in the isle of Shikoku, were permanently submerged, and a multitude of people perished in various parts of the empire.

Thirty years later, so vast a landslip occurred that the Aratama River was diverted from its channel and flooded three counties. Then followed a succession of earthquakes, accompanied by terrific tidal waves, one of which washed away thousands of people. Mountains were rent asunder; vast fissures yawned, swallowing up houses and people and emitting bluish flames; castles were



A JAPANESE TAILOR.



A SERVANT IN A JAPANESE INN.

demolished, and in Kioto a temple fell, crushing beneath its ruins fifty priests.

In A.D. 1293 twenty thousand persons are said to have perished in one earthquake.

In 1331 the summit of Fujiyama was visibly lowered, the upper rim of the crater having fallen in (as I have recently seen crags six hundred feet in height fall in at the crater of Kilauea, in the Sandwich Islands).

The latest eruption of Fujiyama was in A.D. 1707, when a mighty earthquake shook the land, and the living fires forced open a new chimney at three thousand feet below the summit, vomiting showers of ashes, which fell at distances of one hundred miles. The cone thus formed remains to this day, and is called Ho-yei-San. I confess I grudge the honorific *San* being applied to the unsightly lump which, as seen from certain points, mars the otherwise faultless sweep of the perfect outline.

The year 1854-55 was marked by appalling activity of the internal forces. The isle of Shikoku was shaken by an earthquake so terrific that the solid earth heaved in waves like an angry sea. Innumerable fissures were rent open, and from these gaping chasms mud and water were thrown up. From the mountains fell vast avalanches of earth and rock, which overwhelmed whole cities, and what escaped the landslips was destroyed by fires which very naturally broke out in the ruins. Tidal waves swept the shores and rushed up the rivers, doing appalling damage and flooding the land. A Russian frigate which was lying off the coast of Tdzu, in Shimoda, was spun round and round forty times within half an hour, and was then thrown ashore a total wreck. In one night seventy shocks were counted. In the district of Tosa all dwelling-houses were either thrown down or shaken to their foundations. The country, for a space of four hundred miles, presented one widespread scene of desolation. In the ensuing twelve months upward of eight hundred distinct shocks were experienced.

In 1855 occurred an earthquake so terrific that the City of Tokio was well-nigh destroyed. Upward of fourteen thousand dwelling-houses and two thousand strong fire-proof storehouses were destroyed. Multitudes of persons were crushed in their own falling houses; others fell into clefts and chasms which suddenly opened beneath their feet and swallowed them up. Then fire spread and raged furiously, so that the city was made desolate, the dead being variously estimated at from fifty to a hundred thousand.

Even now scarcely a week passes in which a slight shock of earthquake is not felt; so there is, of course, no certainty that such scenes of horror may not at any time be repeated. Moreover, within a day's march of the Mighty Mountain lie the sulphurous boiling springs of Ojingoko (i.e., the Great Hell), and, at no great distance in other directions, two sets of hot springs, both bearing the name of Yumoto. And, looking down from that high pinnacle, far on the dreamy horizon I saw, or fancied I saw, a faint indication of smoke from the active volcanic isle of Vries (or Ashima), which lies just off the coast of Tdzu. Such neighbors as these make it impossible to ignore the probability that a day may come ere long when Fuji-San shall awake from his sleep of a century and a half, and may resume his crown of fire, as Vesuvius, Etna, and many another volcano, fondly assumed to be extinct, have done ere now.

Vesuvius is said to have made such good use of 150 years of rest that, at the time of the great eruption in A.D. 1306, not only were all its slopes richly cultivated, but chestnut groves and pools of water had sprung up within the crater. Here, on the extreme summit of Fujiyama, we have the water springs, but no trace of vegeta-

tion, though a few blades of grass have struggled into life within a very short distance of the summit.

Whether fiery streams shall ever again pour down the mountain-side and burn their way through the green forests, we cannot prophesy. At present, however, all seems quiet, and the mighty giant sleeps.

Having wandered leisurely round the crater—a circuit of about three miles—I began to think of breakfast, and, returning to my companions, found them and our followers already in possession of one of a row of about a dozen small huts facing the rising sun, which form a one-sided street where the pilgrims lodge. They are tiny stone houses, partly scooped out of the cinder-bank, the roof weighted with heavy blocks of lava, to resist the force of wild tempests. There is a small space artificially leveled in front of the huts, and from these float numbers of the gay pilgrim flags already mentioned. Within each hut is a small space neatly matted, and here, having spread the soft warm quilts brought with us, I gladly lay down for an hour's rest, while my companions made the circuit of the crater. Our large sheets of oiled paper were hung across as a curtain to shield us from the glare, and to separate our corner from that where our host was cooking. Happily, in mercy to our eyes, he had substituted charcoal for wood. I may mention, by-the-way, that water here boils at 184° Fahr. Above my head, even in this rude hut, was the invariable domestic shrine. Here, of course, it was Shinto, and in addition to the usual sacred mirror of polished metal, was a model of Fujiyama rudely hewn in lava.

Our quarters being as comfortable as could possibly be expected, it had been our intention to spend the day and night quietly on the summit. Unfortunately, however, our brother-pilgrim, who on his previous ascents had already suffered from mountain sickness, produced by the rarified air, was on this occasion so violently and continuously sick that it was evidently necessary for him to descend at once. Both our Japanese attendants likewise suffered, and asked leave to go back. They had crushed sour pink plums on their temples, which seemed to us a novel remedy, but is one much in favor in Japan. Had we but known it, nature had provided a far more efficacious remedy in the snowdrifts of the crater—bathing the temples with snow being the surest protection against sickness and headache thus produced.

At first we two ladies decided on remaining by ourselves (having perfect trust in our coolies), but unfortunately, after an interval of rest, I, too, awoke feeling so sick that, combining the chances of increasing illness with that of bad weather on the morrow, it was voted better that we should also return to the lower world—a decision which I now sincerely regret, being convinced that my own indisposition was simply momentary and due to over-fatigue. I am the more inclined to this belief as two parties of our friends, fired by our example, made the pilgrimage a few days later; each spent a night on the summit, coming in for grand thunderstorms, torrents of rain, and a magnificent sunrise; but no one complained of any tendency to sickness, though one stalwart Scot did awaken with a headache, which, however, he attributed to the mountain dew in which he had pledged his absent friends, and not to the mountain air.

Our coolies once more shouldered their burdens with an alacrity which surprised us, and at 11.30 we regretfully took our last look at the magnificent scene, and, already over-wearied, commenced the descent. Already large white clouds encompassed the base of the mountain, and floating mists played about the summit, veiling the sun and shielding us from its burning rays. Nevertheless, the

descent was most exhausting, and seemed never-ending. The path lay straight down the cone, over deep, soft ash and crumbly scoræ, in which we sank over the ankles, and which kept penetrating into our boots. We felt grateful to our pilgrim predecessors, whose straw shoes strewed the earth in thousands, making it a shade better for us.

It was 4 P. M. when we reached the rest-house where we had left our kangos, and much did we enjoy some good egg *saké*, as did also our coolies, who, having made an excellent meal and transferred the luggage to a packhorse which we were fortunate enough to secure, shouldered the kangos, in which we wearily lay, and trotted off quite cheerily, only halting to smoke beneath a fine old larch-tree, from the branches of which hung innumerable pairs of old straw shoes, tied together and thrown up for luck by the happy pilgrims whose task is accomplished, and who have secured a store of merit and sanctity to last for years to come. Our coolies added their sandals, and as many more as they could find lying on the path, evidently considering it a good game. They then trotted on downhill to Subashiri, where we arrived about 5.30. This time we found the good rooms reserved for us, and hot baths, the advantage of which the Japanese so fully understand, were all ready. These, followed by a good night's rest, partly restored us, though I confess I was stiff and aching for many days to come.

We spent the following morning in pleasant idleness at the old Shinto temple, only doing a three hours' evening march to Gotemba, whence we proposed starting long before daylight. A message was, however, brought to us that the police, who, as a matter of course, had demanded our passports, refused to allow us to pass till we had been inspected by the doctor—a ceremony which could not be performed till next day. This was on account of the cholera panic.

Tired as we were, we concluded that the only thing to be done was to put on our boots again and march in person to the police office, where our healthy appearance and extreme civility so overawed two minute policemen that they allowed us to pass on unmolested. So at 3 A. M. the good old landlady and cook were astir to feed us and our coolies, and at 4 we started in the dark. At one point the coolies evidently had a great joke, and, laughing heartily but very silently, they ran as hard as they could for about half a mile. We could not understand their fun at the time, but afterward discovered that we were passing the house of the dreaded doctor, who might have detained us as he had done other people.

The sun rose while we toiled up the Otōmitonga Pass, and at every step the view became more grand, as Fujiyama stood revealed, rising in cloudless beauty from the vast intervening plain. Scarcely, however, had we feasted our eyes on the lovely vision, when the mist uprose, and in a few moments not the faintest suggestion of a mountain was to be seen, to the great grief of a large party who toiled up the hill from Hakoni lake, just too late to see it.

We descended the pass, and, crossing the valley, made for a region known as Ojingoko, "the Great Hell," where, in a hollow between two dark wooded hills, the stream of boiling sulphur-springs rises ceaselessly from a bare expanse of red broken ground. Before reaching this spot we arrived at the charmingly primitive teahouse of Senjōko Yu, in the heart of the beautiful forest. The water from the boiling sulphur-springs is brought down in bamboo pipes, and is here cooled in simple but effective baths. One of these having been told off for our exclusive use, screened, and placed under the guardianship of a pretty Japanese boy, who, proud of his charge, sat on watch to keep off all intruders, we were able to revel in

peace, and did our best to boil away all painful memories of our climb. Then, arrayed in cool Japanese dresses, lent us by our hostess, we were ready to enjoy a semi-native supper. On the following morning we repeated our sulphur-bath, and recommend the process to all future pilgrims.

Then, climbing the hill to make a nearer inspection of "the Great Hell," we tried various rash experiments in the way of tasting sulphur, alum, and iron springs, cooked our luncheon in one, and then, braving the choking sulphurous fumes which made us cough violently, we inspected the process by which sulphur rock is pounded to a fine powder, thrown into furnaces where it becomes a gas, and, passing through rude retorts, drips in a deep orange-colored fluid into large vessels, where it becomes pure solid sulphur, of a pale chrome-color, after which it is made up in bundles and carried down the mountain.

Descending in a thick, soaking mist, we halted at the teahouse of Obango, where a group of native travelers were listening in rapt attention to a woman reciting, in an extraordinary voice down in her throat, gurgling and cackling, and occasionally blowing through a shell, or loudly tapping with her fan. She was apparently reciting some old story, but none of our party could understand a word she said, as she was speaking in a dialect almost obsolete, which few of the Japanese themselves could follow. An hour's row down the Hakoni lake brought us to the village of the same name, where we found many friends in pleasant Summer quarters, and where the chief attraction of every house and every walk lies in the view it commands of Fujiyama.

RESURGAM.

From depth to height, from height to loftier height,
The climber sets his foot and sets his face,
Tracks lingering sunbeams to their halting-place,
And counts the last pulsation of the light.
Strenuous through day and unsurprised by night
He runs a race with Time, and wins the race,
Emptied and stripped of all save only Grace,
Will, Love, a threefold panoply of might.
Darkness descends for light he toiled to seek:
He stumbles on the darkened mountain-head,
Left breathless in the unbreathable pure air,
Made freeman of the living and the dead:
He wots not he has topped the topmost peak,
But the returning sun will find him there.

LADY HAMILTON.

In the attention paid of late years to the collection of the curious in art, many paintings of the English school have been sought, not alone for intrinsic merit in the artist, but from the fact that the model who sat for them was the strangely beautiful Emma Lyons, who began life as a barefooted girl, near Chester, gaining a miserable livelihood by driving a donkey laden with coal and sand. As her beauty was seen while she was a child's nurse in a family connected with Boydell, the engraver, she became a model for artists, her singularly beautiful proportions and exquisitely modeled outlines making her a type for the beautiful forms which, on canvas, captivated the aristocracy and wealth of England. Hence many paintings of apparently ideal forms are really her portraits. She was then in the hands of a traveling physician, or, rather, a quack, as the emblem of the Goddess Hygeia (Health). She had acquired by this time some intellectual education and the usages of society, but, unfortunately, no one thought of her moral training, or of shielding the friendless girl from the dangers to which her beauty exposed

her. After some years of a life such as may well be supposed, when she was thrown among the wealthy men of leisure, she married Sir William Hamilton, an antiquarian and diplomatist, whom she accompanied to Naples. There she plunged into all the social and political intrigues, and

caused a war between England and Spain. The great Admiral Nelson, the pride of England, was so captivated by her charms that he renounced his commission to enjoy her society.

She died in great poverty at Calais, France, in 1815.



LADY HAMILTON,—FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE ROMNEY.—SEE PAGE 575.



THE LETTER "S"; OR, THE JOCELYN SIN.—"THEY HAD COME OUT OF THE SHRUBBERY CLOSE TO THE STILE. ON THE OTHER SIDE, GENERAL JOCELYN WAS BENDING OVER A DARK OBJECT. HE RAISED HIS HEAD QUICKLY AT THE SOUND OF THEIR VOICES."

THE LETTER "S"; OR, THE JOCELYN SIN.

BY INDE.

CHAPTER I.—THE RICH MAN'S SECRET.

GENERAL JOCELYN read the morning papers in serene content, although breakfast waited, and the disapproving countenance of a dignified butler appeared every five minutes, mutely surveying the situation. The table was laid for three; but as yet the tall, stately master was the sole representative, who, unlike most of his sex, did not grumble, or vent ill-humor upon everybody round him. He had lived abroad, on almost invisible means, save during transient service; always gallant, in the occa-

sional European wars, and only lately returned to take possession of the great landed estate in Virginia, which his half-brother, John Fulkerson, had bequeathed.

It was a new experience, that of being rich, to the penniless gentleman and his only child, Winifred Jocelyn. They had been buffeted from pillar to post all pretty Winifred's not very long life, with no reasonable prospect of anything better or more luxurious, until, at John Fulkerson's demise, the sometime officer and always pauper

became a millionaire, and went home to Virginia to domicile himself in the splendid establishment of Jocelyn Hall. The terms of the will were rather peculiar, although John Fulkerson was known as an eccentric man.

Nevertheless, it created some speculation as to the singular old man's meaning, when the will was opened. People only remembered him as a bitter, sarcastic, weird old man, shut up in the library at Jocelyn Hall, refusing to admit or see any soul save his servants. People seldom sought twice to invade his retirement. His unscrupulous tongue usually cured them of any such desire.

When he died, at last, the neighborhood gave a sigh of relief, and waited for some last oddity. They were not disappointed. The will fulfilled their expectations. It was a curious document, devising the whole estate to his half-brother, Hugh Jocelyn, and in case of Hugh Jocelyn dying without heirs, to his own nephew, Fulke Fulkerson.

"I bought the estate when it was sold under the hammer, at the death of my stepfather, Jocelyn," the

in the general's sonorous voice, and a curious anxiety in the way he watched her as he added, "He has been here to see me concerning you."

"Me?" she rejoined. "Oh, I am so hungry! No one ever came to see you about me when I wore those horrid old stuff dresses until they were too short, and a weather-beaten hat, and—and when we lived in nasty, dark lodgings, no one ever came to see us then, papa, except the baker's boy, with his two-shilling or three-shilling bill—by way of introduction—did they? Oh, Sanders, is that breakfast? Come, papa, I am not patient like you; we will finish before ugly Fulke puts in an appearance;" and the beautiful, rosy lips smiled scornfully at the unusual gravity in a face always kind for her. The anxiety seemed to deepen in her father's countenance as the graceful little figure fluttered to the seat behind the great silver coffee-urn, and the bright eyes glanced mockingly over the antique cream-flagon, and defied him to preserve that strange gravity. "How delightfully nice it is to have

"Well, well, my darling, do as you wish. I only want you to be happy," was the half-jesting, half-serious reply. "Only, Winifred, my darling, never speak to me of Bernie. I will never consent to that; it would be folly, too, just when he is going off on that Arctic expedition. You will never hear of him again, my little pet."

She laughed securely.

"You dear old general, don't try to be severe; it won't do. Don't you speak of that ugly, detestable Fulke—I hate him, the evil-faced wretch——"

The door opened slowly, and Fulke himself walked in. The sinister scowl always on his repulsive countenance seemed darker and more viciously evil than ever. Evidently he had heard the verdict of the witching girl sitting demurely behind the massive coffee-urn. However much as he may have suspected her aversion in the past, the downright avowal of it now lashed the vindictive temper into bitter passion. The lurid hue overspreading his face never changed as he seated himself at the table, and accepted a cup of coffee from the tiny white hand of the beautiful heiress.

"Now, papa, you can entertain Fulke; I am going for a ride this lovely morning. See, they have brought Selim around, and good-by, papa," she said, tossing a muffin to a dainty skye watching her expectantly.

"Wait, Winifred; I have promised Fulke that you will see him in the library this morning," interposed her father, the same anxious look creeping into his eyes.

"Have you, papa? Well, perhaps when I have put on my riding-habit I may—perhaps—perchance—see Fulke for just a few minutes," was the reluctant answer.

"As you like," surlily observed Fulke, without glancing up; "just as you say, Uncle Hugh—I leave it with you," he added, fixing his eyes meaningly on his uncle. "I am not much of a ladies' man, but, you understand, I am not dainty in dealing with men. I think I understand that," he added, with a short, sneering laugh.

General Jocelyn moved uneasily.

"You will see Fulke," he said, with more of command than he had ever used to Winifred.

"Perhaps; I'll just ponder over it a bit, papa," she retorted, saucily, the faintest possible amazement in her countenance.

"Ay, I dare swear she'll see me," rudely commented Fulke, going on with his breakfast.

Winifred turned haughtily.

"I won't see you to-day; wait until it is my pleasure to receive you, sir," and without waiting for the acrid, sullen answer which Fulke evidently meditated, Winifred Jocelyn darted out of the room, up the broad staircase to her own boudoir.

"Curse her!" muttered Fulke, audibly, as he deliberately laid down his knife and fork, and fixed his scowling, menacing eyes on his host.

Perhaps in all his rough, adventurous life General Jocelyn had never felt the thrill of fear and intimidation that quivered through him as he encountered the pitiless, deadly glare of Fulke's steel-like eyes.

"Do you think I am going to stand this?" he asked, in a low, passionate voice, while a certain indescribable alarm became visible in the handsome, ruddy face opposite; still his stately dignity did not forsake him when General Jocelyn said, coldly:

"What do you mean, sir? I certainly don't understand you."

"You don't, eh?" sneered Fulke. "Uncle Hugh, we might as well understand each other clearly!"

"Just as you wish, sir," replied the other.

"Very well; in this case my wish rules. I happen to

have the whip-hand of you," retorted the nephew, with an unpleasant laugh, more malign than the veriest growl, and as insulting as possibly Fulke meant it should be.

"Pray explain yourself," haughtily observed his uncle; but even as he spoke a certain grayness crept about the temples, gradually becoming more visible when the repulsive, evil face came nearer, and Fulke said, deliberately:

"You—have—a secret—eh?"

"What is that to you?" demanded the other, angrily.

Fulke laughed again.

"Wise in you not to deny it, and equally bold; because when I once close my grippers on anything, I don't let go easily; perhaps you know that, eh?" he asked, with an insolent leer.

"That is your affair, sir," was the haughty response, while General Jocelyn looked as if he could find it in his heart to spring on this exasperating, villainous-looking man and kill him then and there.

"Possibly you will find it your affair before all is done!"

There was a silence of a moment, then, apparently with a terrible effort at calmness, the host looking past his guest straight out the window, where a groom in jaunty cap and velvet jacket exercised a spirited bay; and possibly the scene gave more strength to the strange want of nerve in a man noted for audacious coolness.

"Fulke, I don't suppose the caprice of a spoiled girl has given you cause for insults to me; you have dropped some rather remarkable insinuations of late; as you were good enough to observe just now, we may as well comprehend each other. Excuse me if I insist upon an explanation."

Despite the calm courtesy of the well-bred gentleman, the lynx-eye watching him perceived that the hand holding the newspaper shook visibly.

"We may as well have it out," the other said, coarsely.

"You are a rich, magnificent gentleman; I, as my beastly Uncle Fulkerson said, a poor and homely devil; but I have to make up the deficit somewhere. Luckily, a rich man's secret is about as good an investment as anything else. I hold your secret, Uncle Hugh; I stumbled on it by a fortunate accident; you best know what it is worth to keep it hushed up."

"Suppose, sir, that I decline to admit your claim without proof?" began General Jocelyn, while his fingers unconsciously crushed the paper in a fierce, hard grasp—unconsciously to himself, but the wary watch that marked everything took mental note of the smallest betrayal of agitation.

"Proofs!" insolently repeated his nephew. "Perhaps you take me for a fool. Nobody ever said that of me, and I am very confident nobody ever will—not you, at least. You may rest assured that I have neither neglected the proof nor the details. Listen: you tramped it considerably around, a soldier of fortune, taking service wherever you could get it. Why did you not stay in New Orleans twenty years ago? Why did you voluntarily and abruptly quit the delightful Crescent City, and never again venture within the limits of your native country, and what became of——"

"Stop, for God's sake!" ejaculated the other, a look of hunted terror in his livid face—a look that riveted the fetters this merciless nephew slowly fastened upon him. Ay, that is a confounded unpleasant reminiscence, that little episode in the garden of Le Vailliant's pretty cottage—confoundedly ugly for rich General Jocelyn—eh, sir?"

And the wicked, uncanny smile on the repellent countenance had a fiendish triumph, galling and humiliating to the gentleman writhing already in bonds.

"Go on," he said, in a low, unsteady tone. "What is it you want?—not merely my downfall?"

"No—oh, no; that would be a bad investment. I leave that as a last alternative. Satisfy my demands, and you may live and die in your false honors, with your crime unpunished; but you know me. Fail in one single point to accede to my terms, and I will give you up to the law as freely as I would a dog. I don't pretend to any love for the man who has every stiver of what should be mine."

The bewildered helplessness of one cowering under a deadly menace settled on General Jocelyn's usually calm face. As Fulke had said, he knew him, and the knowledge sent a quiver of strange fear through the old soldier. If there was a dark episode in the past, hidden away under the exile of twenty years, Fulke had possessed himself of it—Fulke, of all others. God help him! Hugh Jocelyn knew that the lash was over him for life. With his money came this hideous slavery to a man who envied and hated him.

He sighed hopelessly, and wished in his terror-stricken soul for the days when he had been not worth the remembrance of any man; when even Fulke did not care to hunt him down, and when he had not seen Winifred.

"What is it you want?" repeated the uncle, a queer blindness crossing his vision, as a dainty little figure in blue habit and waving plumes tripped across the piazza, and springing lightly into the saddle, cantered off down the avenue.

"That's business. I can soon tell you my terms, and I think you know there is no back-down from the smallest particular. What I demand is the price of my silence—the golden salve for a conscience outraged by shielding such a villain from justice," and Fulke laughed his harsh, discordant laugh as he saw the handsome, polished man before him flinch under his taunts. "What I want is just this: first, I must have money. I want a thousand dollars to-morrow. I won't press you too hard; it would excite comment, especially as money is only an accessory, not my principal demand, which is—perhaps you can guess that," jestingly added Fulke, taking cognizance of the wild anxiety in Hugh Jocelyn's whole aspect as he waited to hear the "principal demand" of his pitiless enemy. "My principal demand is Winifred," slowly continued the nephew, eying his uncle as if he fully understood the bitterness of the cup he held to his lips.

"Winifred!" gasped Hugh Jocelyn. "My Winifred?"

"Yes," retorted the other, insolently. "I think I explained that yesterday."

"My Winifred!" repeated General Jocelyn.

"Yes; I will marry Winifred. I may be an ugly devil myself, but I have always meant to marry the prettiest woman I ever met. She is the very prettiest, and I mean to marry Winifred," and Fulke leaned back in his chair with a smile of sinister exultation.

"Fulke," began his uncle, in a husky, difficult voice, "Winifred has always had her own way; she may refuse you, as she did this morning—"

"It don't matter," interrupted the other, roughly. "You are to compel her."

Hugh Jocelyn was still pale and harassed, but a faint smile flitted across his drawn features.

"How can any one compel Winifred? She is self-willed and resolute. How can anybody compel her?"

"That is your affair. You must find a way to compel her, and in a hurry, too; for, seeing that I am buying her of you, as it were, I don't mean to wait," again broke in Fulke, a dogged resolution settling upon his countenance. "I don't mean to stand insults from Winifred; but I won't hold you responsible for that. I will soon cure her of all that when she is my wife. I fancy I can break the spirit of any woman—only you are to compel her to marry me."

"I don't know what compulsion I could use that Winifred would heed," his uncle said, a miserable weariness in his voice, as if his spirit had already been broken.

"Understand me, Uncle Hugh: I distinctly stated that my terms were to be complied with. They are, sufficient money to live upon, which is luxury to a beggar like myself. I prefer plain, what you might term now, rough living. I suppose the plebeian cross that gave me my ugly face evinces itself in my preference for frugal living. I want the money, but I shall never spend it for 'rod, clothes and follies. I wish to marry Winifred because she is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld. I fancy being envied by men for my pretty wife, and perhaps I am fool enough to be in love with her; at all events, come what may, I demand Winifred, and Winifred I will have, and you are to compel her to be my wife—that's the long and the short of it. I think that is plain English."

Fulke put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and twirled them gleefully, quite unable to disguise the satisfaction it afforded him to wield his brutal power over his relative, whose very physique incensed him by its imposing grace.

The two were strangely unlike—the Jocelyn and the Fulkerson—both were large in stature, one symmetrical and superb, the other a coarse development of bone and muscle, which, with the short bull-neck and heavy, forbidding countenance, whereon the lines of bitter, vindictive passion were deeply grooved, gave at the first glance an unmistakable impress of what Fulke really was—an unscrupulous, pitiless "devil," as old John Fulkerson had phrased it.

"I do not pretend to ask you whether you will do it. I simply say that you must do it."

Hugh Jocelyn brushed his hand across his eyes, as if something obscured their vision. If ever he had sinned in the past, he was in the toils now. They had fastened their deadly grip upon him for ever.

"Perhaps," the other said, bitterly, "you can tell me how I can do it. You seem to have arranged the matter in your own mind."

"That is not my business," was the dogged answer; "you know what it's worth to you to comply with my terms. Still, I don't mind saying that I desire opportunities of seeing Winifred when I please. You are to make her understand that it is as much as your life is worth to insult me, especially in public—as much as your life is worth," he repeated, meaningly.

His uncle made an impatient gesture with his hand, the gloved hand, with its white fingers free and pliant, but the back and palm enveloped, as it had ever been, with a thick kid half glove. No one had ever seen Hugh Jocelyn without that singular covering upon his hand, and no one had ever been told, or, perhaps, ventured to ask, why it was there. Not even Winifred, daring and defiant as she was, had ever teased anything but a jesting evasion from him.

"I presume," remarked Fulke, as his eye rested upon the one defect in the handsome man before him, "that you wear that thing on your hand as a badge of honor—or, who knows? it may be dishonor."

It may have been a chance shot or it may not, but certainly Fulke's evil face lighted exultantly as he perceived the terrible effect of his insinuation.

Hugh Jocelyn leaned his head heavily upon his hand; a cold, clammy moisture gathered in drops over his ashen forehead. He was deadly white and shaken, like one long ill; spasms of anguish seemed to cross the face he strove to conceal from the relentless gaze fixed upon it.

"I feel ill; excuse me. I will go to the library."



MESSALINA.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MUNIACZY.

General Jocelyn rose slowly, staggering blindly as he caught the back of the chair to steady himself.

"One minute, if you please; let us understand each other," interposed Fulke, rising and facing him insolently. "Do you accede to my terms, or do you prefer my settling up the scores I have against you in my own way?"

His uncle stopped short, the hounded look came into his eyes as he waved him off, half desperately.

"Come to the library after a while; I am ill," he said.

"Very good. In an hour—one hour will be sufficient—I will see you in the library—in one hour," answered Fulke, pursuing him doggedly to the very door.

"That is sufficient," and Hugh Jocelyn shut the door after him, as if a horrible fear was upon him that this man might never leave his side, never give him a moment of rest from his dreadful presence. He passed into the library, and locking the door, sank into a great arm-chair, and buried his face in his hands with a groan of despair—a bitter, agonized groan. Half the hour had lapsed, and still the rigid figure in its hopeless attitude never moved. The sunshine streamed in on the statuary and costly vases, the luxury and wealth visible at every turn. Men talked of Jocelyn's luck, while the hounded, badgered owner of this grandeur crouched in his library and wished that he was at rest in the grave, safe from Fulke. The haggard misery in the usually pleasant face, when at last he raised his head, might have touched the heart of a bitter enemy.

"My God, must it be so?" he muttered, looking at the strange bandage, covering whatever it might—who could say, sure enough—the mark of honor or dishonor? He held it off from him, and turned the covered hand over and over, a grim, bitter desperation in his countenance; then he slowly tried to draw the tight-fitting bandage off. It came with difficulty—evidently it was not meant to come off until the fabric might be torn away for shabbiness; but Hugh Jocelyn suddenly seized a knife lying on the table, and with the bright, sharp little blade cut the dark kid and flung it from him. Once more he held up the hand, and with a shudder seemed to compel his glance to rest upon it. On the back of the hand, red and seared into the white flesh, was the letter "S," branded thereon for all eternity. A passion of bitter anguish seemed to overwhelm him as the light gleamed upon the horrible disfiguration of the shapely hand—the hand of a gentleman in all else save that dark-red brand of "S." "Great God, must I bear it for ever and for ever?" he ejaculated, helplessly. "And my little Winifred, must she be the victim? Surely it is expiated without that." He folded his arms across his broad breast and paced up and down the floor. "Degradation, disgrace!" he muttered, under his breath, as his eye traveled to the clock again and again, in a sort of terrified dread. The minutes wore on steadily—they never halted because of the bargain he must enter into so soon. Ten minutes of grace remained to him. Hugh Jocelyn unlocked a drawer, and taking out a fresh bandage, precisely similar in hue and texture to the one tossed aside, he fitted it carefully on the marked hand. "Ay," he muttered, bitterly, "it is an eternal vengeance, and there is no help now—none. My Winifred, my poor darling, you must never know; it is for your sake, my little one, for your sake. Oh, God! I had rather put a pistol to my head and end it all, but for my little Winifred—for her sake, ah, God!"

The silvery tones of the French clock struck the last moment of respite. General Jocelyn stopped like one stricken, then apparently summoning all his fortitude, he sat down, with his back to the light, and waited. It was a pitiful effort at calmness—a frightful struggle, with the black shadow of the past grasping his very soul. The last musical stroke still echoed in the silent apartment as a sharp rap on the door proved that, like himself, Fulke had watched the speeding minutes.

Fulke's quick, sharp scrutiny of his uncle when he was admitted seemed rather to disappoint him.

"Well," he said, bluntly, "what is the result of your meditation? It's an infernally good place to meditate, always provided one has very pleasant subjects."

General Jocelyn made no reply to the taunt. He was in no position to resent taunts now, however goading they might be.

"Well," reiterated Fulke, supporting his chin with his bony hands, and watching the other warily—"well, do you agree to my terms or not? Am I to have a competency and Winifred for my wife for holding my tongue or not?"

General Jocelyn's countenance did not change, but his hands moved nervously.

"Do I understand that if I comply with this proposition you bind yourself to be silent for ever in reference to any—any unpleasant episodes in my life?" he slowly inquired. "To suppress any such knowledge?"

"Certainly I do. I will draw up an agreement, signed by both, to that effect, if you say so—indeed, I prefer it."

There was a cunning, wicked leer in Fulke's eye as he said this.

"As you please," assented his uncle.

Fulke seized a pen and wrote rapidly for a few moments.

"Here it is," he said, with an evil smile: "In consideration of a small competency of two thousand dollars per annum, secured Fulke Fulkerson as long as he lives by Hugh Jocelyn, and the hand of Winifred Jocelyn in marriage, Fulke Fulkerson solemnly binds himself never to divulge any knowledge he has of a crime committed twenty years ago in the City of New Orleans by Hugh Jocelyn."

Hugh Jocelyn watched him in evident anxiety as General Jocelyn read the ugly compact, with its terrible hint.

"That will do," he said, simply—a sort of reckless calmness in his manner.

Fulke affixed his signature, then passed the sheet again to his uncle.

"Sign it," he said, imperatively.

In spite of himself, a sinister triumph seemed to break over his well-trained features as General Jocelyn wrote the name "Hugh Jocelyn" under that other.

"Now, I will copy this, and we can sign both papers. You will keep one, and I the other. I think we will understand each other then."

Hugh Jocelyn made no reply. No one knew so well the horrible dread hanging over him, the frightful knowledge this man might possess. Alas! whatever it was, this handsome, courtly man, the heir of a grand fortune, dared not tempt its revelation.

Silently they both signed the other agreement.

"And I will be here at noon to-morrow to see Winifred. Please explain what is expected of her. That is your business now," Fulke said, as he folded his copy of the fatal agreement, and laying it in a great leathern pocket-book, unceremoniously took up his hat and left the room.

"The fool, to sign an out-and-out confession, and give it to me. Ay, what do I care, after I have married the girl?" he muttered, as he walked down the avenue to the porter's lodge.

CHAPTER II.

IN BONDS.

WINIFRED stood before her dressing-table while "Mammie Jane," as she called her elderly mulatto maid, put the finishing-touches to the toilet for dinner.

"You does become white so powerful much, Miss Winnie, child. So did Marse Hugh's sister, my young miss; but you don't favor the Jocelyns, dear, not a bit. They're all dark, and fiery, and grand, and——"

"And I," laughed Winifred, glancing at the beautiful image reflected in the mirror—"I am fair, and not a bit grand. Ah, Mammie Jane, that's what you meant."

"Soh-soh, my little missie. You knows you is a sight prettier den any libbin soul I ebber seen; but dere ain't

no Jocelyn fore you wid yellow hair and black eyes. Ask Marse Bernie; he kin tell you, chile. He knows dey was all tall and prince-like men, like Marse Bernie hisself."

Winifred's lashes drooped a moment, pensively.

"He is prince-like," she echoed, softly. "Do I look very well, Mammie Jane? I want to be lovely to-night, mammie. Do I look well in this white with azure knots?"

"Deed you does, chile," was the earnest answer, while the kindly eyes glowed with pride. "You is prettier than all the Jocelyn's, my picanin."

"Now, Mammie Jane," archly retorted Winifred, "you don't think I'm like Fulke, do you?"

The woman glanced round quickly, and moved a step nearer.

"Oh, Miss Winifred, dat Marse Fulke is Satan hisself. Miss Winnie, chile, he always hab his own way; he do awful things, Miss Winnie. Ole Mammie Jane kin tell you, ef she wasn't feared he'd kill her. Oh, keep clar ob dat evil man. Ef he sets his heart on you, chile, he'll hab you, body and soul; you don't know, Miss Winnie. God a'mighty can't save you out'n Marse Fulke's clutches!"

Winifred laughed gayly at the warning, and taking up her fan, went down-stairs in her rapid, bird-like movements, singing a snatch of French chorus in her blithe, musical tones.

General Jocelyn was standing at the window, gazing out on the artistic grounds, wonderfully attractive and brilliant in the last rays of the Autumn sun. His face had a worn, haggard expression, but it brightened swiftly as Winifred impetuously threw her white arms round his neck and kissed him fondly.

"Papa, where have you been all day? I don't know why you staid shut up in that gloomy old library."

"I had business, my dear."

"Business," she interrupted, tossing her pretty head, disdainfully; "why should you have business, papa, now that we are rich, and have everything we want. You never had business when we were poor?"

"No, no, my darling; but wealth brings so many cares," he answered, with a weary smile.

"Does it, papa? Just think how many cares poverty brought; how we used to count over and over the pennies to see if we could get a pound of sugar, or our loaf of bread; and oh! dear, how hungry we used to be sometimes! and how we used to turn our heads away when we passed the baker-shops, because the good things made us hungry! It's good fun, laughing about it now; but laugh! it was horrid then—wasn't it, papa? I am so glad we are rich; it's so delicious!"

General Jocelyn sighed.

"I am glad, for your sake, Winifred," he said, gently.

"It don't matter much to an old fellow like myself."

"Old," she repeated, "when you are the very handsomest man in the world! Why, papa, think how nice to have wines and grand dinners every day, and horses and servants, and live *en prince*. Oh, papa, I do hope it will never change! I could not bear to be poor again."

A sharp pain seemed to cross his face as he listened to the girl's chatter; once so full of joy to him, now every word seemed a barbed arrow. Before he could answer, the butler announced dinner, and the father and daughter passed into the dining-room, where the lighted chandelier gleamed down upon the glittering silver and glass, the blooming flowers mingling their fragrance with the odor of wines and French cookery.

"Papa," Winifred said, abruptly, as at last the coffee was placed on the table and the butler vanished—"papa, something troubles you. Don't say no; you can't deceive me, old general—no, you can't; but, papa, there is some-

thing wrong with you. I never saw you drink so much wine."

He was silent for a moment, then, without looking up, said:

"Winifred, I have a great wish, which you alone can gratify."

"My dear old general, I'll do anything you can ask, except—yes, except marry ugly Fulke," was the demure reply, while Winnie sipped the after-dinner coffee, and laughed as if it was the best joke in the world. General Jocelyn quaffed another glass of wine before he made reply:

"And yet, Winifred, that is the very wish I want—nay, that I implore you to gratify!"

She looked up in startled amusement, and a peal of silvery laughter echoed through the room.

"Just fancy me married to that thick-necked ogre! Positively, I would die of fright when I looked at him;" and Winifred laughed again and again. "Don't be gloomy, dear; perhaps I will find at least a handsomer son-in-law for you."

"Winifred," gravely responded her father, a certain bitter compassion in his eyes as they rested on her exquisite loveliness—"Winifred, my poor little darling, it is for your good. My child, Fulke will be here to-morrow; you must see and listen to him, for my sake. Will you, Winifred?"

"Yes, papa; for your sake I'll see and listen to him; and, general, dear, for his own sake I don't think he will want me to see and listen to him again. Your little Winifred is a wee bit of a spitfire when she chooses," retorted the girl, gathering up the fleecy folds of her white dress as she rose from the table.

"Winifred," exclaimed her father, with a swift, sudden alarm in his countenance—"Winifred, you must not refuse him. There are reasons why you must marry Fulke. My dear, he is determined, and Fulke never gives up; my beautiful child, you must!"

"Tut, tut, papa. Ugly Fulke, indeed! The hideous brute, papa!" she added, with a shudder; "I am afraid of him—yes, I confess it, he might kill or beat me—I am afraid of him."

General Jocelyn's hand fell away from its retaining grasp upon her arm; he looked white and shocked, but, alas! what could he do to save her?

"My child!" he groaned, "God knows I cannot help it! I am afraid you must—you must marry him!"

"Don't you fear, he won't want me, papa; don't fear. I can be so hateful, and Fulke will see that I am not for him, the dreadful wretch!" and with another caress Winifred ran out of the room.

The drawing-room door was open, but she only glanced in; then, throwing a scarf over her head, descended the stone steps and walked rapidly across the turf through the grounds to a stile. In the dim twilight she could see the strong, handsome man leaning against the stile, watching her come down the path in those graceful motions natural to her.

"I have been frightfully impatient, my love," he said, folding her dainty figure to his heart in a passionate embrace.

"Oh, Bernie, I had to end such an odd argument with papa. Only fancy, Bernie, my dear cousin, he wants me to marry Fulke."

The young fellow's smile vanished swiftly.

"Fulke?" he ejaculated, angrily; "does he dare? I feared that. Winifred, you do not know that man; my darling, you must be my wife. I must secure you before I go off on my voyage. You know we sail in a week, and

by heaven, if Fulke casts his longing eyes upon you, my pet, the bonds will have to be riveted to hold you fast and keep you out of his clutches."

"Oh, Bernie, everybody says that," she said, nestling closer to him, as if she trusted to the great gladiatorial form beside her for protection.

"You don't know Fulke, my love," he added, gravely.

"And everybody says that, too," she laughed. "Just as if I was afraid of Fulke."

"I would rather see you dead than at the mercy of Fulke," Bernie touched the soft, sheeny hair with his lips as he spoke. "And now, Winifred, why not grant the request I have been urging all these weeks? Be my wife at once. Come now to Ellen Farlay's cottage; she will keep our secret, and my reverend friend, the minister, is at this very moment visiting her sick child. My darling, you almost promised me this a fortnight ago. I provided myself then with the license; it is in my pocket now. Come, my own love, you owe me this."

"Bernie, think of papa."

Winifred hesitated, and glanced up shyly into the handsome countenance, and eyes full of intense love, watching her with eager anxiety.

"You can coax him to consent. Who can resist you, Winifred?"

"He may not, Bernie."

"Winnie," interrupted Bernie, pleading as if for his life, "you surely will not send me on this long voyage to the Polar regions doubting that you love me, and fearing that Fulke may, as he always does, accomplish his object of defrauding me of my wife. I must make it impossible. Come, my love, walk down to Ellen's cottage with me."

"Bernie," she said, softly, as she slipped her tiny hand within his arm, "I will do it. I don't fear papa. He never was angry with me. I can coax him to forgive us, and then I will be safe from Fulke."

"Thank you for this, my love," Bernie whispered, as they walked rapidly through the long lane toward a twinkling light, shining through the little window of the vine-covered cottage of Bernie Jocelyn's old nurse.

Only a few words of explanation sufficed good Ellen. She would do anything for "Mr. Bernie," her handsome foster-child, and then little Miss Winifred did as she pleased with her father; it scarcely mattered much at last. Mr. Penrine, the minister, viewed it in the same light; and Bernie was his friend.

A few moments later two Jocelyns, so fair and high-born-looking, stood before the minister, while he pronounced the words that made the twain one. Ellen Farlay and her husband stood, listening in reverential silence to the solemn tones of the priest, as he pronounced them man and wife—Bernie and Winifred man and wife—while Hugh Jocelyn still sat over his wine, and ugly Fulke awaited in pitiless exultation for the morrow.

"You will keep our secret, Ellen; no fear of its getting abroad from here, I am sure of that," Bernie said, as he folded the scarf around Winifred, after the few hearty congratulations and wishes of "good luck" had been offered.

"You are main sure of that, Mr. Bernie. Miss Winnie can tell in her own good time—we won't. But I'm overly pleased you've got her, safe and sure. Good-night, sir," Nurse Farlay said, then stood watching the two go up the lane to the stile leading into the Hall grounds.

At the stile Bernie clasped her once more in his passionate embrace, and kissed lips, cheeks and brow with an almost voiceless love.

"It is hard to let you go, my own idolized wife—my wife! my wife!"

"But I must. Now, Bernie, papa will miss me, and they will hunt for me. Let me go, Bernie. Good-night—ah, good-night!"

She folded the velvet arms about his neck in a shy caress, then broke from him, and ran swiftly away. Winifred could hear her father's voice calling her as she approached the mansion, and the voices of the servants searching the grounds; they had missed her. The general missed the beautiful, bright face always expecting him, and ready to reproach him lovingly for lingering so long over his wine.

He had become alarmed, and now the whole establishment was astir, hunting for the pretty truant, whose whereabouts perhaps no one guessed save Mammie Jane. Winifred ran hastily into the house.

"Where is papa?" she asked of Mammie Jane, who, with a shawl over her head, was standing on the piazza.

"Lord, honey, you done giv Marse Hugh a powerful scare. I seen him turnin', jes dis yere minit, down toward de stile. He's awful worked up long o' you, honey; and 'pears like I hearn somebody kinder holler out down that way jes now," answered the mulatto, gathering the scarf closer about Winnie's throat.

"Come with me, Mammie Jane. We can take the short-cut back to the stile. Poor dear papa! I never meant to frighten him. There—I hear a noise again. Oh, who was that running through the shrubbery?"

Winifred drew back in alarm as a man, half-bent, rushed across the path into the thick shrubbery.

"Only some of the men, I reckon, honey; though he was broad like Mr. Fulke. They're everywhere. Les hurry, Miss Winnie. You'll take your def o' cold. There—what's de matter of Marse Hugh?"

They had come out of the shrubbery close to the stile. On the other side, General Jocelyn was bending over a dark object. He raised his head quickly at the sound of their voices.

"Winifred, go back!" he commanded, sternly. "Go back, for God's sake! This is not a sight for you—go back!"

The girl sprang over the stile. She would not go back. She never heard or saw her father. A horrible fear had shot into her heart. She only sprang over the stile, and ran frantically to the still, magnificent form stretched prone on the ground, and the white face, clear and distinct in the starlight.

"Bernie! Bernie!" she cried out, in shrill agony. "My God! is he dead?"

"Dead—yes, and by the hand of an assassin."

Winifred threw up her arms—the arms clasping his neck less than half an hour before—threw them above her head with a wild cry, and sank down helplessly on the turf beside her—husband.

The servants were rushing up in answer to that shrill shriek—rushing up in terror and confusion; but Mammie Jane lifted poor Winifred in her own arms and bore her away from that terrible scene.

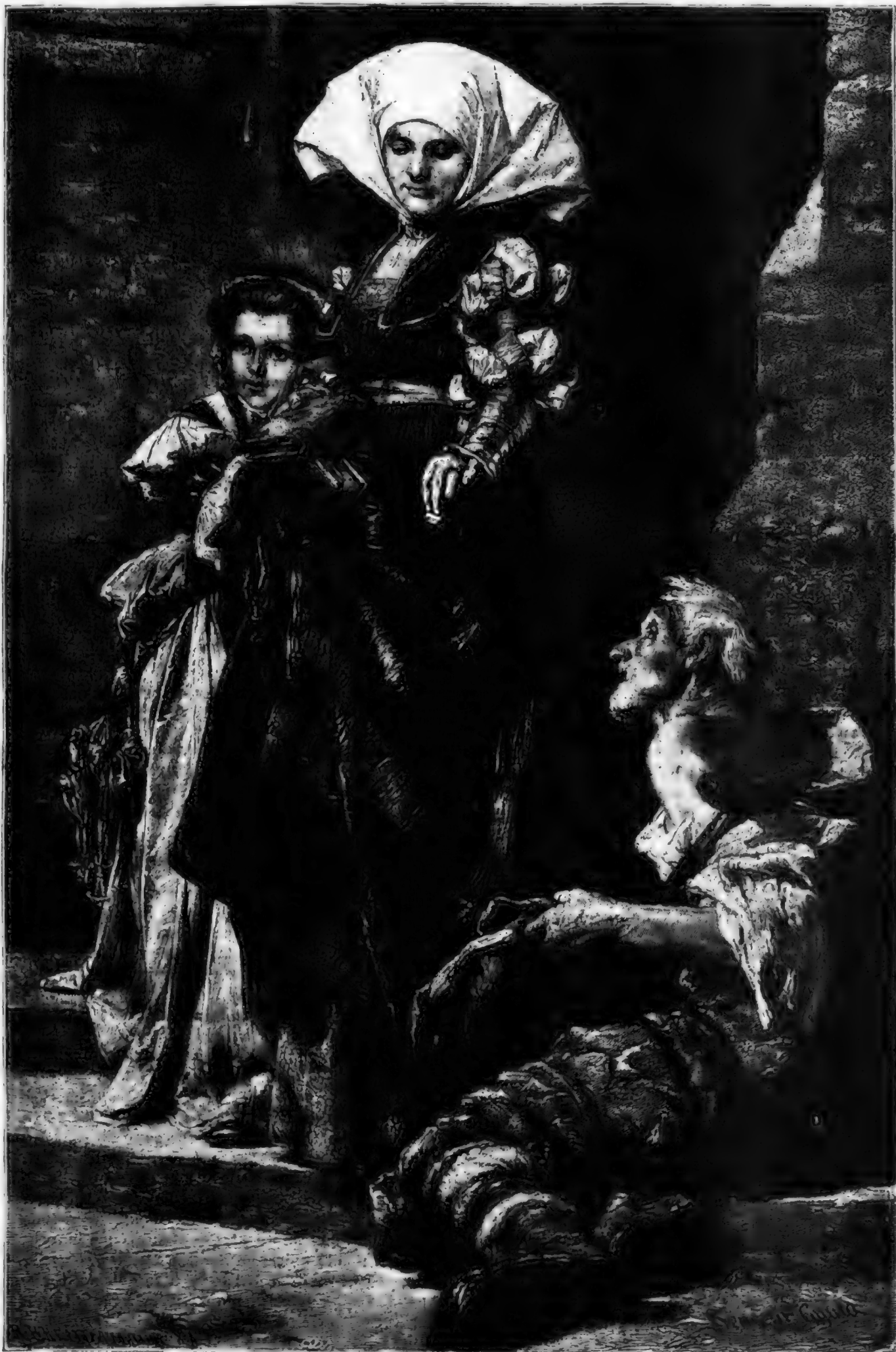
"My God! my God!" ejaculated General Jocelyn, lifting the hand already growing rigid in death.

There he lay, handsome Bernie Jocelyn, with the blood trickling slowly from a wound on the temple, slain by a dastardly hand.

CHAPTER III.

THE SPECTRE OF THE PAST.

THE doors of the Hall were still closed. All was silent and awe-stricken when Fulke Fulkerson walked up the avenue, switching the blooming flowers viciously with his cane, an expression on his countenance not good to see,



CHARITY.—FROM THE PAINTING BY BRENDAMOUR.

and full of ominous meaning to the servants and tenants who knew him best.

"Sanders," he said to the butler, who opened the door and waited in dignified silence for his orders, "what is this cursed tale about Bernie Jocelyn being murdered? The country is mad with excitement. The porter's lodge is mobbed with people. What is the truth of it?"

"Yes, sir, it is quite true. Marse Bernie is still livin', sir; but he's never moved nor spoke to tell who the villain was as struck him down from behind," the man answered, rather distantly, for the servants, like those above them, held Fulke in detestation.

"It's a cock-and-bull story. I dare swear the fellow tried to kill himself, and turned coward before he did it. I don't believe there's a tramp or scoundrel in all the neighborhood that would do such a thing."

A viperish rage glittered in Fulke's countenance while he struck at the splendid dog, who, somehow, never failed to snarl at Fulke.

"Where is Jocelyn?"

"Do you mean Marse Bernie?" inquired Sanders, politely.

"Of course I mean Marse Bernie? Who else should I mean? Is he here? or has he been taken home where he belongs?" roughly demanded Fulke, the venomous anger apparently getting the better of him.

"He is here, sir."

"Why don't they take him out of here, the beggar? It's a trick to get here. Trying to kill himself, indeed! Why don't they take him away?"

"I think, sir," was the respectful answer, "that if things don't change before night, it won't be long before they carry Marse Bernie out of these doors."

"You don't, eh?" laughingly retorted Fulke. "Who told you to think anything about it—eh? Have they laid the blame of the fool's folly on anybody yet?"

"I have not heard who they suspect, sir. They are trying to revive Marse Bernie so as to get somewhat from him; but Marse Hugh says he'll spend half his fortune but what the villain shall be brought to justice—"

"Marse Hugh," interrupted Fulke, pushing past the servant, rudely. "Where is your master? Tell him I want to see him in the library. Now—mind you, I say now. And, stop. Where is Miss Winifred?"

"She's quite ill, sir. They won't let her go into Marse Bernie's room, and she moans and cries in a way pitiful to see."

Fulke muttered an angry imprecation, and strode on to the library, slamming the door spitefully after him. His temper seemed to lash itself into a darker, more vindictive rage as he sat in the great, luxurious library, brooding over the news Sanders had given him. In addition to his natural hatred of all the members of his family, Fulke was bitterly jealous, and possibly it was fortunate that an hour had elapsed before the door opened and General Jocelyn walked in.

"Good-morning, Fulke. Excuse my delay; but this infernal affair has quite unnerved me," he said, seating himself at the table.

"Infernal, indeed!" responded Fulke. "The fellow tried to take his own life, and didn't quite get through."

"Nothing of the kind. The position of the body and direction of the blow precludes the possibility of such a belief. I was the first person who reached him—"

"You?" interrupted Fulke, a sinister meaning in the emphasis. "You? Pray, how did it happen you found him first? Who was with you?"

"I was quite alone," replied his uncle, evidently too much preoccupied with the terrible deed perpetrated on

his relative to be particularly observant of this sardonic Fulke, "and reached him some minutes before any one else. It was Winifred's scream of terror that brought the servants."

"Then," said Fulke, leaning his chin on his hands and looking straight at the other, a malign significance in his manner, "how are we to know who struck the blow that killed Bernard Jocelyn? or whether it was struck before you got there?"

A perplexed expression came into the countenance of General Jocelyn.

"What do you mean, Fulke? What are you driving at?"

"It is very easy to see," retorted his nephew, "if one wants to see, what I am driving at. I simply wish to know how you are to prove that you are not the assassin who killed Bernard Jocelyn?—you, yourself?"

"Fulke, you are insulting. You—"

A low, chuckling, mocking laugh from the pitiless tormentor arrested him for a moment.

"You infernal scoundrel! how dare you say such a thing?"

"Tut-tut!" responded Fulke, slowly. "It would be such a vile suspicion of a rich saint like you; and," he added, "it's to be supposed that practice makes perfect. A successful assassin once might be successful twice—eh? At least, one is very likely to suspect the only hardened villain in the neighborhood."

Hugh Jocelyn sank back in his chair, whitening to an ashen hue. He was no match for this evil, bold man, apparently bent on his ruin.

"Bernard Jocelyn is no better than—Gabriel Vailliant."

Fulke pronounced the words with hard deliberation; angry menace in every tone. His uncle started painfully, and recoiled. Evidently, the frightful hints this ruthless nephew dropped so perpetually struck him to the soul with a deadly terror.

"Gabriel Vailliant," he repeated, sardonically, without moving his keen gaze from Hugh Jocelyn's perturbed countenance. "Don't be alarmed, Uncle Hugh—I beseech you," Fulke laughed, in a satisfied way, his tone becoming insolently condescending. "I have no idea of giving you over to justice at present, but I merely wanted to prove what a fool a man can be when he takes other people for fools. Sanders reports that you have heroically determined to spend money to discover the murderer. I say, keep your money in your pocket. What does it matter to you who killed Bernard Jocelyn?"

"It can only matter from motives of humanity, for God knows I had no grudge against the young fellow," Hugh Jocelyn answered, in a weak, constrained voice, while he wiped the moisture from his forehead—the moisture coming out so icily in these interviews with Fulke.

"Not so fast, my honored uncle," tauntingly replied Fulke; "not so wonderfully fast. Why haven't you cause for wishing this fellow out of the way? I can make the cause plain enough for any jury. Winifred is to be my wife; she wishes to marry Bernard Jocelyn—insists upon it, confound her! You are compelled to give her to me, and to accomplish this you must be rid of Jocelyn. I think, when one hears the urgent reasons you have for keeping faith with me, it is quite plain why you must get this troublesome Bernard out of your way. No—no, you will not be fool enough to quicken the search for the assassin by offering a reward. I think that is settled, eh?"

"It can be as you say, Fulke. If you hold your knowledge over me as a perpetual threat, I suppose I must yield to your demands."

The bitter humiliation in General Jocelyn's reluctant admission was pitiable. But it did not move Fulke—he only chuckled. He had been scorned for his ugliness and sullen temper, possibly for his penurious meanness, scorned by these very Jocelyns, and now the power had shifted into his hand. They were under his heel, all of them, and in his heart Fulke rejoiced over the hidden crime enabling him to grind them into the dust—the one awful lapse, of which he alone seemed cognizant, and which he meant to hold as a fiery rod, scorching the life of this rich Jocelyn and lovely Winifred.

"Yes, I presume it will be pretty much as I say about this. How is Jocelyn? Will he die?"

"No; I hope not."

"I don't ask your hopes; they are confoundedly easy to speak. What do the doctors say?" interrupted Fulke, at no pains to conceal his chagrin at any prospect or desire of Bernie's recovery.

"The doctors think he may recover—in fact, he showed signs of returning consciousness before I left the room," was the brief answer.

It was wonderful how brief and chary of words Hugh Jocelyn was when Fulke happened to be his visitor.

"Curse him!" muttered the nephew. "Where is Winifred?"

"I left her in Bernard's room—the physicians allowed her to see him."

"And you allowed it?" pointedly asserted Fulke.

"I cannot meddle with your jealousies, Fulke," doggedly answered General Jocelyn.

Fulke glanced at him inquiringly, and hesitated. It occurred to him that it might not be a safe or a subtle game to badger his uncle to desperation. He was capable of just such folly as letting Fulke do his worst, and taking the consequences.

"Of course not; I don't expect it. But be so good as to ask Winifred to see me, if she can tear herself away from that man."

"I will ask her."

And without any further words Winifred's father quitted the room, leaving Fulke in possession, just as he might possibly have to do if Fulke demanded of him to resign Jocelyn Hall. He walked moodily through the great, splendid rooms. Things had changed with him of late. Like all else in the world, the good came alloyed by evil. Still, he wondered if he must travel through the years to come—he and Winifred—with this pitiless fiend for ever beside him.

All the while Fulke sat in the library, scowlingly surveying the curious, costly antiques successive generations had brought to the fine old place. Fulke had never been admitted to Jocelyn Hall by any previous master, and its grandeur was all new to him. Besides, nobody knew better than himself that to the exercise of his remarkable talent as a ferret he was indebted for the privilege now of coming and going to Jocelyn Hall as he pleased. Save for that, he well understood the doors would be inexorably closed upon him.

"Ay," he said, with a cunning smile, "it's turned round now. Fulkerson and Jocelyn both despised ugly Fulke, but he's the master now; and, poor fools! I mean to be master to the bitter end, and pay off all the old scores when I am tired of all you. Why don't she come?" he added, suddenly mindful that an hour had elapsed since the host quitted his presence, and Winifred had not appeared or sent an apology. "I'll settle up all this along with some other things," he muttered, savagely; "though I'll keep a still tongue for a while. I went too far this morning. If the foo' only knew how little of the

affair I had picked up—ha! ha! Fulke's more than a match for most people; a hint is all I want. A man of my sense can live on a hint, if he uses it right."

Something of the triumphant satisfaction was still about him when Winifred glided in, pale and tearful and lovely. A half defiant expression came into her dusky eyes as she detected the exultation Fulke had not time to conceal from a glance, as quick and penetrating as his own.

"Do you wish to see me, Fulke?" she asked, pausing near the door.

"Yes, Winifred, if it don't interfere with your attention to Jocelyn." He placed a chair for her, and suddenly stepping to the door, locked it. "Yes, I wish to see you, and have some talk with you, so I take the precaution of securing you," he added, with an awkward laugh.

"So I perceive," she said, coolly; "or trying to secure. Very well. Have you anything important to say? I presume so, or you would scarcely have asked me to come down."

Winifred seated herself in a great leathern armchair quite demurely. Her hair shone like burnished gold in the sunshine, and the pale face, with its grand dusky eyes, glowed into color as Fulke drew his chair near her. Villain that he was, this man loved her in his own selfish, cruel way, and that very love hardened his resolution to have her, come what may. He hated Bernard because of her tenderness for him, hated everybody jealously that Winifred loved. For a moment he sat glowering into the witching face, as if he could not turn from its charm.

"Why don't you speak, Fulke? I am so tired," yawned Winifred, gathering two or three of the golden curls and twisting them around her slender white finger.

At any other time she might have been coquettish, but somehow, of late, that half mocking, half tempting coquetry had not been so perpetual—not since she had come to love Bernie. She held her pretty sway despotically with all save Bernie.

"No doubt you'll soon tire of me; everybody does; ugly Fulke is not much of a ladies' man. Your sex don't flatter me with a very decided preference," he said, with a grin of regret.

"Don't they? Well, perhaps you get your dues at last; everybody does. But this is not what you wanted to say, is it?" she asked, somewhat more kindly.

"No, no. You must know, Winifred, that I wanted to say that Uncle Hugh has consented—nay, encouraged my offer of marriage to you. I love you, Winifred; you are the only woman I cannot despise—the only human being I cannot hate—and, by God, I must have you! I could never live and see you marry another man. You are the very loveliest person I ever beheld."

Winifred's red lip curled scornfully. She perceived that, despite his sullen, Ishmael-like nature, this saturnine Fulke had fallen before the power of her wonderful beauty; nevertheless, his inexorable, stony heart had never pitied mortal, and it could not pity her.

"Fulke"—there was a certain gentleness in her voice, musical and sweet in its cadences; for one moment she compassionated him—"I am sorry you care for me. I never can care for you in any way; and, indeed, Fulke, I am not worth loving, and—and—you must not think of such a thing, nor speak of it to me."

His heavy dark brows seemed to knit darkly.

"It's no use for you to say that, Winifred. I must speak of it; because, come what may, you will be my wife."

The gay, defiant, careless laugh roused the demon within him.

"I didn't ask you to care for me; it would tire me to

death to have any maudlin sentiment about me. I don't want it. I asked you to be my wife, and I say you can't refuse me."

"See if I can't," retorted Winifred, still twisting the golden curl, and quite unmoved by the impending storm. "I do refuse you, at any rate; and, moreover, I tell you that I won't marry you, and that I despise you, and love some one else."

He listened in sulky silence until she uttered those concluding words. The straightforward avowal stung his jealous temper.

"Winifred," he said, in a very low tone—Fulke did not often raise his voice when he was bitterly angry—the tone became stealthy and deliberate—"Winifred, it don't signify what you think about this matter; you have no choice but to be my wife. Ask your father if I will take no for an answer—ask him if you are not just as certainly my wife as if the ceremony was performed; and you know me. If I have to ruin and crush everything that comes between us, I'll do it. Yes, by heaven! I'll do it, and still marry you!"

"Nonsense," laughed Winifred, unafraid, and careless of the threat. "Suppose, apart from the aversion I feel for you—"

"Take care," interrupted Fulke, ferociously, "what you say. I hold your disgrace—ay, I hold your father's life in my hands."

"Suppose," resumed the girl, the glint of laughter coming into her eyes, "there is, besides my own will, an impediment in the way of becoming the wife of any save one man—an insuperable barrier?"

"Eh? What is that?" ejaculated Fulke, eying her suspiciously. "But one man? Say that again."

"Yes; of one man alone. I must be the wife of that one, for there is an insuperable reason for it. The law of God and man compels it. Now, Fulke, have done with threats. They are idle as the winds," and Winifred singled out a fragrant rosebud from the vase of flowers on the table and fastened it among the bright curls, indifferent in her insouciant gayety of the danger of exasperating this man.

"Winifred, if any man is the obstacle, I—yes, I will sweep him out of my way. Beware how you say that, or give me a hint of his identity."

If she had chanced to look up, Winifred might have been startled at the murderous gleam, the savage wrath in the countenance glowering upon her, but she did not.

"I don't mind your knowing that I mean my Cousin Bernard. I shall be his wife. I am bound to marry him," she remarked, pressing her face down among the blossoms.

"Winifred, why are you bound? Confound this mystery, I will know it! How can you be bound to marry any man unless you choose?"

"But I do choose," retorted Winifred.

"You have no say in the matter, I tell you," rudely broke in Fulke. "I shall not ask you, because I can force you into compliance with all my demands. You don't know me, Winifred. Beautiful as you are, I can crush you alike with all the rest. My love is very strong for you, but it don't make a fool of me."

"Really," was the half saucy response, "I had no idea you were so resistless. One can be so blind to the attractions of others."

"Your derision don't signify. Your tune will soon alter," he said, sullenly. "Let me tell you that your father will go to the gallows or penitentiary if you don't consent to marry me. He must agree to my terms or I will give him up to justice."

Winifred opened her eyes, a trifle surprised at the audacious assertion, and a trifle staggered by it.

"Perhaps you mean that you will have him suffer capital punishment because I refuse to marry you," was the derisive response.

Fulke looked dogged and vicious.

"I meant nothing of the kind. I meant that he can fall into the clutches of the law at any time."

"For what!" she demanded, with less of the defiant scorn in her manner, as she called to mind the weary harassment for ever in her father's countenance; and his startling urgency of Fulke's suit. "For what?"

"For a crime committed in New Orleans twenty years ago—a crime hushed up and concealed," he answered, watching the effect of his ruthless announcement.

"Fulke, you shall not slander my father so cruelly—my noble, generous-souled father; you shall not utter such foul defamation, and to me," burst out Winifred, her eyes blazing with anger, as she stamped her little foot furiously.

"He may be better than I am, nevertheless, he dare not refuse my demand; he dare not let me tell the reason he lived abroad for twenty years—ask him that," was the insolent answer, as Fulke chuckled in ferocious mirth.

"He lived abroad because we were poor—that is why—my father has no secret from me; you are speaking slanderous falsehoods—you know you are," she retorted.

"I am telling lies, I suppose," sneered Fulke, "about your saint. Ask him if you are not to marry me—ask him if I haven't a little document in my pocket, signed by both of us, making a bargain to that effect."

"Fulke, if my father himself would confess to me that some evil deed had been laid to his charge, I am not sure I would believe it. I would scarcely believe it if the whole world came and made oath to it; there is no such charge, no such bargain." Deliberately and decisively as Winifred uttered the words, the subtle observer discerned a shade of anxiety, and smiled at it.

"There is such a bargain, whether you believe it or not, and, my beautiful cousin, I would run Hugh Jocelyn down into the grave, ruin, disgrace, destroy him, rather than abate one iota of my demand where you are concerned. In a few weeks you will be Mrs. Fulke Fulkerson, and I shall take you down to my old house, where no one can see you but myself. I want you all to myself; I won't have other men ogling around my sweet little wife. I won't have all these fine dresses, and servants and fripperies—servants are nothing but spies, and fineries only a feminine folly. I won't have the money spent in that way. I will be master of my house and my wife, and, Winifred, I long for the day when you have to obey my lightest wish. I hold that unquestioning, implicit obedience is a woman's province; and it won't be long before I break your spirit and tame you down."

"Hush sir, this instant! Do you think I will listen to your threats and impertinence? Open this door immediately!" commanded Winifred, her eyes flashing at the insolent coolness with which he stood before her.

"Beautiful Winifred, you are certainly lovely," he said, without moving a step; "but humility is a rare virtue in any woman, especially pretty ones. I mean to have my wife humble and gentle, to watch every look and gesture, and obey it instantly. That is what I will have from you, Winifred. I love you better than any living creature, but it's my creed that every soul about me must conduce to my happiness, and it generally falls out that I have my way," he added, grimly.

"Open the door, sir! Unlook it at once!" she ordered, angry and derisive at being forced to listen.



LITTLE CECILIA IN ROME.

"As soon as I please, Winifred; not a moment before."
 "I will call for my father," she interrupted. "I hate you, and I will not be shut up here, listening to your brutal threats."

"Ay, yes," he said, scowling at her from under his bushy black brows. "Yes, you may hate me, but all the same you will marry me, and I'll tame you into the docility and submission every woman should show her master, for

that is what you will have in me. You will marry me in a few weeks, distinctly understand that."

Winifred had the same cool courage of the old Jocelyn race. She faced him defiantly.

"Fulke," she said, in her clear, metallic tones, as icy and disdainful as intense indignation could make them, "how dare you come here and lock me in my father's own library, only to offer me insult? I tell you I will marry my cousin Bernard Jocelyn, and no one else. I can never wed any one else while he lives—there, open the door!"

Fulke stood stock still, gazing into her face, his sullen effrontery dashed by the assurance she reiterated.

"Winifred, you will never marry Bernard—you are compelled to come up to my bargain, signed by both Uncle Hugh and myself. You are too beautiful to give up, and I won't do it," was the relentless answer.

"Show me the bargain you talk of so constantly," she demanded.

Without a word he opened the leathern pocketbook, and drew therefrom the fatal compact and laid it before her. Without a word she bent over and scanned it keenly, the soft bloom coming and going in her delicate cheek. The clock ticked moment after moment, while Winifred's gaze still studied that horrible paper, and Fulke watched her in malign satisfaction. Whatever else she may have believed, Fulke knew that she could not doubt the evidence that something in the past hung over her father. Brave and dauntless as she was, Fulke felt rather than saw, that Winifred was at least bewildered.

"Do you believe it now?" he questioned, sneeringly. "Do you see that you are mine?"

She lifted her head haughtily.

"I do not believe it, and I will never marry any man except Bernard."

Fulke smiled grimly as he unlocked the door, and throwing it wide open, said, exultantly:

"Go and ask your father if I don't hold his life and reputation in my hands."

Winifred rushed out of the library and up the handsome staircase.

He listened to the light footsteps flying along the upper hall, toward her father's private study.

No one answered Winifred's quick, sharp knock, although twice repeated. She opened the door and walked in. The study was deserted, but on the table were several open letters. Almost mechanically Winifred took up one of them, almost mechanically she read; it was a female hand, not elegant, but small and cramped:

"MY DEAR GENERAL," it began, "I am so happy to hear of your good fortune, and take this opportunity of offering my congratulations. I shall be traveling north in a few days, and will, of course, pay my respects in person. Pray, send the carriage on Tuesday week to meet me at the railway station. Your old friend,
MARIE FRISSAC."

Winifred turned it over and glanced at the postmark—New Orleans.

"What does it all mean? She don't even ask if we want her," she said, tearfully. "Papa can't have secrets from me."

The letter was still in her hand. She had forgotten it almost in the intensity of her desire to ask her father to clear away the smallest shade of doubt—not that she had any, but rather to silence Fulke—when Hugh Jocelyn, more miserably haggard and worn in appearance, came in.

"You here, Winifred?" he said, glancing at the letter. "You see, we are to have a guest."

"I don't care how many guests, papa. I don't want to know. Papa, tell me what it all means that Fulke says.

Tell him to quit the house, and never come here again, insulting me with slanders of you. Order him away, papa. This is our house," she broke out, impetuously.

General Jocelyn tried to smile, while she laid her tiny hand on his arm and gazed up at him imploringly.

"Winifred," he began, in a stifled, difficult voice, while he drew the little figure within his arms, "my daughter, God knows what may come to me. I cannot order Fulke to quit my house."

"Papa," asked Winifred, a swift fear in every lineament, "did you sign that paper promising me to Fulke? Did you, papa?"

His face grew more wretchedly drawn and livid.

"Winifred, I signed that compact."

"Papa, what is it? Oh, papa! Tell your little Winifred what it all means! I love you best of all. Tell me, papa, and send this dreadful Fulke away," she entreated, plaintively.

"My darling, try to bear with him; it is for your sake. I cannot send him away. I am afraid you will have to marry him."

CHAPTER IV.

"UNDER THE HEEL OF MY BITTER ENEMY."

THE two physicians were in the library, holding a consultation over the case above-stairs, which, in view of its being the nephew of the richest man in the county, became of immense importance to the medical fraternity of a country neighborhood. Large fees seldom fell into their hands. The rich people sent for city physicians, and the poor had no money; therefore the two doctors deposited their saddle-bags of medicines on the chairs with great deliberation and becoming gravity, and sat down to consult upon remedies. In the midst of the preliminaries of one taking a pinch of snuff and the other a quid of tobacco, Fulke noiselessly opened the door, and closing it as quietly, without ceremony or apology drew his chair to the table between the physicians.

"Gentlemen," he said, with more than usual politeness, "my uncle desired me to beg your candid opinions in regard to Bernard Jocelyn. We have unbounded confidence in any opinion you may express; and—ah! I may as well say that my uncle, you see, has no especial kind feeling toward this young man, and, really, he wishes me to ask when, in your opinion, it would be safe to move him?"

The two physicians glanced at each other inquiringly.

"You see, Doctor Foster," continued Fulke, not unobservant of the disappointment in the countenances of both, "Uncle Hugh prefers grading his fees to yourselves in proportion to the shortness of the case. He is willing to double any charge you may make if you can restore him sufficiently to sail next week on the expedition to the Polar regions. These rich men can afford to indulge their whims, you know, doctor—eh?"

The doctors laughed in great amusement at Fulke's wit, and the grand possibility of doubling their fees.

"Well, Mr. Fulkerson," began one of the doctors, raking his fingers through his long hair and looking pleased, "General Jocelyn spoke of sending for some city physician——"

"By no means. We have perfect confidence in your skill, gentlemen. The truth is, between ourselves—confidentially, you know—there is bad blood between the two, my uncle and Bernard—and he is restive and displeased at the fact of having him in his house. I have succeeded in prevailing upon him to allow Jocelyn to stay here until you pronounce his removal safe; but," added Fulke, shrugging his shoulders and lifting his brows meaningly,

"Uncle Hugh is a man of most vindictive passion. He would rather see Bernard die than recover."

"You surprise me?" exclaimed Doctor Foster. "General Jocelyn seems the most amiable gentleman I ever met. He must be different from most of the Jocelyns. They are the devil when their blood is up, but they never bear malice."

Fulke smiled significantly.

"I won't expose the faults of my own family, perhaps," artfully insinuated Fulke. "His blood may be up where Bernard is concerned. I only mentioned this to show you why General Jocelyn authorizes me to insist upon Jocelyn's removal at the very first possible moment, and also to say that money is nothing to him compared with the great object of getting rid of his compulsory guest. 'Tell them,' says Uncle Hugh, 'I'll pay them anything they like—say five thousand dollars—to clear my house of this man—five thousand dollars fee; besides, he has an excellent appointment in an expedition sailing next week; and, doctor, if he loses that and stays here, there will be bloodshed,' and Fulke's voice dropped into a mysterious whisper while he uttered the wily hint.

"Is it possible?" ejaculated both physicians, plainly impressed by his well-feigned anxiety and subtle diplomacy.

"There is a five thousand dollar fee, gentlemen. Now, what do you think of the case?"

"Well, Mr. Fulkerson, candidly, sir," began the doctor, in an oracular tone, "if the posterior fasciculus, or, indeed, the occipito frontalis, suffer compression, the coagula, and probably the excrescence of the ossa parietal, where they are articulated either above or below with the temporal bone; or before, with the frontal; or behind, with the occipital, by the anterior and inferior angle with the great ala of the phenoid—"

"Very clear, no doubt, sir," interrupted Fulke, striving to be conciliatory.

"Nothing could be clearer," ejaculated the other doctor, admiringly.

"Perhaps so," shortly commented Fulke, "but you can't expect me to be as learned as you are. I only want to know whether he can go on his expedition, and how soon he can be moved out of this house?"

"I was just going on to explain his condition to you, sir," resumed Doctor Foster.

"Now, in plain English, sir, the epirranial or coronal apenerosis which is attached by its posterior fasciculus to the occipital ossa, and the mastoid portion of the temporal—why sir, a child can see that concussion where it becomes confounded with the superciliaris, pyramidalis nasi, and orbicularis palpebrarum—"

"Yes, yes, but just say whether you think he will recover. Confound your jargon!" interrupted Fulke, rather rudely.

"I thought my explanation of the case satisfactory," rejoined Doctor Foster, piqued by the cutting short of his learned remarks.

"I never heard anything more simple and comprehensive," commented his colleague.

"That may be, but I'm too much of a fool to see it," roughly retorted Fulke. "Once more, we'll leave science for you scientists, and turn to business. Five thousand dollars is no trifle, these hard times; it's five thousand to remove Jocelyn from here soon—mark you, very soon, doctor. Confidentially, I won't answer for his safety, under the roof of a determined, unscrupulous enemy. Human nature is weak, and General Jocelyn feels this himself, and that is why he is willing to spend lavishly if only to remove temptation out of his way. You see, I would not speak so

very plainly if my own apprehensions were not aroused. It is certain he will recover?"

"Certainly he will recover, but still be in danger of encephalic hemorrhage or——"

"He will recover?" pointedly inquired Fulke.

"Apparently, yes; but there is danger of sudden death for months to come," began the physician.

"Yes—very sad; his friends ought to know that he's cursed unlucky to have two such strong chances of death hanging over him. An inveterate enemy is a bad thing," was the base insinuation, as Fulke leaned back in his chair, warily noting how eagerly these men accepted the revelation of a skeleton in the rich man's closet.

The physicians were narrow-minded, well meaning men, mere plastique in the hands of a subtle, unscrupulous diplomat like Fulke.

"I can promise," interposed the other physician, keeping in view the golden bait, "that he will be sufficiently restored to sail at the appointed time. It's not safe—but as I would never have believed unless one of the family had told me—it may be safer than remaining here."

"Very truly," answered Folke, solemnly. "But I verily believe my uncle will commit some frightful crime unless Jocelyn is removed. Can he go to-day?"

"To-day!" echoed both doctors; "Impossible! Three days—a week will be the earliest possible moment of removal."

"Doctor, you must be responsible for the consequences if you leave him here; my uncle has done all he can. Poor Uncle Hugh knows his own demoniac temper," asserted Fulke. "One thing more, doctor; General Jocelyn expressly desired me to say that you are to forbid Miss Jocelyn seeing Bernard, or going into his chamber upon any pretense. The general is very stern and positive on this point. 'It's worth a thousand dollars more to them, Fulke,' he said to me, 'to carry out this order of mine.'"

"It shall be done, sir—inform General Jocelyn—it shall be done," responded Doctor Foster, rubbing the palms of his hands together gleefully. "We will go up and see our patient now, Mr. Fulkerson."

"Do, gentlemen, do; we trust everything to your well-known skill."

With which hit of timely confection, together with fees such as neither ever dared hope in their wildest dreams, the physicians wended their way up to Bernard's room. In the upper hall they encountered Winifred, evidently waiting and watching for them—a world of anxious expectation in the beautiful eyes.

"Doctor Foster!" she exclaimed, impetuously, "has papa sent to town for consulting physicians?"

"He has not, Miss Winifred; he seems to think it unnecessary."

"Unnecessary! I say it shall be done! Have you seen papa, doctor?" Winifred's gaze seemed to strive to read the physician's very thought, while a perplexed expression came into her countenance. "He is shut up in his study, and will not see even me."

"No, Miss Winifred; Mr. Fulkerson communicated his orders to us."

"What does Mr. Fulkerson know of his orders?" scornfully retorted Winifred, the color brightening in her cheeks. "He has nothing to do with papa's orders; nothing to do with anything in this house. Papa will do everything in his power for Bernie—he likes him better than Fulke."

"I think you are mistaken," quietly and patronizingly replied the doctor. "Ladies sometimes have preferences that are quite contrary to those of their parents."

Winifred was too much in earnest to care for generalities.

"Doctor," she asked, in almost pathetic entreaty—"doctor, may I go in as often as I please to-day to see Bernie?"

The physician took a pinch of snuff before he made reply, while she waited in breathless anxiety.

"My dear young lady, I regret to say that we must banish you altogether from the injured man's apartment. You really cannot go in at all."

"Cannot go in at all?" she repeated, in shocked amazement. "Not at all? What do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Miss Winifred. He must not see

distinguished the muffled tones of voices within. "Papa, it is Winifred. Oh, papa, open the door." Still there was no response. Winifred waited and listened; she could not be mistaken; some one talked with her father, she could hear his voice, sometimes sharp, sometimes almost pleading; but he never heeded her passionate calls; he would not open the door.

"Papa, will you turn away from me? Papa, let me come in."

Wholly in vain did she utter the tearful, plaintive entreaty. What did it mean? She was wild with excitement and distress. Still the voices went on. Winifred stooped down and put her lips to the great, old-fashioned keyhole. "Papa," she implored, "open the door for Winifred." She could look into the room. Her father sat at his table, facing her; beside him a small, slender woman was gesticulating and talking rapidly. Winifred had never, in all her life, seen the desperate, horror-stricken look visible on General Jocelyn's countenance just then, while the pretty woman at his side was smiling mockingly. A pistol taken from the case lay on the table before him. With that frantic, maddened look still on his face, he suddenly seized the weapon and placed the cold black muzzle to his temple. (To be continued.)



THE LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 594.

you, of all others. If you go in it is at the risk of his life; therefore, we positively forbid it. The nurse must not admit you; neither does your father desire it. Mr. Fulkerson—"

"Mr. Fulkerson!" resentfully echoed Winifred. "Mr. Fulkerson seems to be master of this house. I shall ask papa how Fulke dares to give orders here," and Winifred darted off toward the wing occupied by General Jocelyn. Her cheeks were hot and flushed, the deep, soft, dusky eyes blind with angry tears.

The door was locked. It was always locked now. She tried it again and again. "Papa! papa!" she called, loudly. No one answered, and yet Winifred fancied she

tioned and misshapen giant," and regretted that there were in his compositions "so many irregularities and even absurdities." George III. is quoted as saying: "Was there ever such stuff as the greater part of Shakespeare? Only one must not say so." Of Milton's "Paradise Lost," Waller wrote that "if its length be not considered as merit it has no other." Goldsmith says that the great Puritan's poems "betray a narrowness of education and a degeneracy of habit"; adding, that "there is no force in his reasonings, no eloquence in his style, and no taste in his composition"; and Fox said that three-fourths of "Paradise Lost" "was not worth reading." A majority of readers will disagree, it is thought, with these opinions.

CURIOUS LITERARY JUDGMENTS.—Amenities between literateurs have always been as abundant as they are amusing, when contemplated at a dispassionate distance. "You bandbox," says Tennyson to Lord Lytton; and Lord Lytton promptly retorts with "Miss Alfred." Not even Shakespeare and Milton, throned as they are on a pinnacle beyond the range of controversy, escaped the contradictory estimates of critics. Byron wrote down his conviction that "Shakespeare and Milton have had their rise, and they will have their decline." Hume called the divine William "a disproportioned and misshapen giant," and regretted that there



ETHEL.—"ETHEL TOTTERED FOR A MOMENT, FLUNG HER ARMS UP IN A VAIN EFFORT TO REGAIN HER BALANCE, GAVE ONE
PIERCING SCREAM, AND FELL HEAD-FOREMOST INTO THE WELL."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.

THERE'S a little floweret,
 White and pure as snow,
 Hides within the woodland,
 White, snow-white, bending low.
 Modestly it hideth
 In the shady dell,
 But its habitation
 Soon each child can tell.
 For around its dwelling
 There's a fragrance shed,
 So that we can find it,
 Though it hides its head.
 Thus good deeds in secret,
 Acts of quiet worth,
 Though no praise awarded,
 Show their merit forth—
 Like the little floweret
 Shed a fragrance round,
 Whereby soon or later
 They are surely found.
 Lilies in the valley,
 Growing pure and bright,
 Fragrant, fresh and lowly,
 Clad in modest white.
 Of that good an emblem
 Ye to me afford,
 Which still grows in secret,
 Seeking no reward.

ETHEL.

BY SPENCER W. CONE.



H, Ethel, how supremely happy you must be!" said Sibyl Woodford.

"Why?" said Ethel, absently, and scarcely raising her eyes from Marlett's "Little Moorland Princess," which she was reading.

"Because you're so rich."

"Don't see it," said Ethel, culpably using the vernacular "for short." "I know old John Lyly says, 'Virtue's balances are golden bags,' and, of course, being rich, I must be awful virtuous; but as to perplexing that tremendous adjective 'supreme' to the happiness of having a little land and bank-stock,

I repeat it, cousin, I don't see it."

"Here's this superb estate—miles of meadows."

"Nice for the cows."

"And the bank stock."

"Nice for the cashier when he runs away."

"All the poor in the village watch for you."

"Naturally; to see whether the tea and sugar, and jam and new blankets are walking in after me."

"And Charlie Scott."

"Bah! What's the matter with Charlie? Does he want a new pipe or a pair of slippers? I worked him one pair—he has never worn them. He vows he has kept them in a glass-case, scented with 'Jockey Club,' ever since, which is such an awful what-d'ye-call-it—the thing that brings a blister on the tip of your tongue—that he shan't have another thing until he walks from the office up here in those very slippers in broad daylight."

"With all the people staring," said Sibyl, "and the little boys yelling after him, 'There he goes with a rose on his toes!' What a fool you would make of him!"

"Of course; that's all he's good for."

"He adores you."

"I hate him."

"No, you don't."

"I do, because—"

"Because why?"

Because he's a lawyer. Never gets his nose out of Kent's 'Commentaries,' or some other handbook of legal devilry; and I do believe will one day disgrace himself by going to Congress, or doing some such disreputable thing. Don't speak of him—he's my aversion. Let me alone—do—till I finish my dear little brown princess. Oh, if I were only her, what a good time I'd have all alone on the heath, with nobody to bother me and my shadow in the back pool for a fairy playmate. Hush!"

The speakers in this little dialogue were Ethel Wilbur and Sibyl Woodford, two fair women of almost exactly the same age, which was about twenty. The scene, a luxurious sitting-room in one of the handsomest country houses on the western bank of the Hudson.

The estate was the famous one of "Woodford," almost princely in its extent and value. The girls were cousins and orphans. Ethel, the last of the Wilburs, had been born and reared not only in luxury, but as heiress and autocrat. But underneath the idleness and seeming thoughtlessness, begot of great wealth and the worldly adulation which, won by it, labors so hard to cultivate pride and frivolity in its possessor, there lay a keen intellect and the strong heart of a true woman.

She was proud, but proud to know in her heart that Ethel Wilbur was worth more than all her money, if one had but the skill to find it out. She was reticent; but what she held back and hid under the polish and persiflage of society was the self-reliant vigor of a soul scorning all small things, and capable of all high devotions. Tall and willowy, but well developed, her limbs graciously rounded, her skin neither brown nor fair, but soft and creamy; to nut brown hair rippling low on the forehead she added the long gray eyes which offer at once so striking and so gracious a contrast. When silent and thoughtful she had the air and something of the far away mysterious look so often seen in the women of Egypt. When animated and flushed with excitement it was almost "the serpent of old Nile" flinging with careless grace about her a charm at once sensuous and spiritual.

Her companion, Sibyl Woodford, was a blonde, slightly below the middle size, very pretty, rather *mignonne*. Gliding about noiselessly, or sitting, with her hands on her lap, the best and most flattering of listeners, alike to the finest wit or greatest fool, and with the general air of the silkiest and most innocent of pussy cats.

She was a poor cousin whom Ethel, herself an orphan, had taken to heart and home in pity for her orphanage and poverty. Ever after, with the fine instinct of her nature, she had labored in a thousand little delicate ways to prove to Sibyl that her residence at Woodford laid its young mistress under obligation, and that all the gratitude ought to be on the side of the heiress instead of the poor cousin.

Sibyl's name and that of the estate were the same, the latter having originally belonged to a remote branch of the Woodford family, and kept its name from old colonial times. Sibyl tried very hard to persuade herself that she loved her wealthy cousin and benefactress; but day by day as she looked from the window over the wide sweep of lawn, skirted by a grand old park, the thought went through her mind:

"Woodford—the great Woodford estate. I am Sibyl Woodford, and she only Ethel Wilbur, and all the Wood-

fords once had fell into the lap of the Wilburs, and left us poor, dependent. It ought to be mine—it ought to be mine. 'Sibyl Woodford, of Woodford Manor.' It should read so. Perhaps it may——"

The silence of the room was broken at last by the door being swung quickly open and the entrance of a gentleman.

He was unmistakably a gentleman, although carelessly dressed, and presenting none of the appearances of dandyism which, in our perversion of the word "gentleman," are supposed to give a person of the male gender the right to the grand title which kings can neither give nor take away.

It is a common Americanism to entertain clothes, and bear with the man because he happens to be in them. A high compliment to our tailors and a poor one to our species.

The newcomer stood six feet in his stockings. He was broad-shouldered, and had the long, rangy look which indicates a more than usual share of muscular Christianity. His teeth were fine, his eyes blue; his head and face leonine; his hair dark and naturally curly—a wild shock, from a habit he had of first smoothing it down the wrong way, and then running both hands through it, and tangling it hopelessly the other way. His heavy mustache, lighter than his hair, which was blonde, and running a little to the tawny red, was a match for his hair, from another habit he had of twisting one side up and the other down whenever he fell into a brown study.

As to those absent fits, he was perpetually falling into them, and coming out again with a start and a half-guilty look, as who should say, "What's up now? Have I been doing anything outrageous without knowing it?"

This gentleman was Mr. Charles Scott, rising young lawyer, painfully diffident as to his own social merits, but brave as a—stop! No lion simile for me. They say the king of beasts, like some other royal beast, is a cur. Therefore, let us say he was brave as the pluckiest thing that has ever walked the earth—a thoroughbred American gentleman.

For his sins, however. He was pitifully in love with Ethel, who snubbed and bullied him by the hour, till he had insane desires to kill her and eat her, and then kill himself; and then she dropped her eyelids till the long silken lashes touched her cheek, and shot a little look out of the corner of one eye at him, and with the look fastened one little eyelash to the big fellow, and led him after her, the meekest and most maudlin-looking lion possible to imagine. Mr. Scott threw his hat down rather viciously, plumped into a chair, sent his hands through his hair like a pair of harrows with a runaway team to them bouncing through a grain-field, and growled:

"He's come. Saw him at the depot."

"Who has come?" said Sibyl, sweetly. "Pray do not startle us so, Mr. Scott. You really make me nervous. Who has come?"

"The fellow that Ethel allowed to dangle after her at Newport, last Summer, until everybody said it was a disgrace," said Scott, indignantly.

"For everybody read between the lines Mr. Charles Scott," said Ethel, calmly, and never lifting her eyes from her book. "Ever such a nice fellow, Sibyl; quotes poetry by the yard. You'll like him immensely."

"I hope not," drawled Sibyl. "He doesn't come here to see me. Very large swells from New York don't come hunting poor little country cousins whom they never saw for love of their wild eyes."

"Sibyl," said Ethel, severely, "you will never use the word 'poor' again, if you please. The man who takes my adopted sister sha'n't take her poor. Mr. Scott"—this

with a superb air of command—"be good enough to tell Sibyl the clause of my will which is in your safe down at that musty old office where you and your pet spiders share the congenial absence of broom and dust-brush."

"Sibyl—Miss Wilbur—I don't think—it is wise," stammered Scott.

"Mr. Scott," said Ethel, crushingly, "I don't ask you to think. It isn't natural to you. I ask you to mind me. Tell her."

"As you please; but," said he, in a low tone, "I never knew good come of it." Then aloud: "The provision you refer to is that, in case of your death before Sibyl Woodford's marriage, there shall be paid her the sum of fifty thousand dollars."

Then he fell into a brown study, and kept shaking his head, as if saying, "Which you had better have kept to yourself whilst you lived."

"And if you marry before, dear—which I hope you will—you shall have the same sum in the pocket of your best apron, to keep the happy man in a good humor longer than the honeymoon."

Sibyl threw herself on Ethel's neck, and said the nicest and most proper things, emphasized by at least half a dozen real tears.

"There, there," said Ethel, gently pushing her away. "If you bother me with thanks I'll add a codicil, and give it to the cat, or old Mother Jonipson, to buy peppermint cordial with. They say the old lady goes to bed happy on that spicy beverage every night of her life. The subject is finished, Sibyl. There's no room for gratitude between us. Our sisterly love would be a very poor and hypocritical pretense, indeed, if it did not make us happier to share with each other than to keep, in selfish hoarding, what God has committed to our stewardship."

"Umph!" growled Scott, waking up.

"Well, bear," said Ethel, "don't you like it?"

"Wasn't thinking of it. Don't know what it is. Suppose I ought to. If I were polite, like Stanley Charlock, I should; but I ain't," said Scott.

"You have arrived at a commendable knowledge of yourself," said Ethel, looking very glum. "What were you thinking of?"

"Of him."

"Who?"

"Stanley Charlock."

"So was I," said Ethel, demurely. "And it's a very interesting subject, isn't it? You said, I believe, he has come?"

"Yes; I saw him at the depot."

"How nice! And what has he come for?"

"He's come a-fishing," said Scott, with a diabolical smile. "Got a new basket that never had a fish in it, and a patent pole long enough—long enough——"

"For what?" said Sibyl.

"Long enough to reach from Schultz's tavern, where his excellency puts up, to Woodford."

"You don't say so!" said Ethel, with an air of childish innocence. "What a very long pole it must be!"

"Long enough for gold-fish," said Scott. "And he is furnished with a new spring reel, and no end of line to play the little fish with; and——"

"He has come up here," said Ethel, "because the streams are so full of trout."

"So they are," said Scott. "And he's going to fish for trout with a speckled fly, and for an heiress with a nice little piece of tongue."

"What do you mean, sir? How dare you traduce a friend of mine behind his back? How dare you insinuate that Stanley Charlock is a mere fortune-hunter?"

This time she blazed out at him like a volcano ; but it was no use. She did not cow him, as usual. The man's blood was up, and he was slightly dangerous.

"Because he is," said Scott, defiantly. "And he comes after you because he has found out that you are rich, and you know it ; and I believe you resent it in your heart."

other roundabouts, and that Miss Ethel had tyrannized over Charlie Scott before she was ten years old, and naturally kept on doing it.

She did it, too, with impunity, except when the powerfulness of the man broke away from his native modesty, and asserted itself in one of those almost savage fits of re-



THE SWAN DEFENDING HER CYONETS.

If the familiarity between these two seems strange, considering their relative positions, it must be understood that Mr. Charles Scott was not only an acquaintance, and also Miss Wilbur's counsel, but that they had been born in the same village, gone to the same district school, had known each other ever since one wore pantalettes and the

bellion, to which such a woman as Ethel yields with supple meekness, because it is the flash of fierce but evanescent light, which shows her how absolute is her general dominion over the involuntary rebel.

Ethel's lids dropped. She shot that little shaft of sweet fire out of the corner of her eye. The eyelash fastened



around Mr. Goliah, as usual, and he looked at her foolish and adoring.

"So," she said, softly, "you think Mr. Stanley Charlock comes here to fish for an heiress? You are a lawyer, learned in human motives of the baser sort"—small tap to punish the rebel. "Perhaps you are right, and I know it is your real friendship which makes you so thoughtful for a poor lone girl who has small wit of her own"—sub-acid mollification for Goliah. "I am not vain enough to suppose that I have any peculiar charms of mind or person to attract or attach to one more than others. I can't expect to be loved wholly for myself by anything so valuable—in his own eyes—as a man of the nineteenth century. But my old playmate might have spared me the humiliating knowledge of what he values me at—such a feather in the scale, until a bag of gold is put in to weigh me down!—for, of course, Mr. Scott judges others by himself."

"Ethel!"

"Oh, pray don't try to explain. You will only make it worse. You will be telling me directly that I squint, or my nose is red, or something equally calculated to repress inordinate vanity."

"Ethel, you are inausufferable——"

"I know it," said that remorseless person, with the air of a martyr. "But it isn't kind of you to tell me. I don't want to hear it. I am very humble."

"Oh, yes," muttered Scott, "humble as the—the——"

"Why don't you say it, Mr. Scott?" cried Ethel, flinging her book away. "You meant it. You haven't the courage of a mouse! You meant to say 'devil,' sir; but don't you dare to do it. I am an humble, badly imposed upon angel, and don't you dare to look as if you didn't think so. Be good enough, sir, to say, 'Miss Ethel Wilbur, you're an angel.'"

"If I do, shoot me!" said Scott, clinching his fists and looking like a whole drove of mules.

"Very well, sir," said Miss Ethel, scornfully; "some other people might say it, and mean it, too; and I am sorry to think so, but I must: You're not an admirable character, by any means, Mr. Scott. On the contrary, I am afraid you are an ill-natured, envious, detracting creature, that can't see how fine a fellow Stanley Charlock is, or won't see it, which is ever so much worse; and I'm ashamed of you, and so you ought to be."

Lofty scorn, expressed in slightly tangled rhetoric, and met with a patient shrug and a look of mournful hopelessness by the slave.

"But I will prove it, sir," said Ethel, "and make you a means of proving it in spite of yourself."

"Prove what?" said Scott, meekly.

"Prove that you don't know anything about it."

"You generally do," muttered Scott.

"No muttering, sir," said Ethel, hotly. "Have the decency at least to speak out, if you can do nothing else decent. I tell you I will show you that Stanley Charlock is a disinterested, manly fellow; and if he has come here because we met at Newport, it is because, also, he wants to see Ethel Wilbur—plain Ethel Wilbur—not an heiress. Do you understand, sir?"

"Better than you do," replied Scott, doggedly.

"You think so," said Ethel, with an air of superiority, "because you are vain and suspicious—two hideous vices that I have been trying to eradicate from your composition ever since you were a small boy. Now, listen. I said I would convince you; I will. Whilst Stanley Charlock remains in the neighborhood, Sibyl is mistress of Woodford."

Sibyl looked down at her white hands as they lay in her

lap, and an ugly smile drew the corner of her nose up and the corners of her mouth down.

"I am only her cousin and guest," continued Ethel. "She must treat me so there shall be no mistake that I am a dependent. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Sibyl, I know, will do as I wish," she continued. "Can I depend on the far-seeing and suspicious Mr. Scott to help play this little comedy?"

"I'll treat you like a dog," said Scott, with a broad grin. "Turn about is fair play. I never had the chance before. Miss Sibyl Woodford, of Woodford Manor"—in a pretended whisper—"don't you think if the young person you call Ethel were to dress a little less showily it would be more becoming her station? I wonder how you can bear anything so loud as that intrusive young woman; her taste is frightful."

Ethel laughed merrily.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I shall hear the truth now, if I never did before, I have no doubt."

* * * * *

That evening Mr. Stanley Charlock made his first call at Woodford. He was got up regardless, and came out in great force as the Society man badly hit by the loveliest woman he ever saw, you know, and all that sort of thing.

He really was uncommonly agreeable, and made soft side-speeches to Ethel, and delicately tender allusions to the drives on the sands at Newport, the sweet memories of Fort Adams, and the ineffable charm which would for ever halo Black Island in memory's waste. They had gazed together on the sea, etc., etc.; charming conversation, interspersed with moonlight on the waters, the loves of the angels, and the whispers of the shells; eternal constancy to something or other not particularly located; some Byron; a little Moore and Tennyson, and a delicate *souçon* of platonic æsthetics of the modern school which claps a black coat and a white choker on that rascally little naked boy, Cupid, and turns him into a lecturer on modes, *nouveautés*, and special affinities.

This lasted two whole evenings, to the unconcealed disgust of Mr. Charles Scott. The third, the sleepy graces of the "mistress of Woodford" began to tell. Ethel's solitaires flashed in Sibyl's ears, and Worth's last enhanced the charms of a really well-rounded figure.

Ethel, in a plain Quaker-colored merino, high in the neck, served as the humble foil of the heiress. Ethel, timid and retiring, seemed to receive Stanley's attentions half fearfully. She shrank visibly from the cold, contemptuous forbearance of her patroness. She took every occasion to bewail plaintively to Stanley her dependent condition, and say how she longed to escape from it.

The hint was broad, but the fisherman was obtuse. To the eager solicitude and tender smile of the Newport admirer succeeded, gradually, a measured politeness and patronizing condescension. His attention was distracted; his eye wandered. His disinterested gaze began to worship Sibyl, and the least excuse brought him to her side.

Sibyl, quick to note the change, led him on with little pussy-cat purrs for him, and well-developed pussy-cat claws for Ethel. A German archduchess could not have exceeded her in the icy cruelty with which she put the poor companion down, and kept her in her proper place. She played her part in the comedy *con amore*.

Ethel's disenchantment, if ever she had been enchanted, was, however, completed by an accident. She was passing through the parlor before the lights were lit, and as it was summertime, the windows were open. Voices struck her ear, and for a moment or two she was an involuntary listener to Stanley and Sibyl, who were on the piazza.

"No," said Stanley, "I never loved her; never dreamed of such a thing, dearest Sibyl. I admit I was attracted to her by her very peculiar style, and if I had not met you, might really have gone in for quite a flirtation; she's so awful willing."

Ethel clinched her hands, and said to herself:

"Thank heaven Bear can't hear that! The brute would be a tyrant for ever after."

"But from the instant I saw you," Stanley went on, "my heart was yours. How could it be otherwise? How could such sweetness, such loveliness as yours, fail to conquer any man? Compared to you, Ethel is as a glow-worm to the sun," etc., etc.

Stereotyped similes, always as good as new for two "spoons" mutually afflicted with softening of the heart, or brain, which is much the same thing.

Ethel stole noiselessly away. Was she hurt or angry? Not a jot. She clapped her handkerchief to her mouth, and, as soon as she could without being heard, ran as fast as she could to her own room, shut the door, and burst into peal after peal of merry laughter.

"Dear, blessed old Bear was right," said she to herself. "I'll let him growl by the yard now and for evermore. He did come a-fishing for the heiress, and he shall have her, but not this heir. I'm not worth anything but my 'tin' as that horrid Bear, bless his old curly head! calls it. Though I do believe if I hadn't a penny he would climb any kind of a tree to get me honey, if the wild bees stung his old nose all to pieces, just as he used to steal apples for me when we were children, and take a switching for it, whilst I ate them up, like a nasty little ungrateful pig as I was, and never thanked him. But I'll never let him know it—never, never, never!—and he's too stupid to find out."

What she would never let the bear know, as the sequel of this characteristically feminine and involved soliloquy, may possibly be guessed; for when young women solemnly resolve they never will let the bear know it, the bear is a very foolish bear if he doesn't find it out the first hug.

Ethel took an early opportunity to let Sibyl know she understood how matters were.

Sibyl, in her soft way, admitted that Mr. Charlock was not indifferent to her, and Ethel insisted on the comedy's being carried out to the *dénouement* of a marriage.

Sibyl heard, and gladly assented, but did not believe. Her mind was working with strange things. As far as it was in her selfish nature to do so, she had fallen in love with Stanley Charlock.

He appeared to her an object of such keen desire that she doubted Ethel. She could not believe that any woman who had once listened to him could voluntarily give him up. She dreaded and now hated Ethel—hated because she feared her.

She brooded over it until she persuaded herself that she, too, was to be made the victim of a comedy, and that Ethel meant to let her go to the steps of the altar with Charlock, and then revenge herself by a *dénouement* which would show him how he had been duped, and turn his love for her—for, like all utterly selfish people, she easily persuaded herself that she was passionately loved—into scorn and hatred.

Such she felt and knew would be her own course, and she could not rise to the height of Ethel's nature. She judged her by herself; then her stealthy, catlike nature that nothing should thwart or cross her. How many schemes revolved themselves in her busy mind she alone knew; but accident and the devil, "who is very potent with such spirits," bettered them all.

Near twilight she was walking with Ethel in the wood

which lay between Woodford and the village. In the corner of this thicket there was a small clearing beside the path, and in it an old dry well, not very deep, but wide-mouthed, gloomy-looking, and the coping all crumbled and overgrown with moss.

Ethel stopped, and stood looking dreamily into the black depth, idly pushing the small stones in and listening to them fall.

"Do come away, Ethel," said Sibyl. "It is time to go home. I wish you wouldn't stand on the edge of that horrid hole. It makes me nervous."

"Pooh!" said Ethel; "there's no danger. See!"

And with a laugh she stepped upon the moss-covered coping.

"But there is danger—to you!" hissed Sibyl, and with all her force she hurled herself against Ethel, and pushed her.

The stones were slippery, the shock quick, powerful, unexpected. Ethel tottered for a moment, flung her arms up in a vain effort to regain her balance, gave one piercing scream, and fell head-foremost into the well.

Sibyl heard the dull, horrid sound as the body struck the bottom. She listened—there was no second sound. She peered over into the well—nothing could be seen. She waited a moment or two more—not a sound. Her work was thoroughly done. Turning, and never looking behind her, but with a steady step, she left the place.

She was a murderess! But she was an heiress, and would be Stanley Charlock's wife. The murdered woman—the woman she had envied, fawned on, hated; the woman she believed had used her as a plaything, and meant to crush her, at the last, to satisfy her pride and her revenge—was powerless; she would never make her a dupe.

She even gave a little laugh as she walked away; she was a murderess, but she had no remorse.

The theory that all murderers carry with them a conscience which stings for ever is false. Human beasts in whom there is some nobility still feel remorse; the cat tribe of men and women are as capable of it as they are of fidelity or honor.

She had murdered, and went her way without a pang or the twitch of a muscle. She had no remorse; she had succeeded.

* * * * *

Search was made everywhere that night, and the next day and many days, for Ethel, but no traces of her were found.

Sibyl was inconsolable, and wept the softest tears, and sat in the most becoming attitude of despair and desolation. Ethel had left her saying she was going down to the village to visit some of her poor, and she had never seen her afterward.

It was an awful mystery; she would never recover from it unless Ethel were found; her heart was broken.

No one else had seen Ethel since that afternoon. All gave her up but Charles Scott. Pale, gloomy, silent, he urged the search; but, like all the rest, in vain.

The body of a woman was washed up upon the river's bank. It was Ethel's size, but so decayed no identification was possible. Yet it was tacitly believed by all that it was Ethel's, and that by some strange chance she had fallen from the cliff.

Sibyl did not die. That sweet martyr, when it was finally conceded that Ethel and the drowned woman were the same, recovered, and went about in most becoming and healthy sadness.

Ethel's will made her—not as Scott had said, the heiress of fifty thousand dollars—but all her cousin's vast estates.



SITTING-ROOM FURNITURE IN THE TIMES OF WILLIAM AND MARY.

She was mistress of Woodford, and within six weeks a wedding-party was assembled in the village church to grace the marriage of Stanley Charlock and Sibyl Woodford. As the minister was beginning the marriage ceremony, Charles Scott came up the aisle, and leaning on his arm was a lady clothed in black, her head and face covered with a double veil.

When the ceremony was done and the minister pronounced Stanley Charlock and Sibyl Woodford man and wife, the veiled woman stepped in front of her, and in a clear, ringing voice, said:

"And I will bless the bride! Sibyl Woodford, do you know me?"

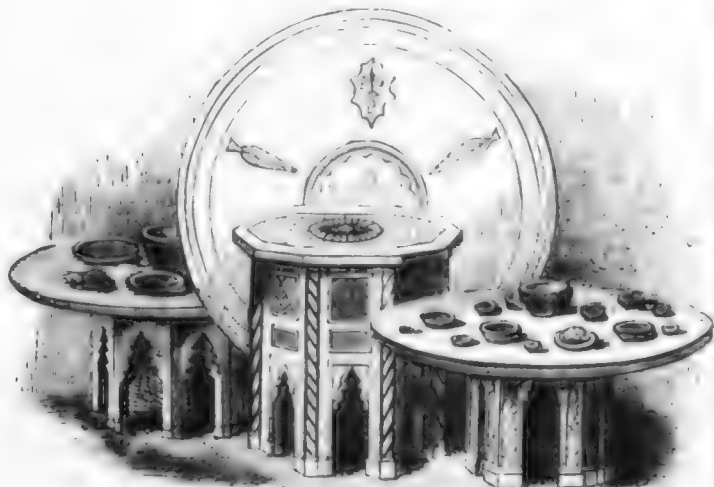
She threw back her veil, and all cried, "Ethel Wilbur!"

Sibyl gave one long, almost idiotic stare, put her hands to her throat as if she were choking, then bursting out into childish laughter, seated herself on the ground and began to pick her bridal-wreath to pieces, and toss the flowers in the air, laughing shrill, and singing:

"Ding, dong bell,
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Ding, dong bell!"

She was a hopeless maniac!

The explanation of Ethel's escape is simple. The well,



EGYPTIAN TABLES.

though dark, was not deep, and the bottom was covered with soft ooze long collecting, and leaves blown in for years.

Ethel was stunned and bruised, but not seriously hurt. Scott, who was on his way from the village to Woodford, heard the single shriek she gave, and ran in the direction of the sound. He arrived at the well just as Sibyl left the wood. By that time Ethel had recovered a little, and began to groan. He listened, then went closer, and was convinced some unfortunate had fallen in.

To climb down, no matter how torn and lacerated by the rough, broken sides, was the brave gentleman's first act. He found a body at the bottom. By the exertion of all his great strength, he climbed out with his inanimate burden.

He saw who it was. His own home was nearest; to that he took the thing dearest to him on earth. In a few hours Ethel came to, and told the story. It was resolved to keep the secret and hide her till the day of retribution. Scott's mother and sisters nursed her back to health. No one except these ever knew the story.

There was another marriage at Woodford that Winter, and Ethel said, as she laid her hand in that of her lover — Charlie Scott's:

"Dear, be gentle with me, for I had to go to the bottom of the well to find all the truth, and no generous beast would strike an antagonist when he surrenders at discretion."

"Beauty," said the Beast, "if you ever bully me again, perhaps I shall wish I had left 'well' alone."



ANCIENT CHAIR AT MOOR PARK, ENGLAND.

THE STORY OF FURNITURE.

THE furniture in the homes of our British, Celtic and Saxon forefathers could not have been considerable or ornate. A few plain tables; plain stools or solid chairs, made rather for use than show; chests to hold the household treasures. The walls were decorated with the arms of the master of the house, the implements of his calling, the trophies of the war or the chase. Everything was for substantial use, for the robust and strong, fit for men in armor who could not feel; and the whole furniture of their houses indicates a race living almost entirely in the open air, and indifferent to comfort. Yet, when they overran the country they must have found much of the Romano-British civilization remaining; but they do not seem to have copied or adopted any of the elegant

conveniences of the Roman villa. Perhaps in the thrones of about this period, which were merely carved blocks of wood, some faint resemblance may be traced to a Roman altar, or to the moldings around the base of a column.

With the Normans there began an era of art. The term "Normans" is here used to express the three or four centuries succeeding to the landing of William the Conqueror—all that period of English history during which the high offices of State and Church were exclusively filled with men of pure Norman blood. That period saw the arts of architecture and of furniture-carving (usually a reflection of the first) carried to their greatest perfection. Not a stone of the churches remained unchiseled; the very hedges furnished them with designs in the maple-leaf; not an inch of their furniture was unsculptured. Chairs of the abbots of that day are still preserved, and the pointed windows of the ecclesiastical buildings are easily recognized in the panels—as they are even now on the ends of pews in the churches. Some of them are shaped like a miniature church, with pinnacles and buttresses. The great round table of the Chapter House of Salisbury Cathedral, considered to be fully six hundred years old, stands firm and solid on legs which are placed under its edge at short intervals. In the castles everything of daily use, down to the handles of the knives, was curiously carved. Now, upon a modern dinner-table in the grandest mansion there is a dead-level of uniformity; the knives may be of more costly materials, but they are of precisely the same shape as those used by "the commonalty," and each is exactly like the other. But in the medieval days there was an individuality about the meanest article of use; the artist scarcely made two of a similar pattern. Our method of turning out a hundred thousand Windsor chairs, or half a million carving-knives, mathematically accurate copies of one original, is totally destructive of art. We seem almost to have returned to the plainness of the Saxons, concealed by a profusion of French mirrors and gilding.

The sideboards in the time of Queen Elizabeth and James I. were magnificent pieces of furniture, though sometimes in questionable taste. The tables were peculiar in having legs which swelled out in the middle to an enormous size, something like an inverted and greatly exaggerated soda-water bottle. After Charles I. the true



FURNITURE IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

English style appears to have been supplanted by lighter, flimsier-looking work, clearly imported from a warmer climate. With the maypole and the morris dance the art of carving departed, and the less said of the Georgian furniture the better, in an artistic sense. It is noticeable that our ancestors of one hundred and fifty years ago seem to have preferred chairs very low in the seats, and with disproportionately long, high backs.

In the huts of savages, along one side of the wall there is often a raised bank of dry earth, which, covered with mats or skins, forms at once a divan, or sitting-place, and a bed. Between this rude arrangement and the bed in its complete shape there are endless gradations and variations. But so early as Saxon times—to speak of England alone—the kings slept on bedsteads which in every important particular corresponded to our own wooden bedsteads, so fashionable before the introduction of iron and brass. There is a drawing of a Saxon bed with posts, and a roof or tester which looks much like the planked roof of a shed. It has two curtains, the ends of which are twisted about the foreposts. Perhaps in ruder times the tester sometimes performed good service in sheltering the sleeper from the rain which penetrated the ill-made roof of the house.

"A bedde of tymbre," a timber or wooden bedstead, was usually part of the furniture of a bedroom in the fifteenth century. But the poorer classes were roughly lodged far later than that—sleeping on a straw pallet, with a round log of wood under their head instead of a bolster. In Henry VIII.'s bedchamber at Hampton Court there was a "joyned stoole" (stools still being considered important pieces of furniture) reminding us of Shakespeare's—

"The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometimes for three-legged stool mistaketh me."

The bed itself, however, in the houses of the great was of the most magnificent description long before then. Feather beds are said to have been known in Richard II.'s time. The widow of the Black Prince, 1385, describes in her will a bed of "red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver, and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves issuing out of their mouths." A bed of much later date, James II., was of crimson velvet, ornamented with wood carvings, and glittering with gold and



MASSIVE IRON PLATE CHEST WITH PAINTED PANELS.

silver thread; while the counterpane was of damask silk, and there were plumes of pink and white ostrich feathers on the top. The shape of the beds was generally more square than the modern fashion; the famous Bed of Ware, for instance, is ten feet nine inches long, and of equal width. The foreposts were thicker than the others, and more richly carved. But the height of luxury is described by a poet in the reign of Edward I., who pictures a princess sleeping in a bed, while there hung aloft a golden cage, or censer, in which spices and "cloves that be swete smelling" were burning, filling the chamber with delicate odors. With the water used for washing the hands they mingled perfumes, in lieu of our modern scented soap. The English ladies of that age were noted for their fondness for bathing for beauty's sake, and are wisely cautioned not to do so in March or November. In the palace at Westminster there was a clock showing the ebb and fall of the sea.

A gentleman's house in Henry VIII.'s reign contained, amongst other things, three tables, with forms and trestles, mortised in the ground, which seems to mean fixed and immovable. There were also three "lytell chairs" for women. The parlor in another house had four "joyned stools" and a wicker screen. The window-seats were then favorite places, and were furnished with cushions or pillows, more or less curiously worked. Most persons have seen specimens of the tapestry with which the walls were hung, while others were merely wainscoted, or covered with thin polished wood, which sometimes came only half-way up, leaving the rest of the wall bare. From the earliest times the walls of churches were ornamented with paintings, and perhaps the practice was transferred from thence to the dwelling-houses.

So long ago as 1233, the wainscoted king's chamber in the castle at Winchester—which was a favorite city with the Norman monarchs—was ordered to be painted with histories; and about the same time a similar chamber at Westminster was to be painted with green color, in imitation of a curtain. At the present day the method of papering the walls, though used in the majority of houses on account of its convenience and cheapness, stands emphatically condemned by artists and physicians alike, and a return is being gradually made to the painted wall, which was the custom in Pompeii.

The ceilings of old English halls are justly admired—they have been aptly compared to the hull of a ship inverted—but the floors can scarcely have been equally good. They were strewn with rushes or sprinkled over with sand, which latter, as it dried, rose in clouds and caused much annoyance. All throughout those times that are understood when the phrase "Old English" is used, there was a strange mixture of artistic taste, luxury and barbarous discomfort. Thus, a king slept on a velvet bed, with ostrich plumes nodding over the tester, a painted wall at the head of the bed (one king gave particular directions that the bare wall there should be painted), but when he rose in the morning there was nothing but a low stool to sit on, while his chamberlain warmed and aired his dress at the fire, which was a part of his office.

The sofa and ottoman have quite banished the settle and bench from the dwellings of polite society. The carpenter still works at his bench, and now and then benches may be found in country ale-houses. One of our most ancient poets writes of his hero or knight—

"Horne sat him a-benche,
His harp he gan clenche,"

and for many centuries that sturdy, simple piece of furniture was found in every hall. The king sat to administer

justice on such a seat in Westminster Hall, where the Court of King's Bench, or Queen's Bench, still remains.

The cupboard, now relegated to the rooms of less importance, was a prominent object in the old English house. The term is frequently employed now to describe a recess in the wall, fitted up with shelves and doors, but seems to have anciently meant a movable piece of furniture. In the time of Henry VIII. there was in a knight's house a small "joyned cubberde" of wainscot, and a short piece of "counter fett" carpet upon it. The king's own bed-chamber contained two cupboards. They were famous housekeepers in Queen Elizabeth's time. Napkin-presses were then in use, and, like everything else, were ornamented with carving. Our own grandmothers treasured up their oaken presses, and numbers of them are still to be found in the lumber-rooms of old houses, made of fine black oak, paneled and carved.

Of late a reaction has set in against the questionable taste which crowded our drawing-rooms with almost useless furniture, and heaps of nameless knickknacks; and a partial return to the comparatively bare apartments of ancient England is quite possible, together with chairs and tables, in which something may be found besides veneer and polish. The great glass mirrors which are now seen on every mantelpiece, or suspended against the wall, were imported into England in the fifteenth century from France, though they were of much smaller size. Up till then the mirrors were of polished steel, generally oval and very small—much like the hand-glasses still used to see the back of the head—and often inclosed in a case, to preserve the face untarnished. There is a very curious illumination of about the fourteenth century, representing a knight and his lady who have alighted to rest, evidently having been riding on the same horse. The horse is fastened to a tree—a long sword hangs from the saddle. The knight (in armor) is reclining on the sword, with one knee slightly raised. He holds in his hand just such a little mirror of polished steel, resting the lower edge on his knee, to keep it steady; while the lady, sitting opposite, plaits her hair by its aid. She is working it into two long plaits, in a manner almost precisely similar to the present fashion for girls; and it is noteworthy that her hair is of the same golden hue now so much admired.

THISTLES IN THE LAND OF DON QUIXOTE.

MANY an artist has taken up his pencil to illustrate the adventures of Cervantes's hero, Don Quixote of La Mancha, but they drew their accessories from their own fancy, or from ordinary books of travel, poorly illustrated as they used to be. However their talent might display itself in the composition of the pictures, and in the humor thrown into the situation of the personages, there was always a lack of truth in the pictures which displeases a realistic age like ours. When Doré undertook to illustrate Don Quixote, he took his copy of the work under his arm, and journeyed down into Spain till he came to the very scenes from amid which Cervantes drew his hero and characters, and where he laid the scene of his wonderful book. There Doré began, with ears and eyes, to study the people, while his rapid pencil photographed every type of peasant and village life—the decayed gentry, the padres, the barbers, the *arrieros*, the fat, innocent peasantry of whom Sancho is the type. The very roads, the cattle, flocks and vegetation became familiar to him. Then, when La Mancha and all the life with which it was instinct were to him as leaves of a book, and traced not only on memory but

on paper—then he felt ready to begin to picture the adventures of Don Quixote—adventures which are now as interesting to read as when first published.

La Mancha is a monotonous, treeless plain, with wheat-fields stretching as far as the eye can reach. The farmers made special war on trees as harboring birds to eat up the crops. Not a tree will be seen for leagues around, and not a fence around the interminable fields. Where a village clusters, there will be stone walls around the garden, but only where the houses glitter like an island in

the sea will you see even this. This abundance of grain accounts for the windmills, of which he sometimes found numbers in sight, all quite small, so that the Don's mistake was not as preposterous as it would seem to us. But if trees are wanting, the asses and mules may boast and glory in the thistles which seem to rival trees, growing in clusters to an immense size, so that the wonder is that the naked and half-naked children who are constantly rushing through them in play do not leave their scanty clothing and fatters of their flesh on the sharp points.

MY RING.

MASSIVE, golden,
Worn and olden;
But I love it
For the giver.
He so gladsome,
Eyes so madsome—
Madsome for their thrilling quiver,
Madsome for their melancholy—
To the giver!
On his brow white
Shone the starlight;
Fell the dew down
On his hair brown;
Soft as lip-dents
Dropped his accents;
Linger, linger—
So he placed it on my finger.

Hot, hot kisses,

One long drinking—
Heart to heart seems
Melting, sinking.
One long sweetness,
Then the starlight
Chased his shadow
With its fleetness;
Onward, onward,
Through steep gladland,
Westward, starward,
Into shadeland.
Oh, that last long sweetness!
Clinging lips,
Rich with love's completeness—
And now as then the dizzy moon
Swings and dips.

Oh, boundless Heaven,
Oh, trailing stars!

Drawing dark Even
In spangled cars—
Can I ever note you above me,
Can I ever bask in your rays,
And recall not his face who loved me,
And with him that day of all days?

Ah, he's gone, gone!
Leagues, leagues away,
But woman's love
Is strong like day;
And this massive ring,
This circular thing,
Is a link between us—
Is a bond between us,
And I'll never cease loving him, never.
Not e'en on the strand
Of the angel land—
On the strand of the land called For Ever.

A SAPPER AND MINER.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

"WELL said, old mole! Canst work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioneer!"

So says Hamlet to his father's ghost—a remark which points to the fact that Shakespeare was no mean observer of nature. As to the rapid working of the little animal he named, if any enthusiast will take a spade and start fairly against a mole to try and dig it out, he will throw down the implement at the end of five minutes and confess himself thoroughly beaten; for, almost in a twinkling, the little fellow will have buried himself, and the effort to dig him out will be a vain one, so rapidly can he bore and tunnel through ordinary, moderately soft soil.

It may be taken for granted that there are many hundreds of thousands of people who never have seen, and never may see, this little animated subsoil plow and drainer, who, if allowed to follow the bent of his inclinations, will completely undermine a field, running through it a series of veins and arteries, opening the one into the other—making, in fact, hundreds upon hundreds of yards of subterranean passages, just large enough to admit his body, and depositing the soil taken out of the tunnels in the neatest of little soft, crumbly heaps on the surface of the grass.

Fields or gardens so treated are generally beside a wood, and out of this the mole—or, as the learned call it, *Talpa Europæa*—starts on his hunting-trips, his hunting-grounds being subterranean.

Here is the little fellow just caught in a noose by an ingenious arrangement placed in his burrow, and the first feeling is one of amazement that such a little round, soft, shapeless creature could perform so much work. For we have here what looks to be a little round, sausage-shaped

bag some five or six inches long, made of the most delicate black silk velvet, the pile, which lies smooth in any direction, being so soft and fine that beside it velvet plush is a coarse and barbarous production.

Our little defunct nuisance seems to have no shape beyond being round and long. One end comes to a point, and on examination you find that it is flattened at the extremity, being, in fact, an exact piglike snout; and at the other rounded end there is a tail like an elongated camel's-hair pencil. There is no shape of head, no trace of shoulder or hip. Even the eyes are invisible, being completely covered by the velvety pile; and but for the legs it would be hard to tell that it is an animal at all. The legs! It should be the feet, for the legs are almost entirely within the skin, while the feet are wonderfully developed, especially those in the anterior part of the body. The ordinary illustrations of our natural histories give a very inaccurate idea of the fore-foot, or hand, of the mole, which is almost circular, and of enormous strength. It is covered with a very tough skin, and its claws are solidity itself.

On examining these implements—for such they really are—the surprise at the mole's power of locomotion, and sapping and mining process, ceases at once, for they are wonders of construction and models of perfection. Set in motion by exceedingly powerful muscles, it is seen that they are not placed like the fore-legs of an ordinary animal with the palm flat upon the earth for walking, but edgewise and somewhat like the foremost fins of a fish, and they play on the earth in a similar manner, making, of course, some allowance for the denser medium. With these claw-armed hands the mole tears through the soil,



MY RING.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 603.

here, and be perfectly silent, or our labor will be in vain. You see nothing? Indeed! Watch that spot a couple of yards away. Can you not see about a tablespoonful of earth lying on the surface like so much exceedingly coarse brown sugar? Yes, you can see that; and now, on watching it carefully, you see that it is in motion—that it is growing, in fact, for there might be a volcanic disturbance going on below there upon a miniature scale, and this might be an eruption of fine disintegrated earth.

See how it comes to the surface, more and more welling up, so to speak, like water out of a spring. We know what is doing it—a mole; but no sign of the little sapper is manifested to our sight.

Look! there he goes—or, rather, there goes his work—just beneath the surface, and so close that the soil is slightly raised, though held together by the strands of grass and fibres of the filbert-trees. It is so close to the surface because a little lower down the alluvial soil ceases, and hard, gravelly stone begins, such as would wear out the tough, strong claws of even a mole. To avoid this, then, and its harsh, jagged stones, the mole keeps at times so close to the surface that he can almost be seen to work.

We trace him, then, and see that at every few yards hillocks are thrown up, which keep on increasing in size as the little animal toils on.

Now just stamp with your foot. The earth carries the concussion to where the busy little creature is at work, and the loose soil ceases to rise. He has gone.

You ask where? Oh, down one or other of the old channels that have been made at former times; perhaps by the one in question, perhaps by some of his relatives, and while we are looking at the traces of the new workings, the little sapper may have retreated back into the wood, or gone forward right across the garden and into the field forty or fifty yards away, which you can see is dotted over with mole-hills.

It must not be supposed, however, that the mole lives in these passages, for somewhere or another—probably in a place where one would not like to dig, for fear of destroying a choice filbert or young apple—we should find the home of the busy worker—a circular chamber, carefully smoothed, and safe from caving-in earth by the support given to the soil by the root-fibres of the tree above. Connected with this are a couple of circular passages, one

and casts it back to where its hind-feet—which are about a third of the size and strength—continue the task, and kick the loosened earth up to the surface.

Here in this orchard is a favorable place for watching the working of the mole—at least, so much as you are likely to see. Take your stand with me

above the other, joined by other passages; and from these in turn road after road radiates, like the crooked spokes of a cartwheel from the nave, which represents the mole's home.

Here was one, down here at the bottom of the garden, beneath that great standard rose—a choice *Devoniensis*—which, though well planted and furnished with such soil and surroundings as would have satisfied the most exigent of rose-cultivators, began to flag and fade in the most peculiar way. Blight? Not a sign. Want of water? Too much water? Neither. It had received the most perfect treatment, and yet it was dying. A spade revealed what was wrong. One mole had found the place suitable, and made a circular chamber just beneath the roots, effectually depriving the tree of its nutriment; and it would have killed it had we not decreed that the mole must die instead, and die it did.

Your mole is a thirsty soul, and for proof look here by the bank of this watercress-bed, which is tunneled and in places half filled up by the tiny animal's borings. Tapping a running stream like this, it might be supposed that the mole would flood his works: but he is too good an engineer, for the tunnels run upward, and he can descend for water and then resume his hunting in the passages close at hand. For, in addition to loving water, the mole affects these damp spots, not from choice, but because they are the chosen homes of the dainty worms which form his chief support, though the small boring slugs, grubs, and soft white larvae of insects are largely devoured as they are found when digging, or afterward when traveling through the convenient highways into which they have fallen as into a trap.

The good a mole will effect in this way in a garden is incalculable, besides that which he does in keeping the soil so fresh by draining it, the rain percolating through into his many passages. Unfortunately, though the good he does is incalculable, the harm can be calculated, and it is great. In this garden, for instance, close by the wood, and liberally invaded by *Talpa* with his subsoil apparatus, the mischief was constant, and such as no garden would bear. The under-draining is good, but the filling-up of the neatly made beds containing the choice dark-leaved watercress, glistening with the pure waters from the spring one day, coated with moist mud the next from *Talpa's* borings; the range of heaps of soil for a dozen yards along the asparagus-bed; the plowing up of the



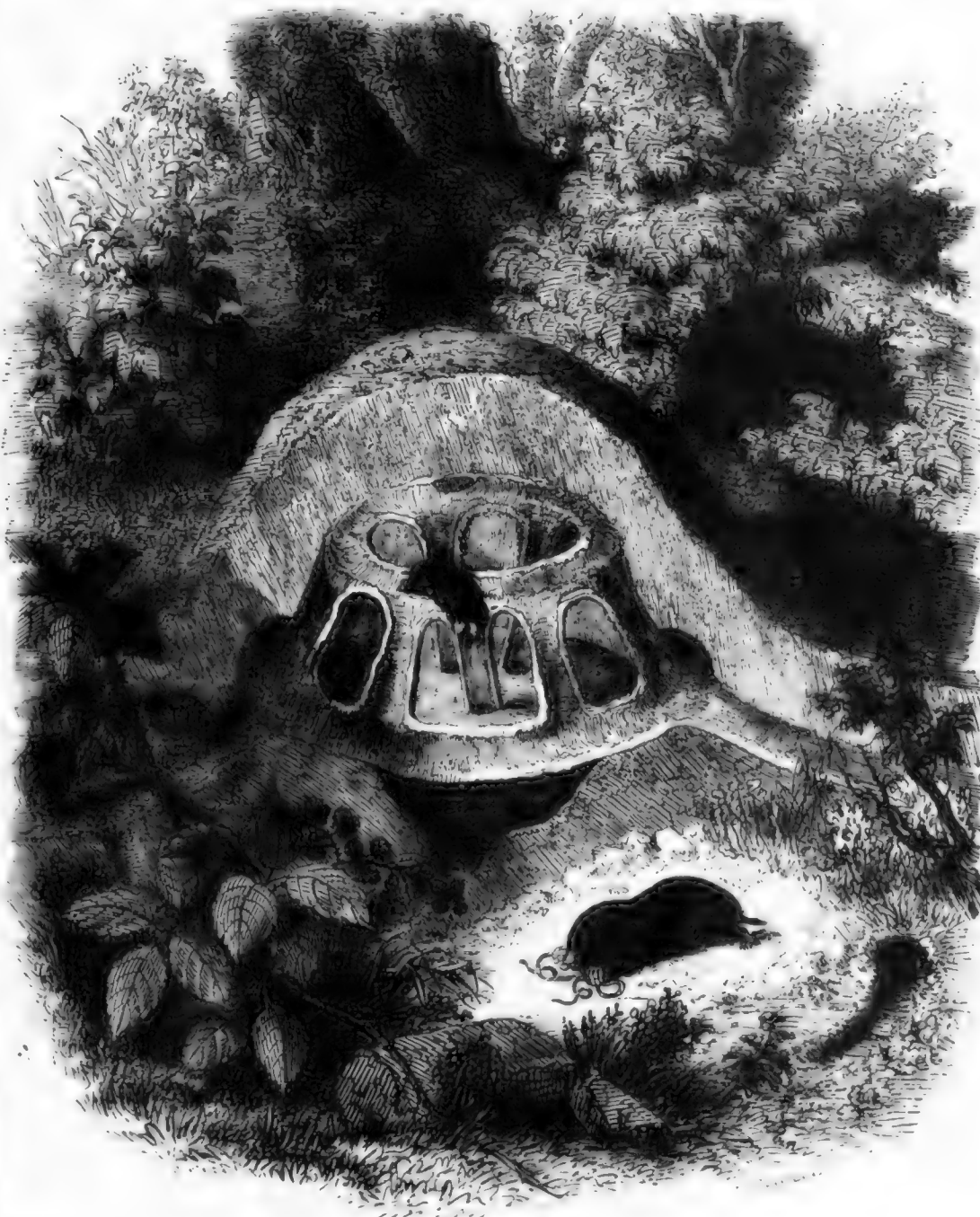
THE STAR-NOSED MOLE.

neat paths between the seed-beds, and the channeling of those tidily squared and drilled parallelograms devoted to the growth of onions; neatly raked borders one day turned into an earthen model of a volcanic region, with its mountains and ridges and craters, the next; and above all, the short, crisp turf of the meadow, harrowed and rolled for a crop of hay, suddenly disfigured by heaps of soil that would be renewed night after night when leveled down—these and many more calculable pieces of damage necessitate the calling in of that rustic professional, the mole-catcher, who with a few sticks, one of which is bent down to form a bow or spring, some whipcord nooses, and a cylinder of wood, turned hollow, exactly the diameter of the mole's tunnel, and smeared inside with moist earth for his better deception, sets to work. The cylinders are planted in the tunnels, the bow bent and attached to a trigger which the mole himself starts, and he is instantly caught.

One mole will do a good deal of mischief, but in this case ten or a dozen were trapped within a month—not *moles* in Sussex, but "moldy-warps" in the southern dialect.

Wonderfully beautiful are they when examined, and perfect. Taken from the trap fresh from a long journey through the damp earth, their velvet coats are spotless, and as dry and smooth as if from a drawing-room fireside. The fur seems to have some property which prevents the soil from sullyng it, just as the dressing given by a duck to its plumage results in the water being rejected in tiny globules. On examining the little creature, it might well be declared to be blind, for only the most careful examination reveals the fact that it possesses an eye—an organ, however, for which it can have but little use, as its habits are almost subterranean. That it does come to the surface, however, occasionally, is shown by the fact that now and then the owls here, of which there is a colony—the white-breasted or barn owl—occasionally add one to their larder, which they generally store with mice and small birds, the robin and the hedge-sparrow being often sufferers.

It has never fallen to our lot to discover the nursery of a mole's domains, for unless accident revealed one, it would mean the digging, perhaps, of acres to reach the



THE MOLE'S HOME.

right spot. Naturalists, however, tell us that *Madame Talpa* has as many as eight or nine little ones in the course of a year—that is, in Spring and Autumn. Quaintly curious and shapeless as are the elders, the young must be curious indeed; and doubtless the parents must have, like other creatures, a great love for their offspring. There is a curious point in this case, however, for the probability is that the lady mole never sees her children; and therefore she must love them, not from admiration conveyed to her brain by the eye, but through the sense of touch. "Soft as a mole" would be a far better saying than "soft as silk"; while the former, intensified to the finest pitch, would scarcely express the exquisite fineness of the fur of the juvenile mole.

RINGS in the olden times had a seal or signet engraved upon them, to seal writings, and they are so used at the present day. We read in Genesis xli. 42, that Pharaoh gave Joseph his ring. A ring is now put on a woman's fourth finger at marriage; but the Jews used them at the espousal, or contract before marriage. By a statute of 1835 wedding-rings are ordered to be of standard gold.

GOLDSMITH'S "DESERTED VILLAGE."

THERE are scenes which, once painted on the living canvas of the mind, endure there for ever in colors unfading; there are names which to all the world, from youth to age, have a gentle magic in their sound, and become enshrined amongst the holiest remembrances of the heart. So it is with Auburn, once the "loveliest village of the plain." Who that has read Goldsmith's delightful poem has not wished himself away among those sequestered spots whose olden beauties it at once immortalizes and sanctifies? What reader of it—straying by the more favored haunts in his own vicinage when the first primroses of the year are in blow, or later, when all the apple-trees are shaken, and the orchardman's conical hut is deserted—has not been reminded of those bowers which the poet sighed after, in language the most touching and numbers the most harmonious?—

"Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's ling'ring blooms delayed."

Many years have glided past since I first read the opening part of the "Deserted Village." I built up illustrations to it from the retreats of my childhood with the wonted flexibility of youthful imagination, and the pictures thus created have held their places despite all else that has come and gone, until, at length, I have had an opportunity to compare them with what yet remains of the reality. This being so, it has occurred to me that the perusal of a few notes which I made on a recent visit to Auburn might be interesting to admirers of Goldsmith, more especially to that large class of rising students of literature whose time and opportunities for pilgrimages of this sort may be but limited, or all in the future.

The site of the Deserted Village is on the road from Athlone to Ballymahon, about six miles from the former town; and as crops of new "Auburns" are springing up round in all directions, it is necessary to mention the poet's name in order to be set on the proper track to "Goldsmith's Auburn," as the Westmeath peasantry call it. The country north of Athlone is undulating, the view being shut out by ranges of low hills, many of them mere sand-hills; and along the Ballymahon road the ordinary parallel fences are missed in many places, so that the vagrant donkey has here now and then an opportunity to taste the stolen sweets of sundry pastures without let or hindrance. The slopes on either hand are starred over with the brightest of whitewashed cottages, and everywhere about the hawthorn and the sloe-tree form a multitude of pretty alleys, all redolent in the May-time with the breathings of those flowers that love to hide in the brambly dell in fellowship with the broad-leaved sorrel-tasted shamrock. The cottage gardens, with here and there a lichen-diseased apple-tree, and current and gooseberry bushes growing in many an out-of-the-way place, are sufficiently indicative of quiet happy scenes of other days whose mementoes are departing one by one.

Pursuing the road from Athlone northward for about three miles, in a recess at the left formed by the hills that skirt the banks of Lough Ree, we come upon Ballykeeran; and surely if I were to turn hermit, and to build me a cell at an agreeable distance from the din and glitter and ring of this working-day world, I would choose for a site some silent nook of that woody hollow. Truly it is a very silent place; the "mournful peasant" seems to have led thence his humble band—how impelled it is needless to say; and much of the surrounding country blooms, not, however, "a garden and a grave," but a grazing farm and a panorama of modern villas.

A mile further on is Glasson, certainly one of the prettiest of Irish villages. It has a very modest-looking little church, and scarcely a house is to be seen there whose walls are unadorned with creepers and trained rose-bushes. After all, happy is that village which sitteth within favor of aristocracy; the bird of beggarmdom doth not commonly build in a tree over against the grand gate. Such a place has usually a distinguished air; its environs have, according to Hall, a fostering influence on the muse. Beautiful scenery in a manner educates the poet. His special faculties are, indeed, often known to thrive wonderfully when the slough of adversity lies on his horizon on the one hand and the mountain of magnificence on the other. Even the wayfarer forgets the weariness of his feet while pausing to luxuriate amidst the riches of Nature tastefully disposed; and should he happen to recall the notorious couplet of Lord John Manners, while mentally repeating the last line of it, he is soothed into no little community of feeling with the noble writer by the home-felt present delight of shade or vista.

Glasson owes much of its interest to its proximity to Waterstown, the demesne of Temple Harris. Waterstown House is very finely situated on an elevated position, commanding a most charming prospect in the happy combinations of wood and lake and hill which surround it. It is reached by a long avenue, winding for a great part of the way between palisades of beeches and lofty pines perfectly helical in growth. Fronting the house is an extensive parterre, exhibiting the most impressive elegance in the arrangement of its beds as well as in the variety of the flowers. Among the paintings at Waterstown House is a portrait of Sir William Temple, so noted as a diplomatist and man of letters, and as the patron of Dean Swift. Indeed, so far as we can discover, the Temple blood has long been duly appreciative of the fairness of the earth; and Sir William tells us of his residence, Moor Park, in Surrey, that it was the sweetest place he had seen in his life at home or abroad.

About a mile north of Glasson the prospect is closed by the woods of Auburn House, the residence of a Mr. Adamson. It is agreeably situated on a sheltered slope, but it has an air of certainly not very graceful neglect about it which, though promising the diversity of a fine group of ruins here in a few years, is sadly ominous, as indicating that "southward the course of the canker hath its way."

And now at last we are on the Písgah, whence we first obtain a view of that sacred region, the song of whose decay has floated over all the globe, and is breathed by thousands who have never set foot upon Ireland's shores. The road leads still north. To the east, stretching parallel to it, is the "neighboring hill," near the summit of which, conspicuous in the distance, is the "decent church" known as the rectory of the Kilkenny West. A decent chapel of more modern date tops another neighboring hill in the parish of Bunowen, perhaps the only architectural improvement of recent years that the place can show. At the west side of the road, a little way on, are the house and farm of Lissoy, where a great part of Goldsmith's early days was spent. The wide entrance avenue is bordered by youthful successors of the grand old elms that once overarched it with boughs; and at the further end, with its front toward the road, is the ruined parsonage, of which, as it appears at present, a very correct illustration will be found in Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature." At the rear a few trees of the old orchard may yet be seen; and, thanks to the farmer yeoman "James Grew," who lives near it, the whole surroundings of the remains of the "modest mansion" are in keeping

with the other associations of Auburn, and in accordance with the poet's line.

The house consisted of two stories, having each five windows, and, according to Prior, the basement is about sixty-eight feet by twenty-four. From the situation of the fireplaces, I am disposed to say that the breadth of the kitchen, or its substitute, was no more than twelve feet. The hearths are none of the hospitable Irish style; there is nothing wide, generous and inviting about them; and from thinking over their appearance, such as they must once have been, there need be little hesitation in declaring that a broken soldier would find the ingle of one of our peasant farmers a much more cheery haven on a Winter's evening.

About half a dozen aged trees to the right are all that now remain of the "copse" of other days; and not even Darwin himself could trace any blossomed thing in the place to a garden flower, though he should suppose an evolution period of thousands of perennial cycles. As to the "noisy mansion" by the blossomed-furze-fence, this has experienced the fate of all hedge-schools, and the commodious national school of Tobberclair at hand, by all accounts, well supplies its place.

With our modern watchword, *Mehr Licht*, perhaps the *donatio mortis causa* of Goethe, we are too often disposed to "think our fathers fools as wise we grow," and in all cases to associate with the term "hedge-school" something inconceivably base and barbarous, forgetting its source and the tale its etymology tells of those sad penal times,

"When, crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge, or stretched
on mountain fern,

The teacher and his pupils met— feloniously to learn."

Deeper thought must, however, awaken in the Irish breast grateful memory toward men who transmitted the vestal fire of the scholar, no matter how often in a smoldering state, from sire to son. True it is, that prototypes of the Firdramore Seminary were but too numerous; yet must it, on the other hand, be admitted that, among the primary teachers of a bygone age, narrowness of surface was compensated for in most instances by a profundity not often to be met with in days like these. At all events, tradition testifies that the Lissoy pedagogue, Thomas Byrne by name, was none of your Ichabod Cranes or Van Bummels, but was, indeed, a light in his rustic circle; and whatever chagrin the impenetrable stupidity of "poor Noll" when a schoolboy might have given the good man, the kind-natured poet in more favored moments made up for it all.

A little distance from the entrance to Lissoy, and at the same side of the road, is the very pool alluded to by Goldsmith, and the noisy geese were now as ever gabbling over it and on its margin as I passed. It is bordered by a few stunted hawthorn-bushes, having upon them a strange impress of old. Over against it is a ruinous cottage, the residence of a "wretched matron," whose tale of her own happier years assuredly merits a sympathetic listener:

"She only left, of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain."

The fields near her cottage were, up to a recent period, covered with a deep embowering wood; but all this has been cut away, and now only the discolored stumps remain, as if left to heighten the apparent desolateness of the scene.

Ascending an incline, which certainly deserves not the name of "hill," we come to the cross of the "Three Jolly Pigeons," where the ruins of the alehouse may be seen; also the sycamore on which the signboard of that little

inn used to be so invitingly hung in years that are over. Here, too, at the opposite side of the road, grows a later representative of that famous hawthorn-bush, which, though no fragment of it now remains where those enviable old people would so often sit and chat, and where those artless loves were told by rustic lovers of long ago, yet bids fair to bloom in fancy's garden for ever. To the right, a little off the road leading northwest, are the hoary, roofless walls of the once "busy mill." Most of the wheel has been taken away, doubtless by visitors, each scrap being in some sort as a faded palm-branch from one of "the Delphian vales, the Palestines, the Meccas of the mind." The old nether millstone alone is likely to endure for a while beneath the ceaseless agencies of change and decay.

To enter the ruined mill one must step over the "never-failing brook," which, though, indeed, choked with sedges, still repeats its own solitary murmur, as if it would whisper to the wanderer,

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

It was evening, and the place was overcast with a marked loneliness; not even the cornerake (for no nightingale visits Ireland—Spenser's nightingale is the sally-pecker) interrupted the stillness. I looked on Auburn for the last time; true, its bowers were not merely in ruin, but obliterated, and the long grass waved on the moldering wall and on the cheerless hearthstone, and on the chimney-tops whitened by the rains of many a day.

Just as I was about to turn on my homeward route, a sudden gush of sunlight streamed over all the prospect, far and away over moor and meadow and hill. There was for a moment round about such a brightness as the memory of old time sheds on an aged man's countenance; such a soft effulgence as needed but the loving kine and the graceful milking-maiden's song responded to by the guileless swain, and the loud laugh—yes! ye stilted Moteyards and thou crabbed Carlyle—and the murmur of joyous voices near betokening a current of life flowing freely along, to rival in its influence on the mind and heart

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

A VERY GOOD TEXT.

DURING his occasional visits to Dr. Sheridan in County Cavan, Ireland, which he almost always performed on horseback, Dean Swift was in the habit, writes Dr. S. Brooke, of stopping for rest at "the house of Rantavan," where dwelt old William Brooke, the poet's father, and which place was within an easy ride of Quilca, the Sheridans' residence. Mrs. Brooke, who was a woman of spirit and culture, the Dean nicknamed, playfully, "Madam" Brooke, and it was commonly said that he stood more in awe of her than of most country ladies. She was also notable for the neatness and brightness of her housewifery. It so happened that, being at luncheon one day, the servant put before Swift a napkin which had a small hole in it. He immediately conveyed it beneath the table, and working with his hands, he quickly enlarged the rent, and then rising from his chair, with his finger and thumb thrust through the hole, he held the torn napkin on high, and addressed the company thus:

"Ladies and gentlemen: You are all well aware what a proud and conceited woman our hostess is of her fine napery, yet look at this rag her servant has placed before

me. Now, I am sure that you every one will agree with me that Madam Brooke is no better than a household slut, and has no right to think so highly of herself and housewifery."

To which the good lady, who had been watching the mischief all the while, and much amused, answered :

"Why, Mr. Dean, I read in my Bible this morning that he who 'doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved'! What think you of that text, sir, and how would you apply it?"

"A good text—a very good text, Madam Brooke; but we will never mind the application just now."

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK WILLIAM I.

I REMEMBER when I believed that kings and queens went to bed with their crowns on, and were never to be seen without the royal purple and ermine. To this day a

The King painted very well; and used to declare that he could support himself by painting. To prove this, he one day sent for a picture-dealer, and ordered him to buy some of his pictures. The dealer, obliged to do so, paid a hundred dollars for each painting, and exposed them for sale in his store with this notice over them: "Painted by his Majesty." Nobody bought them; and the King finally went to the dealer and offered him his money back, but the shrewd business man declared they were invaluable; that he would not part with them at so low a price; and the King finally gave a large advance to gain possession of them.

This galled the King. It was the worst stroke of business he ever did; and to make up for it he had to practice a still more rigid economy for a time. He was much laughed at for his economical notions, but they laid the foundation of Prussian greatness, and furnished his son, Frederick the Great, with the means of beginning his unexampled career.



A CARDINAL ENTERING HIS CARRIAGE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY HEILBUTH.

vision of splendor is associated with the words king and queen; and yet there have been kings and queens who were far from extravagant. An American lady bought the lace dress which Queen Victoria thought too closely for her purse, and though it had been made with a view to her purchase of it.

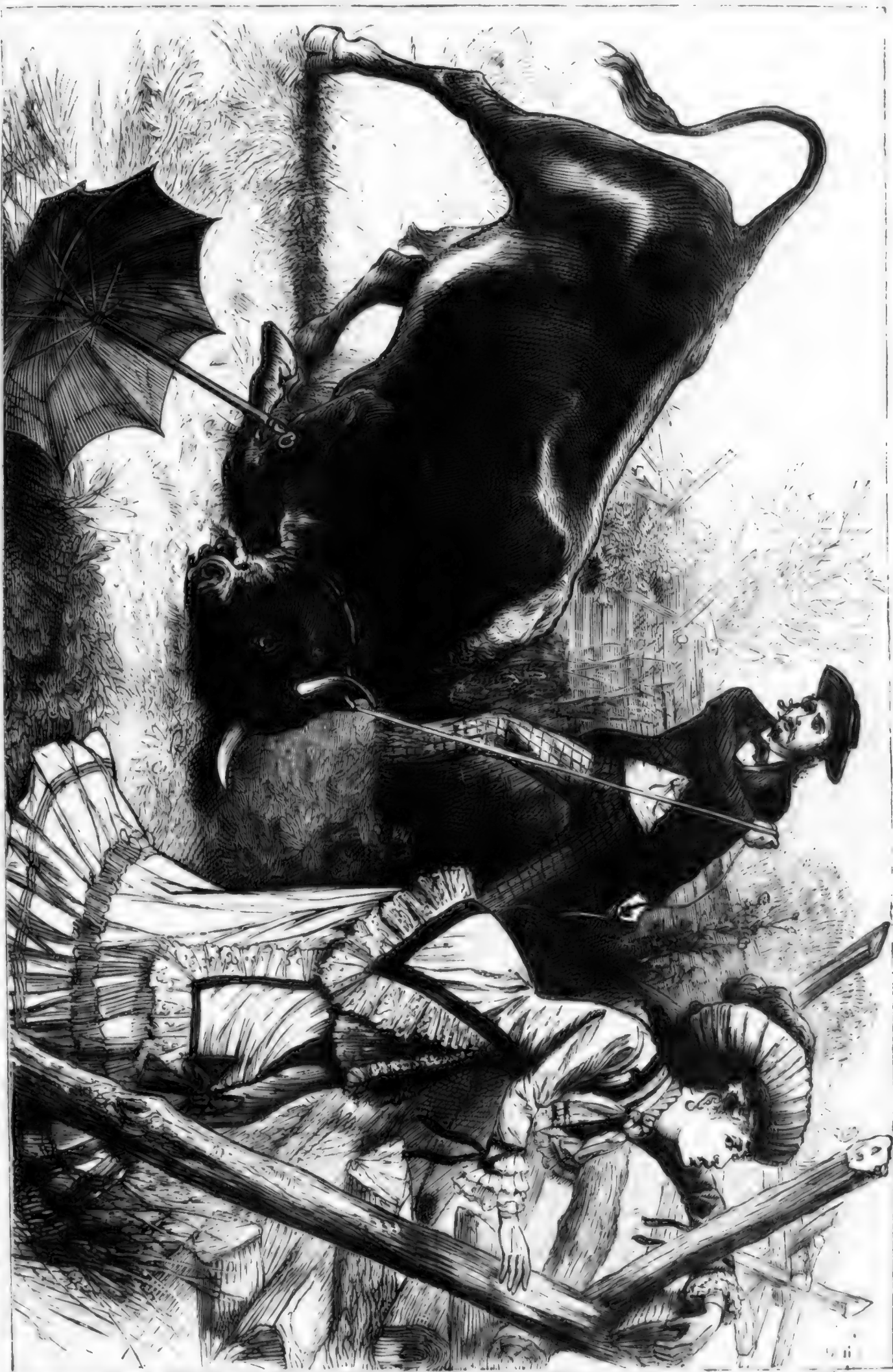
Frederick William I, King of Prussia, was a very economical gentleman, indeed. He had a linen apron and oversleeves to wear over his best home suit when busy in his cabinet, and he would not wear his "best things" on rainy days. His children wore plain homespun serge while they were little, and very plain garments after they were grown; and, for the sake of cleanliness, silk hangings, curtains and carpets were banished; and wooden chairs and tables, that might be scrubbed, were used in the private apartments.

Every year, however, the King gave his wife one elegant Winter dress, and a splendid Christmas present of some sort.

A GENIAL COMPANION.—A man who never reminds his friends of unwelcome facts, or tells them unpleasant truths, is sure to be liked; and when a man of such a turn comes to old age, he is almost sure to be treated with respect. It is true, indeed, that we should not dissemble and flatter in company; but a man may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where he cannot concur and a pleasant assent where he can. Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please that he will gain upon every one that hears or beholds him; this disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world and a command over the passions. Frequently, that which is called candor is merely malice.

He who spends his life in accumulating knowledge which is never adapted to the wants of society, is a literary miser. His gainings bear no interest, and he defrauds mankind of their just dues.

MISS HENDERSON'S RING.—"THE BELL, HALTING AS IF STRUCK BY A THUNDERBOLT, CAME FLOUNDERING AND GASPING TO THE GROUND WITH A BELL-NOOSE ROUND HIS THROAT."—SEE NEXT PAGE.



HAUNTED HOUSES.

THE shades of evening lengthen; let us close
The latticed window and draw down the blind;
These shadows seem as spirits, and the wind
Moans in its wandering; mournfully it goes
As some poor soul that grievous sorrow knows,
Or homeward traveler, fearful lest he find
Beside his hearth the ill that haunts his mind,
And o'er his pathway its dark shadow throws.

Oh, haunted houses—nay, but haunted hearts!
Wherein pale spirits of past sorrows dwell—
Wherein, as players that play many parts,
Presentiments their tragic tales foretell;
Draw close the curtains and shut out the night;
The night is dark: let love, then, be our light.

MISS HENDERSON'S RING.

BY DAVID KER.



UNSET over the Hudson on a beautiful evening in Autumn; snow-white clouds, edged with crimson, lying low down in the west; the grand old river winding between its ridgy banks like a broad sheet of gold; streaks of living fire breaking the purple shadow of the distant Catskills, a red gleam falling on the window-panes of the quaint little cottages scattered along the bank; a flush of golden splendor over the dark woods, dying away from tree-top after tree-top before the creeping shadows of night.

The fading glow seemed to linger lovingly upon plodding wagons and passing steamers—upon grimy tramps, rising heavily from their drunken sleep in the shade to pursue their usual occupation of doing anything which may save them from the disgrace of work; upon sturdy farmers, taking "one more horn" at the door of some snug little roadside tavern before jogging homeward, and upon something more attractive than all—namely, the glossy curls and charming brunette face of Emily Henderson, as she stood at the garden-gate of her father's villa, looking down, with a dreamy thoughtfulness in her dark, lustrous eyes, upon the glorious panorama below.

Most people would have pronounced Miss Henderson extremely fortunate, so far as happiness may consist, in being a very charming young lady—the only child of a rich and indulgent father, enjoying all the gayeties of New York during one part of the year, and those of Newport or Saratoga during the other; possessing the fullest latitude as regards milliners' bills, and being engaged to a fine young fellow of three-and-twenty, with a very handsome face and a good many thousand dollars a year.

But the young lady herself was by no means of the same opinion. She had a soul above wedding-cake and orange-flowers, and thirsted for a chance of achieving some unparalleled feat, like those magnificent heroines immortalized in the fascinating pages of the "Seaside Library."

All her dreams were of Semiramis, Joan of Arc, Rebecca the Jewess, or the Maid of Saragossa; and she inwardly resented as a personal injury the casting of her lot upon this "commonplace age," as she was pleased to term a century which has witnessed more wonders than any other since the creation.

Poor Frank Ellerton! Little did his simple, affectionate heart dream how immeasurably he fell short of his lady-love's cherished ideal.

He had no fierce eye, no Byronic scowl, no head of hair like Edgar Poe's "Raven," stroked the wrong way; he

was not Moody, Mysterious, Melodramatic, Merciless, and everything else beginning with a big M; he did not bear about with him a shadowy reputation of having broken half a score of feminine hearts, and cut the same number of masculine throats.

He was simply a frank, manly, good-humored young fellow of the ordinary type, absurd enough to think that the fact of his loving her with his whole heart ought to count for something in the eyes of the young lady whom he was about to marry.

Miss Henderson unlatched the gate and sauntered forth into the meadow beyond.

Very pretty she looked as she stepped daintily over the soft grass, in a dark-green dress, which had once suggested to Frank Ellerton the impertinent remark that she ought to be "worshiped as the goddess of spinach," and a broad-leaved straw hat, tilted up so much on one side as to make one instinctively look around for the other valve of this gigantic oyster which seemed to be gaping so widely.

But the face beneath it amply atoned for any fashionable monstrosity.

"Nobody understands me," she mused, half aloud, wandering on without looking whither she went. "It's no use telling Frank how I feel—he can't appreciate it a bit. And yet I *know* that I could do something great, if I only had the chance. Oh, dear! what a comfort it would be if I could believe in transmigration of souls, and think that mine had belonged to one of those glorious women of the old times, who lived when there really *was* some romance in the world! I only wish some danger would come in my way now, that I might——"

It is always inadvisable to hazard a rash wish, for no one knows how soon it may be granted.

The valiant speech was interrupted by a terrific bellow, and Farmer Peaseley's bull, wroth at being disturbed in the middle of his supper, came charging down the meadow like one of Pleasanton's troopers.

Truth is sacred, however ungallant, and it must be recorded that our heroine no sooner beheld the approach of the danger for which she had just been longing than she turned and fled for her life.

But a healthy young bull in fine condition, with neither skirts nor high-heeled boots to hamper him, must necessarily outrun a lady encumbered with both.

The pursuing tramp came nearer and nearer—the terrified girl seemed already to feel the thrust of the cruel horns, when something swept past her with a whistling sound, and the bull, halting as if struck by a thunderbolt, came floundering and gasping to the ground with a slip-noose round his throat.

"There is no danger now," said a musical voice close to Emily's ear, while an outstretched arm supported her sinking figure. "I presume that the house which I see yonder is yours. When you are sufficiently rested I shall hope to have the honor of seeing you safe home."

Miss Henderson, with a passing thought as to what the heroines of Mrs. Radcliffe or Miss Anna Maria Porter would have done in similar circumstances, stole a glance at her preserver, who was certainly one upon whom any lady might have looked approvingly.

Tall, shapely, well-built, with a dark, handsome face, which looked quite like a Vandyke portrait in its frame of glossy black hair, there was in his whole aspect, as he stood with the end of his lasso clutched in his strong, well-shaped hand, an air of unstudied grace, which made him doubly interesting in the young lady's admiring eyes.

"How can I ever thank you?" she faltered, lowering her eyes as they encountered those of the unknown.

"It is I who should thank you," he rejoined, with a

courteous bow, "for giving me such a chance of trying my lasso. It is so long since I last saw the South American prairies that my hand might well have forgotten its cunning."

"You have been in South America, then?" said Emily, with increasing interest.

"I have been everywhere," answered the unknown, smiling, "and have passed through many strange adventures, though never, I admit, one so agreeable as—"

The compliment died on his lips as he suddenly caught sight of the engagement-ring on Miss Henderson's left hand. He eyed it for a moment with a strange gleam in his large black eyes—the singular restlessness of which was the only fault of his appearance—and then muttered:

"I thought I could not be mistaken—it is my ancestor's ring!"

"Your ancestor's ring!" echoed the young lady, in a tone of surprise not wholly unmingled with alarm.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, appearing to recollect himself, "but I may be excused for my surprise at seeing on the finger of a lady whom I have the honor of meeting for the first time a diamond which I last saw on that of my own father."

"Your father?"

"Yes; this little stone has existed more than a thousand years, and its history, which I know from first to last, is as strange a romance as has ever been written."

"Oh, do tell me all about it?" cried Emily, forgetting all etiquette at the sound of the magic word "romance."

The unknown smiled again—a strange, mocking smile, giving to his handsome features a startling, sinister expression, which vanished, however, before Miss Henderson had time to remark it.

"The story is at your service," said he, bowing; "but before I commence, allow me to ask whether you are acquainted with the name of Mahmoud, the Image Breaker, called in history Mahmoud of Ghanzi?"

"He was a man who conquered India, wasn't he?" said the young lady, recalling with a violent effort her recollections of school history.

"He was, and his name will never be forgotten in the East, although eight centuries have passed since he died. When I stood, a few years ago, upon the mountains from which he and his warriors came pouring down upon India, the whole scene lived before me so vividly that I felt as if I had marched in their ranks myself. As I looked, the black mountain gorges seemed to be alive again with high sheepskin caps and gay dresses, and dark, fierce faces and gleaming steel; and the din of the kettle-drums and war-horns shook the air like a peal of thunder, and in the midst of all, high on his black war-horse, towered the great sultan himself, with his pointed helmet overshadowing the stern, black eyes that had never shown mercy or seen defeat. Ah, there were men in those days."

His eyes flashed fire as he spoke, and his dark face glowed as if he, too, had hewn his way at Mahmoud's side through the crashing spears of Eastern battlefields.

Emily, drinking in every word with clasped hands and parted lips, felt that she had indeed found her ideal hero at last.

"So he went on, conquering and to conquer. No army could stand before him, no fortress could bar his way; and the trembling peasants who fled before the destroying march saw the midnight sky red with the flames that consumed alike their idols and their temples; for he was not called 'Mahmoud the Image-Breaker' in vain, and his vow to leave neither heathen priest nor heathen temple in all Northern India was fully performed.

"At length he reached the gates of Somnaut, the

greatest city of all—but the terror of his name was upon his enemies, and no one thought of defense. Then the Brahmin priests—who cared little what became of the city if they could but escape—went forth to meet the conqueror, and offered him a rich ransom if he would spare the image of their God and the temple that held it.

"We are the slaves of my lord the king," said the chief priest, bowing to the ground; "and the lion preys not upon jackals. Let my lord come with us and see the treasures that we have prepared for him."

"Mahmoud answered never a word, but spurred his horse, and rode after them into the city with all his host at his back—a sea of white turbans and embroidered robes and glittering spear-heads and rattling quivers and clashing swords, while the dust from the countless horse-hoofs seemed to darken the very sky.

"So they entered the underground chamber of the huge temple, on one side of which lay piles of treasure for the ransom, while on the other stood the monstrous idol, looking doubly hideous in its shadowy nook. Around its feet crouched the traitor priests, as if still hoping for help from their helpless deity. In the background, the flashing weapons of the soldiers made a kind of Summer lightning through the twilight of those cheerless catacombs; and midmost of all stood the grim sultan, leaning on his battle-ax in stern silence, till the chief priest had spoken his message to the end.

"Then Mahmoud drew himself up to his full height and looked at the cringing cowards as if he could crush them with a single blow.

"Harken!" he shouted, with the full power of his mighty voice. "Gad hath raised me up, not to traffic in hateful idols, but to count my work unfinished till I sweep them from the earth. Behold, my answer."

"Down came the terrible battle-ax, before which the bravest warriors of India had fallen like grass, and the hideous image rolled crashing on the pavement, while from its hollow sides poured countless stores of gold and jewels, more, by a hundredfold, than the offered ransom; for this was the Brahmins' treasury, and the cunning priests had offered a part to save the whole. (The whole of this scene is historical and has suggested many a spirited poem.)

"Let this teach you, my children," cried Mahmoud, to his warriors, "that God is well able to repay a hundredfold those who sacrifice aught for him. Take this treasure for yourselves; as for me, this one token suffices Mahmoud the Ghaznevide!"

"He took up one of the diamond eyes of the image and wore it henceforth in his helmet; and men said that in the thickest press of battle no blow ever dislodged that gem from its place. But centuries later, a Mahratta chief, the last of Mahmoud's descendants, gave it to an ancestor of mine, who had it set in this ring, which was handed down in our family for generations, till at length, while I was still a child, my father was forced to part with it. How and why he did so, I entreat you not to ask."

"What a charming romance!" cried Emily, ecstatically. "And these curious-looking scratches round the edge of the ring—are they Eastern characters?"

She drew off the ring as she spoke, and handed it to him. He turned around so as to face the faint light still lingering in the sky, and for some moments appeared to be intently examining the inscription.

"Yes," said he, at length, "it is a Persian verse signifying: 'A friend's gift is richer than a king's.'"

"How delightful!" exclaimed the young lady. "I do wish I could give you the ring back again; but—but, you see, it's—it's not exactly mine to give."

"Pray, do not mention it," rejoined the unknown,



EGYPT.—KING AMEN-HOTEP I., EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY.

bowing with a quiet dignity that became him very well. "Our ancestral jewel cannot be better employed than in adorning that beautiful hand. Permit me to have the honor of replacing it there, and think sometimes of Algernon St. Clair." He slipped the ring on her finger again as he spoke, pressed the soft white hand tenderly to his lips, and was gone.

* * * * *

"Why, my dear, how long is it since you took to wearing paste diamonds?"

The Henderson household were breakfasting in their garden on the third morning after Emily's adventure; and the above query was whispered to her by Judge Verrisharpe—Mr. Henderson's brother-in-law—who had just arrived on a visit simultaneously with Frank Ellerton.

"Paste diamonds!" the young lady indignantly said. "Why, uncle, you surely don't suppose that Frank would ever give me a sham ring!"

"Certainly not; but somebody may have stolen the real stone, and put in this thing (which is paste as sure as I sit here), instead of it. Have you let the ring out of your own hands since you first got it?"

But at this point the dialogue was fortunately interrupted by an exclamation from Mr. Henderson, who had been glancing over the *New York Times*.

"We seem to be getting some nice neighbors down here," he cried. "Just listen to this:

"A HAWK IN THE FARM-YARD.

"Among the pilgrims to the Hudson during the past week, there has been one of those illustrious individuals whose movements are watched and chronicled as carefully as those of crowned heads—viz., the city thieves. The gentleman in question is the most daring and expert member of the 'up-town gang,' having displayed a skill in making away with the public money which might fairly entitle him to a high place in one of our government offices. Having at length made New York itself too hot to hold him—no difficult matter in such weather as we have been having lately—he has started on a country tour which will doubt-

less combine business with recreation. We had hoped that his trip might have ended at Sing Sing, as it probably will, sooner or later; but it now appears that he has been seen in the Catskill district, where he is said to have already signalized his arrival by a very audacious robbery. It is asserted that he has more than once availed himself of the open windows which abound at this season to secure plunder by means of his skill with the lasso."

"The lasso!"



THE CLIFF NEAR TUNES WHERE THE ROYAL MUMMIES WERE FOUND.

echoed all the listeners with one voice, not noticing, in their excitement, that Emily's face had suddenly become colorless as a cup of boarding-house tea.

"Progress is everywhere nowadays, you see," remarked the judge; "in thieving as well as in other branches of industry. Go on, Harry."

"This self-constituted tax-collector," pursued Mr. Henderson, "is a tall and very good-looking young man, of dark complexion, with a face and person so striking that his powers of disguise must be extraordinary to enable him to baffle the detectives so long. It is said that he has more than once figured in New York society under the name of Algernon St. Clair; but in reality he bears the less euphonious title of Tom Scraggs."

"Tom Scraggs!" shrieked Emily, despairingly, as she buried her convulsed face in her hands. "I wish I were dead!"

In truth, this last blow was the most grievous of all. To be aristocratically plundered by an Algernon St. Clair

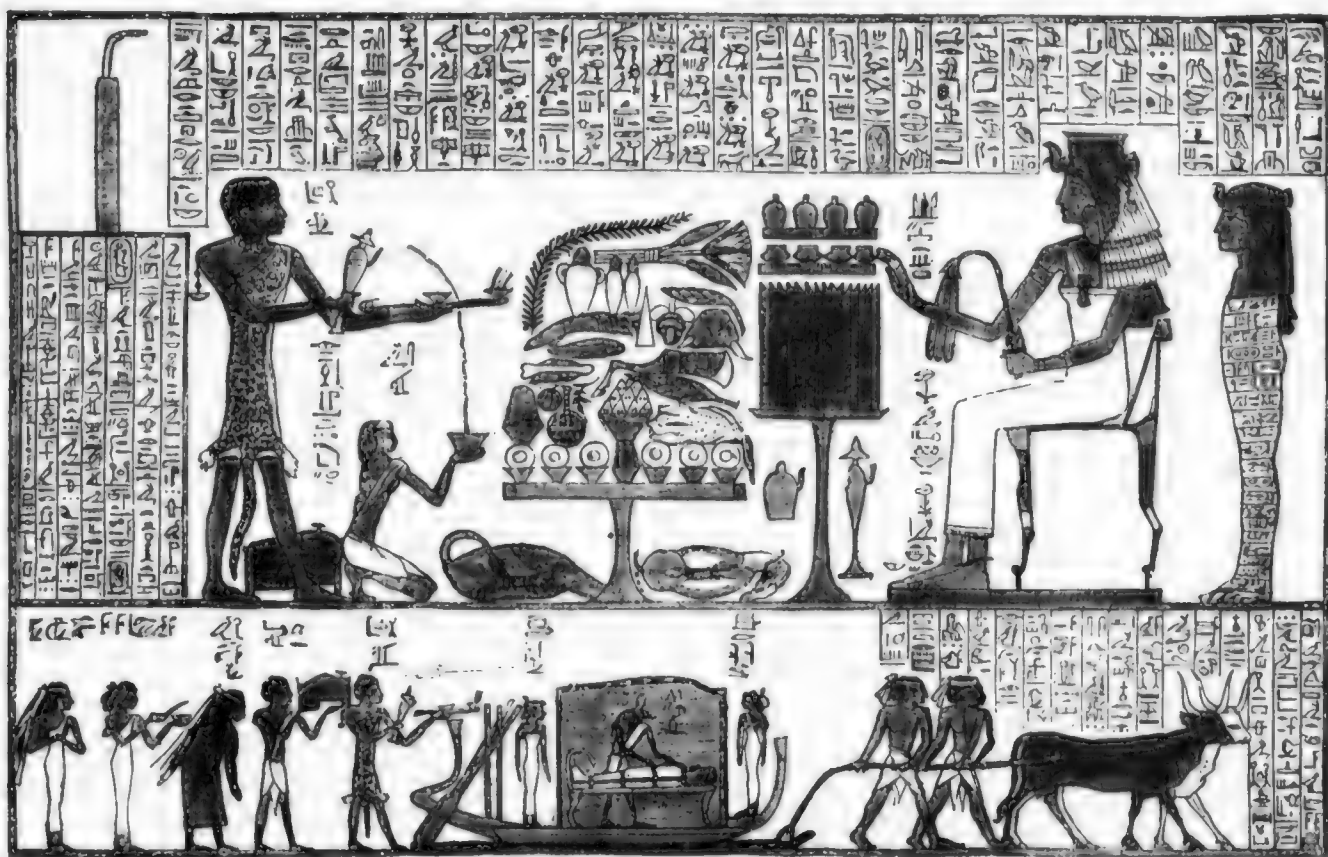
"Not a bit of it, my pet," answered a clear voice behind her, as a strong arm passed itself very unceremoniously around her waist. "I know my little girl too well for that. Let the diamond go and welcome; I've got the jewel of your love, darling, and *that's* worth more than all the diamonds of India."

And, although this bold assertion was made five years ago, Frank Ellerton has not changed his mind yet.

EGYPT.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

MUMMYOLOGISTS—to coin a word—are in ecstasies of delight over the recent discovery of thirty-six right royal mummies in the province of Keneh, at Thebes, in Upper Egypt. In June last it was observed that the market was almost glutted with rare "bits" of antiquities, the quality



FUNERAL PAPYRUS OF QUEEN MAKARA, OF THE TWENTY-FIRST DYNASTY.

may be enduring; but to be vulgarly robbed by a Tom Scraggs is more than flesh and blood can bear.

His niece's agitation, coupled with the sudden appearance of the paste diamond in her engagement-ring, led the shrewd judge's suspicions very near the truth.

A few home-driven questions, such as he was skilled in putting, elicited the whole story of the memorable interview in the meadow, with its accompanying legends of Mahmoud, the Image-breaker; and then, despite all their efforts to restrain themselves, the whole company broke into a deafening roar of laughter, in the midst of which poor Emily started up and fled as if the bull was at her heels once more.

"Shameful! shameful!" she sobbed, hiding her tearful face upon the uppermost bar of the gate. "Tom Scraggs and a paste diamond! Oh, dear, how shall I ever look anybody in the face again! And now I'll be teased and tormented out of my very life, and Frank himself will think me no better than a flighty little goose, and never speak to me again."

being in every respect equal to the quantity. The Pasha, who espied backsheesh in the distance, caused secret inquiries to be made, and very soon discovered that the hidden treasures were contained in a gorge of the mountain range that separates Deir-el-Bahari from the Bab-el-Melouk. This gorge is situated about four miles from the Nile, to the East of Thebes.

Daoud Pasha at once telegraphed to the Khédive, who forthwith dispatched to the spot Herr Emil Brugsch— younger brother of Dr. Henry Brugsch Pasha—who, during M. Maspero's absence in Paris, is in charge of all archaeological excavations in Egypt. Herr Brugsch discovered in the cliffs of the Libyan Mountains, near the Temple of Dier-el-Bahari, or the "Northern Convent," a pit about thirty-five feet deep, cut in the solid rock; a secret opening from this pit led to a gallery nearly two hundred feet long, also hewn out of the solid rock. This gallery was filled with relics of the Theban dynasties. Every indication leads to the conviction that these sacred relics had been removed from their appropriate places in

the various tombs and temples, and concealed in this subterranean gallery by the Egyptian priests, to preserve them from being destroyed by some foreign invader.

Herr Brugsch, wise in his generation, lost no time in telegraphing for a steamer, and having shipped his precious cargo, consisting of six thousand items, four royal papyri included, enjoyed the unbounded satisfaction of beholding it safely landed and deposited in the Boulak Museum.

I will now recapitulate the leading facts that led to the precious discovery that brought such glad tidings of great joy to the hearts of Egyptologists.

For the last ten years or more it had been suspected that the Theban Arabs (whose main occupation is tomb-pillage and mummy-snatching) had found a royal sepulchre. Objects of great rarity and antiquity were being brought to Europe every season by travelers who had purchased them from native dealers living on the spot; and many of these objects were historically traceable to certain royal dynasties which made Thebes their capital city. Some of the travelers were also dealers, and resold their purchases to the British Museum and the Louvre. At length suspicion became certainty. An English tourist, passing through Paris, presented Professor Maspero with some photographs from a superb papyrus, which he had then lately bought at Thebes from an Arab named Abd-er-ranoul. This papyrus proved to be the Ritual, or funeral sacred book, written for Pinotem I., third Priest-King of the XXIst Dynasty. Evidently, then, the tomb of this sovereign had been discovered and pillaged.

In January, 1881, the late lamented Mariette Pasha died at Cairo, and was succeeded by Professor Maspero, the present Conservator of Antiquities to H. H. the Khédive. Professor Maspero at once resolved to get to the bottom of the Theban mystery; and, with that object chiefly in view, proceeded in the April of '81 to Upper Egypt upon his first official trip of inspection. Arriving at Luxor—a modern village which occupies part of the site of ancient Thebes—he straightway arrested the said Abd-er-ranoul. Threats, bribery, persuasion were, however, tried in vain, and Abd-er-ranoul was consigned to the district prison at Keneh, the chief town of the province. Here, for two months, he maintained an obstinate silence. In the meanwhile, his presence being required in Paris, Professor Maspero offered a reward of £500 for the discovery of the secret, and returned to Europe. Scarcely had he embarked when one Mohammed, the elder brother of Abd-er-ranoul, went privately before the Governor of Keneh, offered to betray the secret, and claimed the reward. The Governor (Daoud Pasha) telegraphed immediately to Cairo, and Herr Emil Brugsch, Keeper of the Boulak Museum (whom Professor Maspero had deputed to act for him in any case of emergency) was forthwith dispatched to Thebes. Here he was conducted to a lonely spot in the most desolate and unfrequented part of the great Necropolis, which extends for between three and four miles along the western bank of the Nile. Hidden behind an angle of limestone cliff, and masked by a huge fragment of fallen rock, he beheld the entrance to a perpendicular shaft, descending to a depth of twelve mètres. At the bottom of this shaft opened a gallery seventy-four mètres in length, leading to a sepulchral vault, measuring seven mètres by four. In this gallery and vault were found some thirty-six mummies, including more than twenty kings and queens, besides princes, princesses and high priests; to say nothing of an immense store of sacred vessels, funeral statuettes, alabaster vases, and precious objects in glass, bronze, acacia-wood, etc. In a word, the treasure thus strangely brought to light consisted of some six thousand

items, not the least valuable of which were four royal papyri.

Professor Maspero, in his official report, warmly eulogizes the energy with which Herr Emil Brugsch, by the aid of five hundred native laborers, exhumed, packed, shipped and brought to Cairo the whole contents of this now famous hiding-place.

In some instances the mummy reposes in its original mummy-case, and sometimes in two or three mummy cases, the whole inclosed in an enormous outer sarcophagus. In others, only the mummy-case is left, the mummy having been destroyed or abstracted. Further, some mummies are found in mummy-cases not their own, or in mummy-cases which have been altered and usurped for their use in ancient times. The presence of a mummy-case, even though empty, is held, however, to indicate the former presence of its original occupant.

"Excursions and visits to the wells or passages of the pyramids, says M. Maspero, are very painful. Many people fancy that archæology is a very sedentary science. I should like to see them hanging at the end of a rope, with a well thirty mètres deep under their feet, and an inscription to copy at the bottom of the well; or lying down on the floor of a passage dug in the masonry, and knowing that at the least wrong movement a falling stone might bring about the fall of hundreds of tons of stones which would put an end to their lives and their explorations. I have just passed four whole days in the pyramid of Pepi II., at Saggarah, copying or drawing the text. In two places the masonry is in such a dilapidated state that we never knew when entering whether we ever should be able to get out again, and we always left a man out so that he might fetch workmen in."

The following is a complete list of the treasures, the asterisk (*) indicating that the mummy is missing:

XVIIth DYNASTY.—(Approximate Date) B.C. 1750 to B.C. 1703.—King Rasekenen-Taaken, Queen Ansera.

XVIIIth DYNASTY.—(Approximate Date) B.C. 1703 to B.C. 1462.—King Ahmes Ra-nob-pehti, Queen Ahmes Nofretari, Queen Aah-hotep, Queen Merit-Amen, Queen Honti-moo-hoo, Prince Se Amen, Princess Set-Amen, King Amen-hotep I., King Thothmes I., * King Thothmes II., King Thothmes III., Queen Sitka.

XIXth DYNASTY.—(Approximate Date) B.C. 1462 to B.C. 1288.—King Rameses I., * King Seti I., King Rameses II.

XXth DYNASTY.—(Not represented.)

XXIst DYNASTY.—(Approximate Date) B.C. 1110 to B.C. (?).—Queen Notem-Maut, King and High Priest Pinotem I., King Pinotem II., Prince and High Priest Masahirti, Queen Hathor Hont-Tani, Queen Makara, Queen Isi-em-kheb, Princess Nasi Khonsu, Prince Tat-f-Ankh, Nebseri (a priest), Noi-Shounap, a priest.

Most of the mummies have been placed on exhibition at Boulak. Some few of the royal mummies were found, however, to be in too dilapidated a state for exhibition. Among those not shown are Thothmes III., Pinotem I., and Pinotem II. Of the five thousand nine hundred and odd smaller objects, they are still, for the most part, in the store-house attached to the museum, pending the erection of a building suitable for storing them.

There can be no doubt that the vault in which these various mummies and funeral treasures were found was the family sepulchre of the Priest-Kings of the XXIst Dynasty. This Dynasty was founded by Her-Hor, High Priest of Amen of the Great Temple of Amen at Thebes, who, toward the close of the XXth Dynasty, at a time the throne of the last Ramessides was tottering to its foundations, either inherited the crown by right of descent or seized it by force. According to some authorities, Queen

Notem-Maut was a Princess of the Rameses blood, and mother of Her-Hor; according to others, she was his wife. In any case, her name is always surrounded by the oval, or cartouche, which is the emblem of royalty; whereas it was not till he had reigned more than five years that Her-Hor ventured to assume this distinction.

The close of the second Ramesside, or XXth Dynasty, was an epoch of great internal trouble and disorder. During the reigns of the last four or five *rois fainéants*, or royal sluggards, of that line, there had been little security for life and property in Thebes; and organized bands of robbers committed constant depredations in the more retired quarters of the Necropolis; attacking chiefly the tombs of great personages, and venturing even to break open the sepulchres of the royal dead. Hence it became the sacred duty of the reigning monarch to take every possible precaution to insure the mummies of his predecessors against profanation and pillage.

We accordingly find that Her-Hor caused the sepulchres of his predecessors to be periodically visited by a service of regularly appointed Inspectors of Tombs, whose duty it was to report upon the condition of the royal mummies; to repair their wrappings and mummy-cases when requisite; and, if necessary, to remove them from their own sepulchres into any others which might be deemed more secure. Several of these visits are recorded in the handwriting of the inspectors themselves upon the mummy-cases and bandages of five of the Pharaohs enumerated upon our list; and in most instances the entry is confirmed by the signatures of numerous witnesses. At one time the tomb of Queen Ansera, at another time the tomb of Seti I., at another time the tomb of one of the Amen-hoteps, would seem to have been selected as the chosen hiding-place of several royal mummies, all of whom had been removed from their own original sepulchres by order of Her-Hor or his successors. The mummy of Rameses II. (to whose memory, as the supposed Pharaoh of the oppression of the Hebrews, so strong an interest attaches) appears to have been removed more frequently, and to have suffered more vicissitudes of fortune than any of the others. That his sepulchre in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings had been violated by robbers can scarcely be doubted, for his original mummy-cases were either destroyed or damaged beyond repair. The very beautiful coffin of carved sycamore wood in which his mummy now reposes is a new one, made probably during the first years of the reign of Her-Hor, and distinctly appertaining to the style of that period. The coffin of Rameses I. is empty, and much damaged. The coffin of Thothmes III. is greatly injured, and the mummy is broken in three pieces. The coffin of Queen Ansera is missing; Queen Ansera herself being found in a coffin originally made for a Lady Raai. The mummy of Thothmes I. is also missing. From these and other indications, it may be concluded that the sepulchres of these sovereigns had been violated before the removal of their relics into the vault of the Her-Hor family.

Now, among the legal papyri preserved to this day are two which actually relate to the tomb-robberies before mentioned; and one of these, called "The Abbott Papyrus," is among the treasures of the British Museum. It was written in the reign of Rameses IX., and it consists of seven pages of hieratic MS., the work of a legal scribe in attendance upon a commission of Tomb Inspectors appointed to inquire into certain depredations which had then lately been committed in the Necropolis of Thebes. The scribe (after duly recording the date, the name of the reigning Pharaoh, and the names of the Commissioners) goes on to make minutes of the proceedings, which ex-

tended over four days. Each royal tomb which was visited, as well as the condition of the tomb and of its occupant, are entered in turn; and among these entries we find mentioned the tombs of two of the Pharaohs whose names appear in our present list—namely, King Rasekenen and King Amen-hotep I. Both came into the first day's round; and, in the words of the report, "were found intact."

This was in the sixteenth year of the reign of Rameses IX.; and "intact" they would seem to have remained throughout the reigns of the Xth, XIth, XIIth and XIIIth Ramesside Pharaohs, with the last of whom the XXth Dynasty ended. Intact (each mummy in his own original mummy-case) they were consigned eventually to the tomb of the Her-Hor family; and intact they now lie, separated only by the mummies of Ahmes I. and his son, Prince Se-Amen, in the East Hall of the Boulak Museum.

Enough has been said to show why it had become necessary, in the reign of Her-Hor, to remove these royal mummies from their own sepulchres. At the same time, it is evident that similar precautions were equally indispensable to the safety of the Priest-Kings themselves after death. In selecting, therefore, so obscure a spot as that lately discovered, and in so ingeniously masking the entrance to their vault, the descendants of Her-Hor were wisely providing for the repose of their own mortal remains. Not till near the end of the XXIst Dynasty, however, did they at last remove the mummies of their famous predecessors into the shelter of their own tomb. Professor Maspero believes this final measure to have been taken during the reign of King Menkheperra, the last sovereign but one of the Her-Hor line. Menkheperra himself is not among those found in the vault; neither is his son and successor, Pinotem III. Having piously deposited all these revered and deified Pharaohs and other royal personages in the last home of his own immediate ancestors, Menkheperra evidently closed the vault for ever, and was himself content to be buried elsewhere.

AMEN-HOTEP I. (XVIIIth DYNASTY).—Ser-ka-Ra Amen-hotep, second Pharaoh of the XVIIIth Dynasty, was a son of Ahmes I. and Queen Nofretari. According to the chronology of Mariette, which is based on that of Manetho, this Pharaoh ascended the throne about B. C. 1678. He was then a minor, and during the first years of his sovereignty was under the tutelage of his mother. With the exception of two somewhat unimportant campaigns, his reign, which lasted only thirteen years, was singularly barren of events.

As before mentioned, a visit of inspection to his tomb is recorded in the Abbott papyrus, where it is described as being situate "at the north of the temple of Amen-hotep of the vineyard," the approach to it being by "a long corridor," and the sepulchral chamber measuring "120 cubits in depth." The mummy-case of this Pharaoh, as shown in our illustration, is quite uninjured. The ground-color of the case is white, ornamented with one vertical band and three horizontal bands of hieroglyphs containing the ordinary religious invocation in the name of the deceased.

The head of the effigy is painted yellow, the headdress black, and the royal asp upon the brow in various brilliant tints. A vulture with outspread wings, emblematic of the goddess Maut, is traced in ink upon the breast of the figure. The mummy wears a mask and headdress of wood and stiffened linen, exactly resembling the face and headdress of the effigy on the mummy-case. The eyes of this mask are of enameled porcelain, and the face is evidently a portrait. The mummy measures one metre sixty-five centimètres long, and is swathed from head to

foot in garlands of lotus-flowers, and wrappings of orange-colored linen. A wasp, perfectly preserved, was found among these withered flowers, having been accidentally shut in when the coffin-lid was closed. Two hieratic inscriptions written on the mummy-case show the tomb of Amen-hotep to have been inspected and the wrappings of the mummy to have been renewed, in the sixth year of the reign of Pinotem II., and again in the sixteenth year of the Pontificate of his son Masahirti.

THOTHMES II. (XVIIITH DYNASTY).—Aa-Kheper-en Ra Thothmes was eldest son of Thothmes I., grandson of Amen-hotep I., and fourth Pharaoh of the XVIIIth Dynasty. He is supposed to have been married to his sister, the famous Hatasu. He, at all events, reigned with her conjointly. The events of this period are very obscure; but we hear of military expeditions in the direction of Syria, as well as of a raid upon the negro tribes of Ethiopia. Thothmes II. died young, having occupied the throne but a few years. He was succeeded by Queen Hatasu, who erased his name from the monumental inscriptions, and apparently sought to obliterate the memory by every means in her power.

The mummy-case of Thothmes II., though otherwise perfect, is broken at the foot. In style and workmanship it closely resembles the mummy-case of Amen-hotep I. The ground color is white, the face yellow, the headdress black. The face is excellently modeled, and the expres-



COFFIN AND MUMMY OF A GAZELLE.

sion is smiling and lifelike. The royal asp upon the brow has been broken off, and only a small fragment of it remains. The hieroglyphed inscriptions are arranged in the same manner as upon the coffin of Amen-hotep I., and are all almost identical in substance. They consist of the ordinary prayers addressed on the part of the defunct King to Osiris, the god of the after-world, and to Anubis, the jackal-headed deity who presided over the rites of embalmment and sepulture. The four lesser gods, or genii, of the dead, Amset, Hapi, Tuatmutf, and Kabhsenuf, are also invoked. A hieratic inscription traced upon the bandages of the mummy states that the

tomb was visited in the sixth year of Pinotem I., and that the "sepulchral equipments" (i.e., the bandages, funeral wreaths, mummy-cases, etc.) of the deceased were duly repaired and renewed by the inspector, who was also superintendent of the Royal Treasury. The mummy is swathed in wrappings of white linen, and measures one metre seventy-seven centimètres in length.

NEBSENI (A PRIEST OF THE XXTH DYNASTY).—Between Thothmes II. and the priest Nebseni—that is to say, between the XVIIIth Dynasty and the XXIst Dynasty—there extends a space of time equivalent to about 550, or 590 years, according as we accept the chronological scheme of Mariette or of Lepsius. Nebseni was a priest and hierogrammate of noble birth and Theban family; his father's name being Phiri and his mother the Lady Tamosoo. He was father of Queen Hathor-Hont-taui, husband, apparently, to Queen Tentamen, and grandfather to King Pinotem II. The mummy-case of Nebseni so



LITTLE CHEST OF PAPYRUS WITH WIG OF PRINCESS—TWENTY-FIRST DYNASTY.



CHEST OF PAPYRUS LEAVES, WITH OFFERINGS OF EMBALMED LEG OF MUTTON AND CALF'S HEAD.

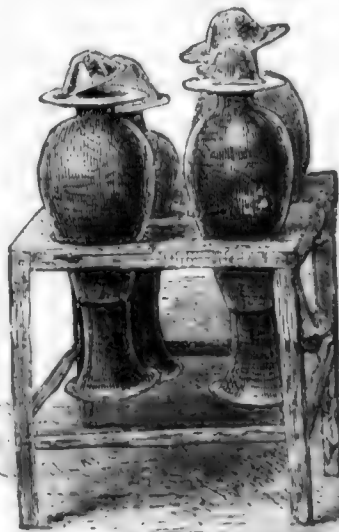


OPENED CASE AND MUMMY OF KING AMOSIS.

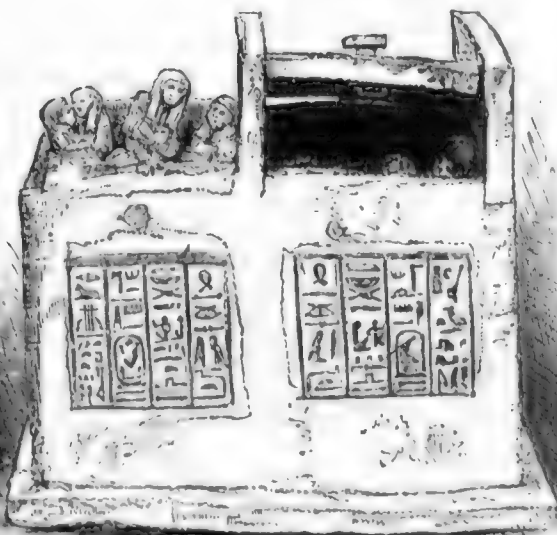


THE PRIEST NEBSERI.

closely reproduces the style and workmanship of mummy-cases of the kings of the XVIIIth Dynasty, that it is almost difficult to believe that a coffin of that period has not been appropriated for his remains. The face of the mummy is uncovered, and wears an aspect of pro-



VASES USED FOR OFFERING LIBATIONS, BELONGING TO PRINCESS.



CHESTS BELONGING TO QUEEN MAKARA AND HER DAUGHTER.

found repose. There is nothing repulsive in its appearance. The head appears to be covered with short curling hair. The lips are slightly parted, and the upper teeth are visible. The absence of the eyeball is indicated by the way in which the eyelids are sunken; and the nostrils

are forcibly distended, in consequence of the method employed by the embalmers for the removal of the brain, which was effected by means of a hooked instrument passed up through the nose. The expression is, nevertheless, not unpleasing. The shrouds are of somewhat coarse texture; and a few withered flowers may be observed stuck through the bands which hold the wrappings together. Nebsemi was evidently yet young at the time of his decease.

QUEEN HATHOR HONT-TAUI (XXIST DYNASTY).—Queen Hathor Hont-taui, daughter of the preceding (Nebsemi) and of Queen Tentamen, was of royal descent on the maternal side only. Her name became first known to science through her two funereal papyri (now in the Boulak Museum), which were bought at Suez in 1877 by the late Mariette Pasha. Those papyri had unquestionably been sold to some traveler in the first instance by the brothers Abd-er-ranoul, and came from the vault lately discovered. Our illustration represents the bandaged mummy of this Queen, and her mummy case; the lid of the latter being removed, and the inside visible. The bottom of the mummy-case is adorned with a painted portrait of Hathor Hont-taui. This portrait was once richly inlaid with gold; but the gold has been scratched off, and the design in places is almost obliterated. She is depicted in the character of Nub, the goddess of Gold, who is identical with Hathor in her funereal attributes; Hathor being this Queen's tutelar deity. She wears on her head a crown, fillet, and royal asp, surmounted by the sun-disk; and beneath her feet are seen traces of the hieroglyphic object which stood for the word "gold," and was used also to denote the sepulchral chamber in which the sarcophagus was placed. All these parts of the design are destroyed through the ignorant cupidity of the Arabs. The vertical column of hieroglyphs with which the front of the Queen's robe is decorated contains a list of her titles, as Royal Daughter, Royal Wife, Royal Mother, and Priestess of Amen. Her name, inclosed in a royal oval, appears at the foot of the column, just above the border at the bottom of her robe. The mummy, which measures one metre fifty-five centimetres in length, is beautifully bandaged in the best manner of this period; the white outer shroud being laid in narrow plaits along the legs, and bound together by vertical and horizontal folds of orange-colored linen.

FUNERAL PAPYRUS OF QUEEN MAKARA (XXIST DYNASTY).—The word "papyrus" has occurred somewhat frequently in the course of this article; and it may not be out of place to explain briefly the nature of the commodity so called, and the way in which it was made. Papyrus, in the sense of a manufactured article, was the writing-paper of the ancient Egyptian people, and our word "paper" is derived therefrom. This paper was made from the succulent stems of the water-plant which at that time flourished abundantly in the marsh-lands of the Delta. The pith, being disengaged from its outer sheath, was disposed in lengths laid transversely layer above layer, and moistened between each layer with some adhesive substance which glued the several surfaces together. The whole was then pressed, dried, and cut into lengths for use. The botanical name of this water-plant is the *Cyperus papyrus*. Hence a manuscript written upon papyrus, has come to be called "a papyrus"; just as a manuscript written upon writing paper is called "a paper." Other substances of a less costly kind were also employed for writing upon, such as linen, leather, tablets of wood, and even potsherds; but documents of importance were generally written on papyrus. One of the most important of all documents, in the eyes of an ancient Egyptian, was the "Ritual," or

"Book of the Dead"; and a copy of this sacred book (or, at all events, a few of the principal chapters) was invariably buried with the mummy of every person of position and means. The work consists of 165 chapters, and these chapters contained a series of prayers and invocations to be recited by the deceased person when passing through the dangers and temptations which beset the soul during the 3,000 years of probation which were supposed to elapse between the interment of the mummy and its final resurrection in the flesh. The museums of Europe possess a vast number of copies of this work, more or less complete, all of which have been recovered from tombs. Some of those written for royal personages are extremely splendid, of great length, and illustrated by numerous vignettes, richly colored.

Our present illustration reproduces one of the last pages of the funereal papyrus of Queen Makara, wife of Pinotem II. She is here seen, as if in life, seated in a chair, crowned with a headdress in design like a vulture, emblematic of the goddess Maut; with the royal asp on her brow, a necklace and pendant round her neck, and a large lotus-bud in her hand. Before her stand two tables piled with funereal offerings of bread, wine, milk, flowers, corn, a calf's head, a gazelle haunch, a goose, etc. A live gazelle and a live calf, tied ready for slaughter, are laid upon the floor. A priest attired in a panther-skin garment, assisted by an inferior priest or acolyte, pours a libation of water in honor of the deceased. Behind the Queen stands her mummy, covered with hieroglyphed legends and inscribed with her name in a royal oval. Under her feet, in sixteen vertical columns of hieroglyphs, is a long speech, supposed to be spoken by Makara herself, in which she sets forth her own virtues, saying: "I come to thee, oh my Lord Osiris, with pure hands. I have been just in all my dealings. I have not sinned against the King, and nothing have I done whereof men may accuse me. Behold! I am without fault. Oh, receive me! Oh, turn a merciful face upon me, my Lord Osiris!" In the lower register of this design we see the funeral procession on its way to the tomb. The mummy lies in a kind of ark, or cabin, on the deck of a light boat, which is placed upon a sledge and drawn by men and oxen. Anubis, the jackal-headed deity before named, stands beside the mummy in an attitude of protection; and the goddesses Isis and Nephthys are stationed at the prow and stern of the sacred boat. A priest follows with a libation-vase and incense-burner. Next after him comes the embalmer carrying a coffer; and the procession closes with three professional mourners, called "weepers." Viewed through a magnifying-glass, the texture of this papyrus can be distinctly seen. The text is written throughout in hieroglyphic characters, and offers an admirable example of careful penmanship.

LIBATION VASES OF QUEEN ISI-EM-KHEB, AND COFFER OF QUEENS MAKARA AND MAUT-EM-HAT (XXIST DYNASTY).—The four graceful vases shown in our illustration are of bronze, and were found in the wooden stand represented. They are of a shape much in vogue at this period, and they belonged to Queen Isi-em-kheb, wife of King Menkheperra, and daughter of Menkheperra's elder brother, Prince and High Priest Masahirti. It was not unusual for Egyptian princesses to wed with their uncles, or even with their brothers. Funereal libations were made in wine, milk, beer, and water; and these four vases may have been intended to hold all four liquids. The little coffer adjoining contains a number of the small funereal statuettes called *Shabti*, or "respondents." They are fashioned in the form of mummies, and made of glazed porcelain. Their hands are crossed upon their breasts

and hold agricultural implements—i.e., a hoe, sickle, and a bag for seed. According to the CXth Chapter of the "Ritual," the deceased has to hoe, sow, and reap in the celestial fields; and this chapter is generally written, and burned in, upon the backs of these figures, which are supposed to "answer" for the mummy, and, in a sense, to represent him and work for him. They were made in various materials, from the coarsest clay to the finest porcelain or the hardest stone, and were buried with the poorest as well as with the richest. The present coffer is divided by a partition, each half being inscribed outside with a separate hieroglyphic legend; one for "the divine wife of Amen, Makara," and the other for "the divine wife of Amen, Maut-em-Hat."

Merely to read these legends, one might suppose that Makara and Maut-em-Hat were sister Queens; but Maut-em-Hat was an infant, and her mummy is found in the mummy-case of her mother, Makara, who died in childbirth.

A HAMPER OF FOOD OFFERINGS; A WIG AND WIG-BOX; A MUMMIED GAZELLE.—The objects here classed together formed part of the funereal equipment of Queen Isi-em-Kheb, and are therefore more conveniently treated under one head.

Queen Isi-em-Kheb was the last member of the Her-Hor line who was buried in the family vault before that family vault was finally closed. In accordance with a custom which had prevailed in Egypt—with certain differences of detail—for a period of time not far short of 4,000 years, a considerable number of miscellaneous articles were laid with her in the tomb. These articles, besides the libation-vases, consisted of a funereal papyrus; a collection of toilet-vases and ointment-pots in alabaster; some very beautiful goblets in colored glass; a funereal canopy in cut leather; a kind of hamper made of rushes and sealed with the seal of King Menkheperra; a set of so-called "Canopic" vases containing the viscera of the deceased; several smaller hampers of rushwork; a box of *shabti*, or funereal statuettes; a mummied gazelle, etc. The large hamper, on being opened, proved to contain the funereal repast of Queen Isi-em-Kheb. The repast consisted of geese, legs of mutton and gazelle, calves' heads, etc., all mummified and bandaged. The smaller hampers contained each an enormous wig, highly frizzed and curled, such as was worn by Egyptian ladies of rank on state occasions. A similar wig may be seen in the second Egyptian Room in the British Museum. Changes of raiment were sometimes also buried with the dead, but not on this occasion.

All these articles of food and adornment were supposed to be for the refreshment of the deceased in that supreme hour of resurrection when the soul should return, after its long journey of trial and suffering, and once more animate the mummied body. Then should the mummy arise as from sleep; cast off its funereal bandages; eat, drink, and be refreshed; and so go forth, anointed and perfumed, and rejoicing, into the everlasting presence of Osiris. The mummied gazelle is embalmed entire, and inclosed in an admirably modeled case, stuccoed and painted. Part of the case is broken, and shows the bandaged hind legs of the mummy inside. The poor gazelle was probably a pet of the deceased Queen, and was slain in order that it might accompany her to the next world, so paying with its life for the honor of having been beloved by royalty.

After such a "find" as this, it is not to be wondered at that Egyptologists are half crazy in their enthusiastic raptures. Such a treasure-trove was well worth waiting for—yes, for a couple of thousand years.

THE GNOME OF THE HILLOCK.

A HINDOO LEGEND.

BESIDE the hillock, round which when young he had often played, upon which, in the infantine mimicry of piety he had years before built him a little obelisk to the god Mahadeo, and over which, in a fine cloud of tempered green, the old tamarind planted by an ancestor hung its boughs, the villager Anup was plowing up the tough ground. He had for half his lifetime been fighting a mysterious lawsuit which his grandfather had begun, and which—his adversaries through three generations having died out, and the papers relating to it having all been destroyed in the memorable year of the Pindaris's raid—he had won at last. Perhaps the curly-headed English youth who had come to the village to decide the case, bringing with him a little dog—harmless-looking, bow-legged, and of a whitish color, but which, during the half hour it staid in the village, had found time to kill Anup's great pariah cur—knew little about the matter. Perhaps Anup was in the right. At all events, there he was in that hot May day, driving his plow through the long-disputed patch of ground. When the sun was straight above him, and his shadow had fallen about his feet, Anup bethought him of his midday pulse, his tobacco and siesta; so he unyoked his languid oxen, turned his plow upside down, and went toward the tamarind-tree.

Ha! why does he turn his head to the hillock? What does he see? There is something glittering on the hillock's side. In a moment the old man is kneeling at the hillock, and with a sharp stone digging out the metal. Can it be *gold*? Gold it surely is! some pounds of it, and beaten into a hatchet shape. Could the stories of his village, then, be true? Was this hillock in truth the dwelling-place of the gnome Jubandwip? Was it a huge dumpling of jewels with just a paste of turf? Anup thought no longer of sleeping, but sat down, trying to settle in his fat village mind how he should craftily outwit the Gnome of the Hillock.

He sat wondering and looking at the lump of metal in his hand until the sun went down, and his oxen, bewildered at the unwonted holiday that had been thrust upon them, began to think of their evening measure of chaff, and turning toward Anup's village, browsed their way homeward. But Anup was not thinking of his supper or of his oxen. He had grown rich—was the usurer of his village; lent out money at high interest to his fellows; had bought half a district in a year of dearth; rode about in a comfortable palanquin; his name was "Babu Anupjee," and his house flowed with ghee and buttermilk. So he sat dreaming. But where was the money wherewith to do this—the wand to transform the scene? True, he had a handsome lump in his hand, but this was not sufficient to build all the castles he had planned, to buy the estate, and to fill his house with buttermilk and ghee. Where was the rest? *In the hillock there, ten yards from him.*

As he looked at it, he almost thought he saw the luminous gold burning in a yellow shimmer through the cracks of the gray mold and between the roots of the brown turf, and Anup could bear waiting no longer. So he ran to the hillock, and with his hands began pulling down the protruding lumps, and either hand, where it touched the hillock, rested on a chill surface, and with either hand he drew out a lump of gold. Was he bewitched? Wherever he put his hand gold came up to meet the palm, and he had only to close his fingers to draw out the rich wedges. But soon the weight of his treasure warned Anup that if he would not have his secret known, he must hide what he had already got and return for more on the morrow.

Hark! a cry—the light of lanterns—"Anup! Anup!" The villagers had seen the bullocks come home alone, and thinking that a tiger had carried off their master, his heirs were coming out to find him. "Anup! Anup!" The villager got up, twisted two or three lumps into his waist-cloth, and shouting in reply, was soon the centre of a circle of sympathetic friends. "He had fallen asleep; his oxen had gone off; the cries of his good friends had awakened him; he thanked them; he was quite well, a little rheumatic, perhaps; there was no tiger in the case."

And so he got home with his secret kept, and when the

There was no moon as Anup stole along. What a start those jackals gave him! Were the ill-omened beasts of carrion calling to him to go back? Tumbling through the air above him came an owl, surely warning him from the hillock. A great bat wheeled round his head! But Anup stumbled along and reached the hillock at last. From the tamarind-tree above him rustled out some night-fowl, and Anup, his hair bristling on his head, listened to its wild cry till it died away in the dark distance, before he felt the courage in him to approach the gnome's thesauron. And just as he had made up his mind to go up to



EGYPT.—MUMMY-CASE OF RAMESES II.
SEE PAGE 613.



QUEEN HATHOR HONT-TAUI, TWENTY-FIRST DYNASTY.



KING THOTHMES II., EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY.

evening meal was over—his fellows wondered that he refused to join the social hubble-bubble—he went into his dark hovel and fingered his gold. And as he caressed it, he remembered with fear the other wedges lying uncared for at the hillock's foot. After long thinking he crept out of his village. The whole country was asleep, except where, half a mile off, a fire was fitfully gleaming. The voice of the night-watchman indulging in a harmless song came toward him, broken only by the yelping of village curs and the clamor of the wild geese passing a mile overhead.

the hillock, and had moved out from beneath the tamarind-tree, he felt the earth tremble beneath him. And lo! the hillock burst open, and from the gleaming rent poured out a stream of molten gold. And from the rippling metal sprang a royal tiger, a noble beast with red-hot eyes, great claws and fangs of flame, and his whole skin lambent with a phosphorus lustre, on which, like the scars of old burns, showed out his hundred stripes. And on the tiger's back sat the outraged Gnome of the Hillock; the very terrible Jubandwip!

And Anup knew him. A thousand legends told of his

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE SALMON.—HEARING SALMON BY TORCHLIGHT.—SEE NEXT PAGE.



coal-black face, white eyes, and teeth as long and large as a man's arm, of his dank red hair and his feet that grasped like hands. It was, indeed, the Gnome of the Hillock, and he spoke in a voice like an elephant's trumpeting: "You have disturbed me from my rest; you have robbed me of my gold."

Then there was silence. Only the tiger's deep breathing, the pulses of the throbbing earth, and the hissing of the hot gold. Then Anup, trembling, offered to go home and bring the fatal treasure back, to leave that village for ever, and to tell the gnome's secret to no man. "Was not the gnome his god, and he poor Anup a plowman?" But Jubandwip would have none of the dress, and cried out:

"You may keep your gold: four hairs from your knee is the price I ask."

But Anup would not sell himself to the devil, and refused. Again the gnome thundered out his words, and again Anup whispered a faint refusal. And, lo! on a sudden the molten gold was rolled back like a carpet upon itself, enfolded the tiger and its terrible rider, and, crumpling up, was gathered again into the hillock, whose two sides closed with a tremendous sound that shook the ground again.

But in the midst of the great sound Anup heard clearly the word, "Beware!" and all the wakened hill-sides heard it, and shouted it to each other again and again, until in the distance the sound died away—"Beware—be—ware—ware!"

Next day Anup was found lying in his hovel nearly dead, and for many days it was thought he could not live. And when he woke up to life he was blind and deaf. What was life to him? He would go back to the hillock and sell himself to Jubandwip. Better be rich and well, the slave of a devil, than a blind pauper. So he asked his fellows to yoke his plow for him and take him to the patch of ground by the hillock near the tamarind-tree. So they took him, and standing apart saw the blind man guiding his plow hither and thither.

The bullocks, fat with no work, pulled to one side and the other; but the poor villager could not guide them, and the children among the bystanders laughed at the old man plowing in a circle, and lashing the empty air with his stick. And on a sudden, while all were watching the zigzag furrows, the plow grazed the hillock, and with an angry snap broke off short!

The bullocks, released from their weight, scampered hither and thither. A tuft of green herbage hung from the hillock side, and they stretched up their yoked necks to crop it. Those watching saw the weed pulled down toward their mouths, when suddenly the beasts together fell forward, their foreheads resting on the hillock.

Anup, feeling with his hands, came upon them. But what use a goad to drive on dead bullocks? Then Anup put out his hand to the hillock, and below his fingers he felt the chill touch of gold, and as if he had touched a serpent, he sprang back—"Jubandwip! Jubandwip!"

The villagers standing round heard the shout, and screaming, "Jubandwip! Jubandwip" fled to the village, leaving the old cripple by his bullocks. And the day wore on. The villagers crept back in twos and threes, and from a distance watched him. He was praying to the gnome, but they could not hear his words. He was kneeling and taking something from his knee. And then they saw him rise, and, as if he had his eyes, he walked, unconscious of their presence, muttering through their midst as they shrunk back to give him way, straight to his own hovel. At the door he paused, calling to his little nephew, "Tota! Tota!" and an urchin came running to him. The old man took the child's hand, and led him back; the villagers,

who had crowded round, making way for the couple and following in a whispering, frightened pack at his heels—old people and young; men forgetting their work, women their facecloths, children their play.

And Anup reached his field—the bullocks like gray marble figures knelt before the hillock, their foreheads resting against the turf, the broken plow lay by them—and neared the awful mound. The curious villagers, pressing from behind, stood closer, and they heard the blind Anup invoke the gnome, "Jubandwip! lord, I pay the price: I have brought him"; and the little child, sobbing with fear, was lifted with one hand by the old man, while with the other he felt the air before him toward the hillock.

All the villagers stood round, horror-stricken, open-eyed, open-mouthed, silent as a company of the dead. Anup had reached the hillock, and raising the child with both hands he placed it on the top. There was a little scream—and then the child lay quiet.

The vultures were gathering in the sky; already round the hillock and the kneeling kine swooped the carrion kites. Anup was rubbing his eyes, putting his fingers in his ears. Did he see the dead child? Could he hear the scream of the carrion kites? No; for the gnome was mocking him, and he cried out:

"Jubandwip! lord, I have paid the price; thou hast him, and yet I am blind. Jubandwip, my lord—oh, Jubandwip! I am still blind—blind."

But there came no answer, and all the villagers, horror-stricken and sick, turned away, creeping homeward one behind the other. One who turned to look at the cripple by the hillock saw that round him were sweeping and hovering a cloud of hungry birds, while ever and again came the piteous cry across the fields: "I am still blind, oh, Jubandwip! my lord, I am still blind!"

And some hours after, as the evening was graying, the young men of the village, with the daring of ignorance in them, crept toward the field, and climbing up the bank, parted the tussocks of sword-grass that grew like a mane along it, and peered through at the hillock. But where are the bullocks—the child—the old man? Ask that jackal dragging something under the tamarind-tree. No need to ask.

Months after the government officers came to the village to learn the truth. And the young, curly-headed Englishman, with his dog behind him, went into Anup's hovel—no one had dared to enter it—and in it he found some wedges of metal. "Hatchet-heads," he called them, "of the Copper Age."

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE SALMON.

By DR. ANDREW WILSON.

POSSIBLY the salmon is the best-known fish in the world, and despite the opinion of those who declare that the her-ring is the fish for epicures, the salmon appears likely to remain the "king of the fishes" in an edible sense, and to be the petted member of the fish-class. The importance of the salmon is oftener tacitly admitted than fully realized. Most people know that we make laws to protect his young and himself at various stages of their career; it is a matter of common remark that large sums of money are paid for the privilege of enticing him from his native rivers, and all are agreed that salmon-fisheries form a veritable mine of wealth to certain lucky beings who own or skillfully lease them.

With all this information, however, there are comparatively few persons who are correctly informed regarding the habits of the salmon, or even know the difference be-

tween a "salmon" and a "grilse," or between a "grilse" and a "smolt." And it may be taken for granted that there are still fewer persons who could give a plain account of the ordinary life-history of a salmon, or render an "unvarnished tale" of the trials and vicissitudes of its by no means uninteresting existence.

There is but little need to describe the salmon itself. The graceful body, with its glistening armor of steel-blue above and silvery-white beneath, is a familiar object to every one. We may, therefore, pass to consider the history of the fish itself, and for that purpose we may transport ourselves in imagination to the upper reach of some Scotch river in the Autumn or early Winter. There and then we shall find that the salmon ascend for the purpose of depositing the eggs from which new generations of fishes will in due time be produced. The mother-fish soon shows her activity by excavating a trench or furrow, in which she deposits her eggs, which are duly fertilized by the "milt" of the male fish, who also covers over the eggs with gravel by the action of his tail and other fins. All authorities agree in crediting the salmon with extreme fertility. One method of estimating the number of eggs produced by a female fish is that of calculating every pound of her weight to represent 900 eggs. But despite this fertility, it cannot be denied that only a small proportion of the ova are developed into salmon. Salmon-eggs are a toothsome luxury to hosts of their finny neighbors. Scarcely a fish exists that will not devour the eggs of the salmon. The bull-trout is their enemy; the pike is enamored of them; many-tongued rumor credits *Salmo pater* himself as inclined, when opportunity presents, to eat his progeny; and not a few birds are known to slay and spare not in the matter of salmon-eggs. Here tells the full force of the argument in favor of the artificial hatching of salmon-eggs. One account states that scarcely one egg per thousand attains development in the natural state, the rate of one fish out of 3,000 eggs being based on reliable data. From 3,000 eggs the fish-breeder will produce at least 1,000 "smolts," or young fry; and although the chances against even a small proportion of this latter number attaining development are very great, yet the enormous advantages of the artificial over the natural method of hatching can be readily perceived. For once art is superior to nature, in so far as the result of giving us greater numbers of young salmon is concerned—an acceptable boon to the lovers of fish.

It need scarcely be remarked that the earlier stages in the development of the salmon-egg are marked by an apparent quiet, which, to the ordinary observer, would seem to be ill-calculated to herald the birth of the young fish. But beneath the apparent quiescence, a wondrous process of building up the frame of the young fish is going on. From the jelly-like substance of the egg, *Madre Natura* is evolving bone and skin, muscle and nerve, and a general organization, which stands high, indeed, in the scale of being. The shortest period in which salmon-eggs can be hatched after their deposition is about ninety days; but much depends on the temperature and surrounding conditions. The young salmon at length emerges from the egg, as a tiny being, named a *parr*. The mention of this name gives rise to recollections of many an exciting argument and debate, both within and without courts of law, regarding the correct answer to the question, "Are parr the young of salmon?" The question may now be regarded as having been definitely answered in the affirmative, and we may, therefore, inquire in the next place what becomes of the parr. Sooner or later the parr becomes a *smolt*, and with the change of name acquires a change of costume; the smolt developing a bright, shining

armor of scales, and being thus at once distinguished from the more sombre-dressed parr.

A difficult, and at the same time very curious, question arises at this stage of our inquiries. The period at which the parr becomes the smolt is, or rather was, a point on which varied opinions were pronounced. The chief point around which this discussion traveled may be summed up in the inquiry whether the parr arrived at the smolt-stage at the end of two years and two months after leaving the egg, or when they were between thirteen and fifteen months old. Competent authorities arrived ultimately at the conclusion with which Sir Roger de Coverley dismissed his difficulties, namely, that "much might be said on both sides." Both views were correct, but each only expressed half the truth.

Each brood of salmon appears to divide itself into two bands. One band goes to the sea as smolts at the end of the first year, and the other at the end of the second year, whilst not unfrequently a third party may delay its seaward journey in the character of smolts until the end of the third year. One of the latest opinions on this head may be cited, to the effect that eight per cent. of the salmon becomes smolts at the end of the first year, sixty per cent. at the end of the second year, and thirty-two per cent. at the end of the third year of their life. Another authority maintains that the male parr, especially, are not prepared to pass to the sea until the second or third year of their existence. Be this as it may, the curious fact remains that the young salmon enter upon the days of their youth, so to speak, at different periods of their existence.

As may be gathered from what has already been remarked about the smolts, their destination is the sea. In the guise of a smolt, the young salmon pays its first visit to the ocean, leaving its native river in May or June. The parr not only never seeks the sea, but, as far as we know, will die if placed in salt water. Once in the sea, however, the silvery smolt grows and thrives apace. The change of water serves as a stimulus to its powers of nutrition, and most remarkable are some of the details furnished with regard to the rate of increase exhibited by the little fishes. The smolt attains a length of three or four inches, and in this stage proceeds to the sea. In a very few weeks these little fishes will return to their native rivers as *grilse*, weighing from three to five, or even nine pounds, according to the length of their stay in salt water.

The grilse-stage may be regarded as that of the budding manhood of the salmon. As the grilse, the fish is capable of producing eggs, and the fishes are supposed to spawn when they return from the sea to their native waters. The grilse in its turn leaves the river in due season and passes to the sea, but returns on its next visit to the river in its full development, and in the guise of the "salmon." Each year the salmon will migrate from fresh water to the sea, and will be found to increase amazingly after each seaward journey. The well-known experiment of the late Duke of Athole on the latter point may be referred to as illustrative of the rapid growth of the salmon. In 1859, three salmon, respectively weighing ten pounds, eleven and a half pounds and twelve and a half pounds, were caught as they were swimming to the sea. They were duly marked and set free. After six months' liberty they were again captured in the river, and weighed respectively seventeen pounds, eighteen pounds and nineteen pounds.

The value of the salmon as a food-fish has, of necessity, stimulated legislation on the subject. The "Commissioners" of Salmon Fisheries have had many a grievance in the past to contend with, but from the latest evidence it would seem that the future of the salmon is as yet



SALMON-SPEARING ON THE DEE, AT BRAEMAR, SCOTLAND.

undreamt of. With proper care of the fish itself, by due attention to the salmon rivers, by the removal of barriers to the upward passage of the salmon, and, above all, by the interdicting of the practice of river-poisoning by manufacturing nuisances, we may produce salmon in our markets as cheaply and as plentifully as herrings.

Mr. Young, one of the legal guardians of the salmon and its interests, for example, gives us some interesting information respecting the natural and artificial barriers to the ascent of salmon. Many lakes (*e.g.*, Loch Tay, Loch Shiel), which might be stocked with sea-trout and salmon, are tenantless, because the conformation of the river-course prevents the upward passage of these fishes. The erection of "salmon-ladders," by means of which these fishes are enabled to pass even perpendicular rocks of considerable height, has opened up some rivers before inaccessible to the fishes, and has, in the words of the commissioners, "created" a valuable salmon-fishery. A sore point with the salmon-guardians is the presence of mills and manufactories with their innumerable pollutions; and the fact that such sources of impurity are removable without injury to the manufactories, points out a remedy for the evil—for an unnecessary evil it unquestionably is. But legislation and public opinion are together tending in the direction of improvement in this matter, and when the day of the pollution of rivers has passed away, it may be safely

said that the salmon-millennium is nigh at hand.

The delights of salmon-fishing, the hooking of the monster, the excited chase and the capture, after, it may be, many a long mile of "play," are known only to the initiated and the expert. But there are other scenes in the life of the salmon not unmingled with the poetic, and which at present rise to our mental view. The scene is a long stretch of sandy shore on the Frith of Forth: the time is evening, with a setting sun fast disappearing behind a bank of clouds, and throwing a fiery effulgence over land and sea. There, seaward from the very door of the salmon fisher's hut, runs a long line of nets supported on huge poles, and throwing itself here and there into huge pockets, in which the finny prey is enticed, bewildered and finally

captured. The tide is receding, and the salmon-fishers, in huge jack-boots, wade to the furthest limits of the shore, and then, as they merge into deeper water, push off for the nets in their flat-bottomed "cobble." Soon they reach the first of their great net-pockets; and one unwinds a man-hole in the nets, and enters the pocket, wading about in his great boots, and armed with a net borne on the end of a stout pole. Cautiously he feels his way about, groping with the net around the latticed den, like a hunter seeking some agile quarry. Splash—there goes a tail-fin! The net has touched the fish, and now



SALMON-WATCHING ON THE RUINE.

begins the chase in earnest. Slowly the fisher careers round and round the pocket, until at last he presses his prey into a corner of the huge purse. The contest of man and fish now begins. Sloping his net, the fisher contrives to edge his fish into it, and cautiously shifts fish and net, still under water, nearer and nearer to the man-hole, at which the cobbler waits. Now comes the tug of war. The net is lifted suddenly; the great fish is in its toils, but it is as much as the man can do to grasp the net itself, and lift it so that his neighbor may seize the glittering fish, and with a merciful blow on the back of the neck send it painlessly to the shades. A grilse and other salmon follow; and as the last pocket is emptied of its contents the cobbler is pretty sorely laden, and has to be fastened far beyond its former anchorage, whilst its owners carry the rich spoil of the sea homeward.

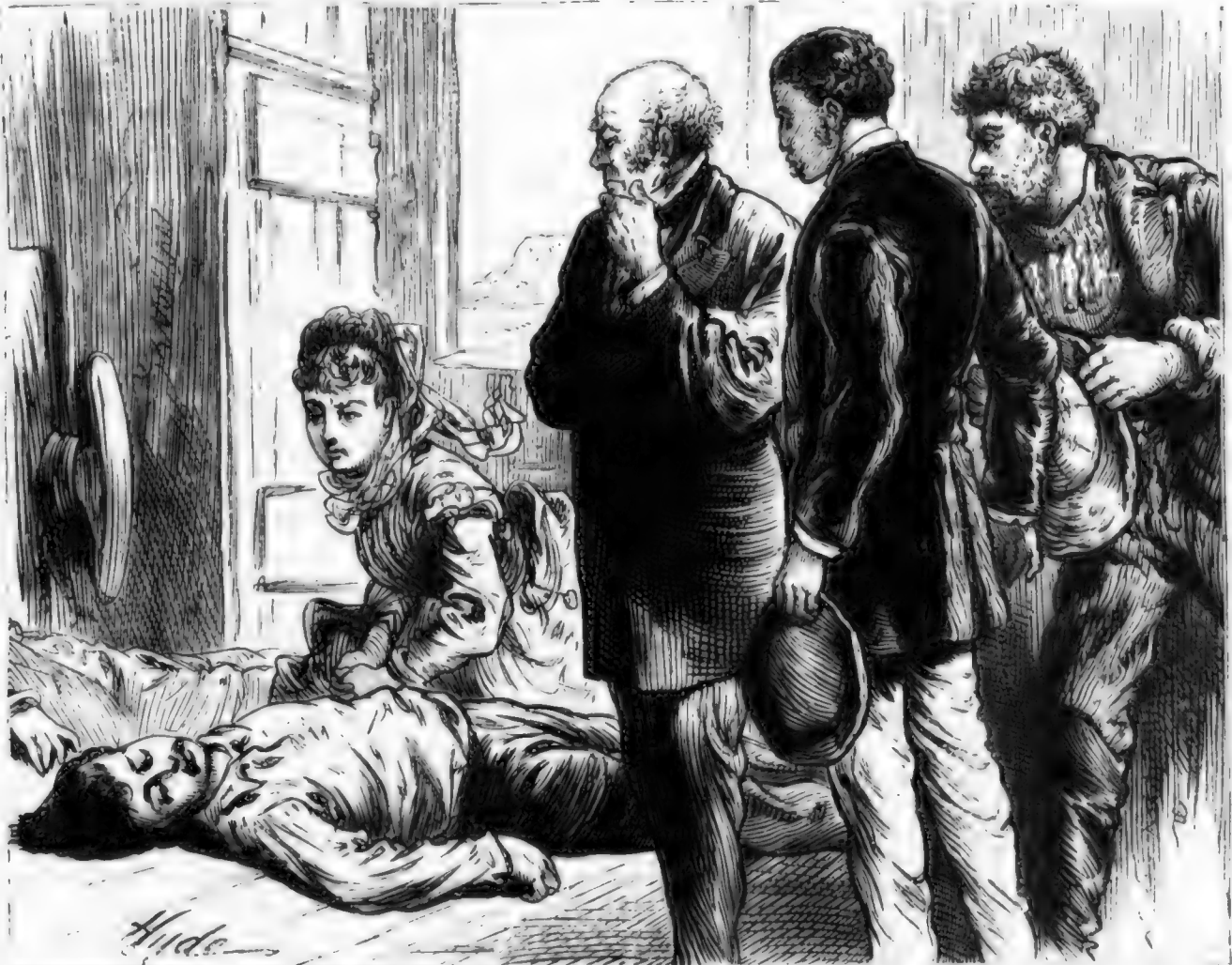
THE LAST QUARREL.

THERE was a "hop" at the Powhatan Hotel, and all the guests from the White House, and the Vice-President, were invited. It might have been pleasant enough if the weather had not been so intensely warm and the crowd so great. On the wide piazza a lady and gentleman were promenading.

"But, Susan, you know we promised to ride to Black Rock to see my mother to-morrow."

"Never mind your mother, Leonard; the next day will do quite as well for her. I really must go to this delightful picnic, and I would rather you went with me, of course, than Mr. Andrew."

"You know, Sue, I cannot break my promise to my mother."



THE LAST QUARREL. — "UPON A FEW PLANKS LAY TWO PALE, SILENT FIGURES, AND ONE WAS LEONARD. 'HE'S ALL RIGHT,' SAID THE DOCTOR. 'PUT YOUR EAR TO HIS MOUTH.'"

The sun has meanwhile gone down, and the night drawn on apace. The salmon yonder are being packed in boxes, and the rich green fronds of the bracken serve them for shrouds. To-morrow, when you hie homeward to town, the silvery fishes will accompany you. You shall see them laid in state on the fishmonger's cool, iced slab; and if perchance you receive an invite to dine with some magnate of the land, you will, mayhap, feast right royally on the very "king of fishes" you saw captured whilst the sun was setting on the seashore, by the ruined castle and the fisher's hut. But whenever a salmon graces the board, I pray you, say grace right thankfully for the rich feast provided for you by the monarch of the sea.

Economy in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes that good breeding has on our conversation.
Vol. XIII., No. 5-10.

"You would rather disappoint me, I suppose."

"You are young, your pleasures are legion—besides, we promised."

"Then I suppose you will let me go alone?"

"If you go, it will be without me; but, Susan, don't do that—it is sure to excite gossip; our little misunderstandings have become too frequent."

"I don't care. Nelly is going, and Mr. Andrew will take me. If you don't wish to go you needn't."

"I wish you wouldn't let Andrew pay you so much attention. He certainly must guess by this time that you are engaged to me."

"Dear me! it's a dreadful bore to be engaged. You always want me to do something absurd. I didn't promise your mother, so it doesn't really matter; there, let me go—I am engaged; the band have begun the Lancers."

Leonard was dissatisfied. He returned to the charge

before the evening was over. Susan knew he was right, beyond a doubt; but that very knowledge made her angry, so she followed her cousin up-stairs without bidding Leonard good-night.

Susan was dissatisfied with herself, and began to put off her ornaments in silence; but Ellen had had what girls call a good time, and had even more than usual to say. At length the morning light began to peep into their room.

"Oh, dear!" said Ellen, "that's the worst of it. I can't sleep a bit after the music and dancing, and I sha'n't have a chance to-morrow, for there's the picnic, and, in the evening, the hop at the White House, and we shall look like ghosts."

A pause.

"How hot it is!" and Ellen gave herself another fling. "Sue, don't you hear me?"

"Of course I do," snapped Susan; "why don't you keep still?"

"Because I can't. I'm not sleepy—are you?"

"No!"

"I do hate to be in bed when I can't sleep, and it's getting so light."

Next she raised her head and pulled her watch from under the pillow.

"Do you know, Sue, it won't be time to dress for breakfast for another hour, and I'm disgusted with this horrid room."

"Well, do dress yourself and go down-stairs."

"That's no use; there isn't a soul up in the house."

"What a fib!"

"Well, of course I mean an *eligible*. No one I care for will be up at that time. You mustn't be so short. I suppose old Mrs. Walker will be out on the beach, but I can't flirt with her, can I? Besides, it's no fun to go down early. I like to wait till the breakfast-table is full, and make a sensation."

She shook her pillow, and lay still for a minute and a quarter.

"Sue, if you were me, would you wear your blue grenadine or your white tarlatan to-night?"

"If I were you, Nell, I would keep still, and let my cousin sleep."

"How cross you are! I don't believe you are sleepy."

"Well, I'm tired and worried."

"What's the matter?" No answer. "I know. You can't fool me; you've quarreled with Len Hatfield again. I thought as much last night."

Susan forgot her crossness in the desire for sympathy:

"And the worst of it is, Nell, it's all my fault."

"You'll quarrel once too often."

"Well, I do think it is his place to give up to me."

"What's the fuss about this time?"

"Why, you know we were to go to his mother's this afternoon, and, now, I want to go to the picnic instead. He could put his mother off—at any rate, we each want our own way."

"Well, Susan Leavitt, I know you said you would go, and let him send a note to Mrs. Hatfield. You ought to keep your word; besides, I think you would rather stay with Lena than go with us."

Ellen rattled away all the time they were dressing, but Susan was silent.

The first breakfast-bell rang, and the second, but still Susan lingered. Her cousin went to make a sensation without her. From the open window she saw Mr. Andrew returning from the beach. She caught her hat from its nail, and swinging it by the ribbons, ran down to meet him. As they exchanged a few careless words Susan

contrived, apparently by accident, to toss her hat over the balustrade.

"The very thing," thought she, as Mr. Andrew went down the steps. "I'll let him carry it into the breakfast-table, and Leonard will think I have been for a walk, and he'll be dreadfully jealous."

Accordingly, the young lady did not offer to regain her property, and the pair flushed—the one by excitement, the other by exercise—went to breakfast together.

Leonard watched them. He could not hear what they said, but he had no doubt they had been walking; for he saw the brown hat first in Andrew's hand, and, finally, hanging from the back of his chair.

Mr. Andrew was very attentive, partly that he guessed Leonard would watch them, for he knew of the quarrel, and partly that Susan was a lively, pretty girl, and he felt in the humor to abet her in a little mischief.

The picnic party adjourned to the piazza. Susan began to wish Leonard would ask her to stay. She looked at him; he was reading the marriages and deaths from the morning paper to Mrs. Walker, whose eyes were weak. A waiter came to receive orders for luncheon and carriages. Mr. Andrew began to count the party.

"Hatfield!" calling to Leonard, "you go, of course?"

"I am otherwise engaged."

Leonard had determined to say no more—he did not believe Susan would go without him—it had never entered his mind she could be jealous of his mother.

"Sue," said Ellen, marching into the room where Susan was dressing, "do you mean to go without Leonard?"

"Why shouldn't I?" and she nervously passed the brush over her already smooth and shining hair.

"Because you have no business to fool with that Andrew; he's only flirting with you to get rid of his time."

"I don't see why I mayn't flirt as well as you."

"Why, because you are engaged; you ought to consult Leonard's wishes."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Susan, haughtily. "I don't intend to; you'll see."

"Well, I know when I'm engaged I won't be so silly. You may lose him yet, Sue. *Prenez garde.*"

"I do think, Nell, you're a pretty one to lecture me! You always were ten times worse of a flirt than I."

"There's a time for all things," returned Ellen, "and my time happens to be now; yours was last Winter. You had no business to be engaged until you could make up your mind to lay aside all such nonsense. I will tell you what, when I find out which I like best the rest shall know it." Ellen's pretty face was very earnest. "I won't have them coming round after I'm engaged any more than I will when I'm married. I'd like to see that puppy, Andrew, ask me to ride with him! If I were in your place I'd have thrown *something* at him—either a glass of water or a plate, whichever happened to be handy."

"He don't know I'm engaged to Len," said Susan, with crimson cheeks, as she bent her head to button a boot.

"Bah-ah-ah!" said Ellen, rather rudely, it must be confessed. "What do you suppose all these folks think of your everlasting quarrels? and, besides—" Ellen sunk upon the bed in a paroxysm of laughter—"Didn't we see you the other night—about a dozen of us—walking up and down under the high rocks with Leonard's arm around your waist! You were just under us, and, I suppose, thought yourselves as much alone as Adam and Eve, and were equally in Paradise. Not know you're engaged! tell that to the horse-marines!"

"How very vulgar you are, Ellen!" said Susan, raising her head, and feeling hot to the very tips of her fingers.

Ellen laughed again. Susan felt so angry that she had been caught, as she knew she must have been, that she ran out of the room to avoid hearing any more.

All that day Susan Leavitt was miserable; she could not enjoy anything; her head ached, she was completely sick of Andrew and his attentions, and she had the anticipation of Leonard's reproaches in the evening. Ellen was very compassionate when she found her cousin's headache was real; she held Susan's head on her shoulder all the way home, and afterward insisted that she should lie on the bed and try to sleep, instead of going to dinner, promising to make it all right with Leonard, and to wake her in time to dress for the hop at the White House in the evening.

"And, Nelly," as that young lady, renovated by a fresh toilet, was about to flourish down-stairs, "be sure you let him know that I didn't go out this morning before breakfast;" and Susan pressed her burning forehead against the pillow, resolving to quarrel no more with her lover, reflecting upon his many perfections and her own shortcomings, until, overcome by weariness and want of rest, she fell asleep.

Ellen's eyes wandered around the dining-tables; she watched anxiously every late comer to the saloon. Leonard did not come; she grew anxious; he might have returned to New York; in fact, she did not know what might be the upshot; and then she minced her ice-cream, feeling thoroughly provoked with the pair. After dinner she went up-stairs. Susie was asleep—that was a good thing. She watched on the piazza, and then, to get rid of her thoughts, began a promenade with a gentlemanly individual, whose time likewise seemed to hang heavy on his hands. At length Mr. Andrew appeared, from some parts unknown, where he had been igniting some tobacco.

"Ah, Miss Leavitt!" said he; "your cousin was not out to dinner—what is the matter?"

Ellen stopped short for the purpose, as she afterward said, of snubbing him.

"She's recruiting her exhausted energies for the evening; the infliction of your company this morning seems to have fatigued her."

"I'm glad it's no worse. I suspected she was afraid of seeing or hearing something below to damage her appetite."

His smile and manner were so good-natured that Ellen laughed in spite of herself, and concluded by sending to find out what had become of Leonard.

When she wakened Susan to dress for the evening she had but little to tell; Leonard had started about noon in a row-boat; Mr. Andrew had been to his room—the trunks and shaving apparatus were there. "So," said Ellen, in conclusion, "he'll turn up some time or other."

Upon mature deliberation Susan thought so, too. She felt considerably refreshed by her sleep, her headache had gone, a cup of coffee had given her fresh courage. Ellen brushed her hair and petted her, instead of teasing, and neither of the girls doubted that Leonard would make his appearance in due season. Still Susan was a little nervous about meeting her injured lover, and her pride rose somewhat as she thought of the apology due to Mr. Hatfield; but then she glanced at the mirror. Leonard was very fond of his lady-love's beauty; she had on a dress of his favorite color, the delicate wreath of French flowers in her hair he had brought from New York the week before as a peace-offering after their last quarrel but three, and as she clasped her bracelet, likewise his gift, she really thought herself irresistible.

The hall was nearly full; Ellen had already gone down; Susan was peeping over the balustrade; some one said

something about two men being drowned. Susan clutched the railing and listened.

"They were lying in the boat-house; one was a gentleman from the Powhatan."

Susan rushed through the crowd and caught the man by the arm.

"Was it the boat from Black Rock?"

"Yes, surely."

"And I did not speak to him this morning. Oh, Ellen! it's all my fault!"

No one moved or spoke, a horror seemed to have fallen over the gayly-dressed pleasure-seekers. Susan tightened the clasp of her hand upon the rough boatman.

"Take me to the boat-house."

Mr. Andrew came forward, and, drawing her hand through his arm, they hurried to the shore.

"I tempted you——" he began; she did not listen.

Three times she forced herself inside the door of the boat-house; and as many times was put out by six feet of doctor. The tide was coming up, the ground grew wet. Susan did not care; she tore the white gloves in ribbons from her hands; Mr. Andrew removed the jewels from her arms, but she scarcely noticed him. With the help of some gentlemen he kept the crowd from her as well as he could, and at last the tall doctor let them in.

Upon a few planks lay two pale, silent figures, and one was Leonard. Neither of them was dead, but both were unconscious.

"He's all right," said the doctor. "Put your ear to his mouth."

Susan turned to Mr. Andrew.

"Go back and tell them."

"And leave you?" he returned, in surprise.

"Yes," she said; "I shall stay here. I am not afraid."

From the first she had been very quiet, but when at length Leonard opened his eyes and spoke, she began to weep; and the rough boatmen, who had pitied the beautiful lady so much, could not understand why she should take on, now that her sweetheart was safe.

Some shutters had been brought, on to which the doctors lifted the men, to carry them to the hotel. Drawing a shawl over her shoulders, which she had repeatedly refused, Susan followed with Mr. Andrew.

"I think," said that gentleman, as they splashed through the seawater, now become ankle-deep, "that if we had staid here much longer we should have been drowned ourselves. I don't think, Miss Susan, that Mr. Hatfield will thank me for the evening's work; I fully expect you have caught your death; you are dripping wet. I expected a challenge for this morning's mischief—now, I suppose he will shoot me down without further notice."

"You are so kind, Mr. Andrew," answered Susan. "I shall thank you for your care of me this evening to the end of my life."

Mrs. Leavitt and Ellen were watching anxiously, sustained by fresh bulletins every five minutes. There had been no dancing at the White House, and the crowd assembled at the Powhatan was something remarkable.

Poor Susan was a deplorable-looking object; her elegant crape ball-dress was torn and crushed in a manner that distressed the ladies to witness, the flounces were saturated with salt-water, the lace bertha and its lovely flowers were dripping and drooping, the satin shoes and silk stockings were covered with wet sand.

"Take this young lady," said Mr. Andrew; "by force, if necessary; give her some hot brandy-and-water, and warm her and dry her. She's by far the worst of the two, now."

Susan was forced to let her cousin and the ladies



LOVE'S ENVOY.—A MARBLE STATUE BY CARONI EMANUELE, OF FLORENCE.

generally, divest her of her wet dress; they put a warm wrapper upon her; with the white flowers still in her hair, she resumed her place at Leonard's side.

Mr. Hatfield appeared at dinner the next day, declaring himself as good as new. Susan had learned a lesson. She

promised to obey, shortly after, and I believe she kept her word.

Mr. Hatfield says his last quarrel with his wife was the one which all the world knows of, at that celebrated hop at the Powhatan.



TWO THRONES.—SEE PAGE 630.

TWO THRONES.

BY DUMAURIER.

Oh, Beauty, peerless as thou art,
And wide thy range, and keen thy dart,
And meek the captives of thy bow,
Inconstant beats the manly heart—
The present Bard's extremely so!

Wit, Wisdom, Strength and Valor meet
(The Bard amongst them,) at thy feet
To kneel in homage as of old;
Yor turn a rival Queen to greet,
Whose crown is of a purer gold!

Proen as thou wilt thy feathers fine,
A gift is hers, by grace divine,
Even more potent to enthrall,
O Bird of Paradise, than thine,
The hearts and souls of one and all!

And what avail thy gilded crest,
The silver shimmer of thy breast,
The glories of thy painted wing,
If, yielding to the Bard's behest,
The Nightingale vouchsafe to sing?

HOW BUILDINGS ARE PROTECTED AGAINST LIGHTNING.

BY ROBERT JAMES MANN.

IN the year 1764 the steeple of St. Bride's Church, in Fleet Street, London, was struck by a flash of lightning and seriously damaged. This accident occurred just at the time when the attention of scientific men had been strongly drawn to the electrical nature of thunderstorms, by the memorable experiments of Benjamin Franklin. Dr. Watson, who shortly afterward became a Vice-President of the Royal Society of London, and who had been on various occasions the means of communicating the proceedings and views of Franklin to its Fellows, in consequence was induced to make a careful inquiry into the mechanical effects of the discharge, and he found that the lightning had passed to the earth along a track which was partly composed of iron, and partly of masonry and timber, and that wherever the discharge had traversed thick rods of iron it had left no perceptible traces of its passage, but that where it had passed through masonry or wood it had shattered the material into fragments.

The lightning first struck the weather-cock which stood on the top pinnacle of the steeple, and then ran down the stout iron bars by which this was held aloft in its place, effecting so far no injury; but when it reached the lower extremities of these bars it destroyed several large stones as it leaped across to other masses of iron, which had been built into the masonry to give strength to the wall; and further down, where no more iron was to be found, it made such vast gaps in the structure that not less than ninety feet of the steeple had to be taken down and rebuilt.

The fact which was accidentally illustrated in this occurrence is one which is now well known to electricians. When concentrated and powerful electrical discharges occur through material substances that are capable of affording them a ready and easy passage, no permanent disturbance is caused in the adhesive coherence of the molecules. But when they make their way through substances that afford considerable resistance, the molecules are thrown into paroxysms of convulsion, and very frequently are so widely separated from each other that the structure is destroyed.

As a general rule, the greater the resistance that is offered to the passage of an electrical discharge the more marked is the disruption and destructive effects that are produced when the transmission takes place; or, as the same fact is expressed in the more technical language of the electrician, the worst conductors are most liable to be injured by the passage of discharges of high tension. This simply means that there is an inert resistance exerted by the molecules of non-conducting substance, which prevents the vibratory movements amongst themselves—of which electrical transmission consists—from being established until the disturbing force is roused into an energy that suffices to tear them asunder at the same moment that their cohesive stubbornness is vanquished. When the electrical transmission is made through easily conducting substance, the molecular vibration is established without the occurrence of any very strong molecular resistance, and consequently without any strain that is dangerous to cohesive integrity. The propagation of the vibratory state is set up before the disturbing force is intensified by persistent resistance into destructive strength.

But when powerful electrical discharges are passed through substances of good conducting capacity, the molecular disturbances that are propagated through the mass are manifested to observation in another way. If a discharge of such character, for instance, is transmitted through a metallic wire of moderate dimensions, the wire becomes hot to the touch at the instant of the passage. In that case the heat is, in reality, due to the vibratory movement of the molecules of the wire. The disturbance takes effect in heating the wire, instead of in tearing asunder its molecules. But the amount of heat that in such an instance is produced depends upon two circumstances: it is affected both by the dimension of the wire and by the intensity or energy of the discharge. The larger the amount of the discharge through any particular stretch of wire, the greater is the heat; or, again, the smaller the wire through which any particular discharge is passed, the more its temperature is raised. A frequently-exhibited experiment of the lecture-room consists in turning a fine platinum wire red-hot by the transmission of a sustained current of electricity through it. The wire is easily caused to glow so brightly that its luminosity becomes evident in full daylight. If, in this experiment, the wire is either made smaller or shorter, the incandescence becomes more intense, and the luminosity more brilliant. The wire may, indeed, be ultimately made either so fine or so short, that it is melted by the heat. A long strand of very fine copper wire laid along upon white paper remains only as a dark stain of metallic dust impressed upon the paper, when the discharge of a powerful battery of Leyden jars is passed through it. Metals of inferior conducting capacity in a similar way are more heated than metals of a better conducting power, and of equal dimensions. Thus, platinum wire is more heated than iron, iron more than silver, and silver more than copper. If a wire is made of alternate links of platinum and silver, each link being of precisely the same thickness and length, when a sustained electrical current of sufficient intensity is passed through it, all the platinum links are raised to a shining red heat, whilst the intervening links of silver remain still dark.

As a general rule, metals are of good conducting capacity, and afford a ready transmission for electrical disturbance. But they vary very much, indeed, amongst themselves, in their capacities in this particular. Thus, copper stands foremost among them for its conducting power; silver has about one-third the conducting capacity of copper; brass a little less than that; iron less than brass;

tin and lead considerably less than iron; and platinum is very nearly equal in transmitting capacity to iron. This capacity of metallic bodies for the easy and unresisted transmission of electricity, without material derangement of their molecular state, is the circumstance which has been taken advantage of by science in establishing an organized defense against the injurious effects of lightning.

In the Autumn of the year 1750 a letter was written from Philadelphia by Benjamin Franklin to a friend in London, in which he dwelt upon his conviction of the absolute identity of lightning and electricity, and urged that all damage from lightning might be certainly prevented if iron rods with sharp points were fixed to the highest parts of the buildings. This was the first clear and definite conception of the idea of the lightning-rod which is now so extensively employed. The suggestion was at once thrown into the form of a pamphlet, and printed in London. It was eighteen months after this time, namely, in May, 1752, that electric sparks were for the first time drawn from the clouds at Marly-la-Ville, near Paris, through an iron rod one inch in diameter and eighty feet high, which was held up toward the clouds by a wooden scaffold, and which had been erected by M. Dalibard in pursuance of the plan suggested by Franklin. The sparks were in the first instance obtained by an old soldier, who had been left in charge of the apparatus during the passage of a thunderstorm overhead.

It was on the 4th of July in the same year, 1752, and, therefore, nearly two months afterward, that Franklin's own celebrated experiment with the kite was performed, and that sparks were drawn from the thunder-cloud in a similar way through its wet string. In the same year Franklin carried his own idea into practical effect, by erecting an iron rod upon his house in Philadelphia. This rod was furnished with a steel point projecting eight feet above the roof of the house, and it was carried five feet into the ground. It was, essentially, the first lightning-rod constructed for purposes of protection. The first conductor erected in England was set up in 1762, by Dr. Watson—already alluded to as the enthusiastic advocate of Franklin's views—over his residence at Payne's Hill, near London; this rod had been erected upon Dr. Watson's house just two years at the time of the destruction of the steeple of St. Bride's Church.

Under the earnest support of a few scientific men, the practice of erecting lightning-rods for purposes of protection from this time gradually forced its way into public notice. In the year 1769 the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's applied to the Royal Society of London to tell them how they should set about fixing a rod to their noble cathedral. The first rod set up on the continent of Europe was attached to the church of St. Jacob, at Hamburg. This was erected in 1769. In 1771 the celebrated naturalist, Professor de Saussure, fixed a conductor upon his house in Geneva. The practice was, nevertheless, still looked upon with much doubt and suspicion. As recently as 1838 the Governor-General and Council of the East India Company ordered that all lightning-rods should be removed from arsenals and powder-magazines in India, on account of the danger which their employment involved.

The French were, from the first, keenly alive to the importance of adopting Franklin's recommendations in the matter of protection against lightning. Some opposition had, in the first instance, to be encountered, chiefly on account of the jealousy and misapprehension of the Abbé Nollet, who deemed himself the great scientific authority of the day in such matters, and, therefore, was inclined to resent the intrusion of a new prophet into his domains.

He at first denied that there was any such person as the alleged author of the new system in existence, and then, when the London pamphlet had been translated into French, he shifted his ground, and maintained that the proposed innovation was both dangerous and inefficient. A most admirable French designation was, nevertheless, contrived for Franklin's rod. It was aptly called the "Paratonnerre," a French compound word, which signified the fender off of lightning, and in 1823 formal instructions were drawn up by the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and adopted by the French Government, for the scientific construction of the apparatus. An amended and improved form of these instructions was again issued in 1854. The memorandum of 1823 was signed by the august name of Gay Lussac, and to that of 1854 was appended the scarcely less distinguished signature of Professor Pouillet. Additional memoranda were supplied by the Academy in 1855 and 1867.

No proceedings of a similarly intelligent and practical kind have hitherto been attempted in England, and these French documents have accordingly remained the authoritative guide of our own architects and engineers in their practice. The history of Franklin's invention constitutes one of the most charming and interesting episodes in the annals of physical science. But the subject is, unfortunately, too long to be more fully dwelt upon where all the space at command is required for a more immediately practical object.

The first thing to be considered in arranging for the protection of any building against lightning is the metallic conductor, which is to be provided to serve as the main channel for the electrical discharge. The self-same plan which was adopted in the first instance by Franklin has still, in the main, to be pursued. A continuous metal bar, or rod, is to be attached to the building, so that it projects into the air above its highest part, and dips into the earth below its foundations. This rod must, above all things, be of sufficient capacity for the work which it is intended to perform; that is to say, it must be so thick that it would not offer any material resistance to the largest discharge of lightning that could in any circumstances be thrown upon it from the clouds. It must be of such ample dimensions that it would not even be heated to any large extent by such a discharge, for heat in such circumstances, it must be remembered, would imply the presence of resistance, or obstruction, and the object of the contrivance is that the transmission shall be unimpeded and free. Franklin used iron for his rod on account of its comparative cheapness. But copper is now very much more generally employed, for various reasons. It is more readily bent so as to be applied closely to all the irregularities of the building. It is less easily corroded by moist air; and it has a very much higher conducting capacity. Iron may be as effectively employed as copper; but if this is done the main stem of the rod must be six times as large as it would need to be if it were of copper; that is to say, it must have six times the amount of metal in any given length, such as a foot, or a yard; it must have six times as large an area when it is cut across. And beyond this, it must also be examined after its erection, from time to time, to make sure that its conducting capacity has not been diminished by the influence of corrosion.

The exact size which a copper bar or rod needs to have to insure this essential condition of an unimpeded passage for the largest discharge of lightning that could fall upon it from the clouds is not certainly known. It is not practicable, either, to refer this uncertainty to the questioning of direct experiment, where it is lightning that has to be drawn upon for the prosecution of the test. All that can



A TEMPLE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

be done is to employ a bar that is larger than any that has been known to be injured by a discharge. So far as practical experience has been yet gained, a strip, or bar of copper one inch wide, and an eighth of an inch thick, appears to be of ample dimensions for all practical purposes, where the conductor does not exceed eighty feet in length. Such a strip, or a rod of equal sectional area, would weigh a little less than half a pound to the foot. It must not, however, be overlooked that since the resistance of a conductor increases with its length, as well as in proportion to its smallness, still larger rods must be used,

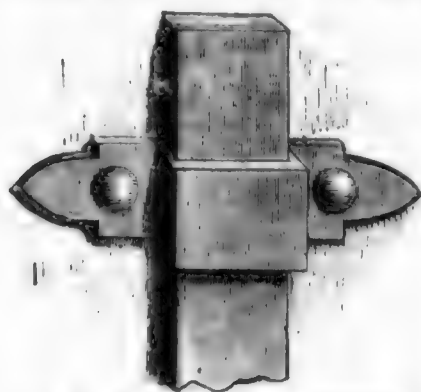


FIG. 1.—THE METHOD OF FASTENING A FLAT LIGHTNING-ROD TO A WALL, BY A COPPER STRAP AND NAILS.

wherever the greater extent of high and large structures has to be dealt with. For each extent of eighty feet another such strip would need to be added the whole length. The strip, or bar, may be safely and advantageously attached directly to the masonry or brickwork of walls. No better plan can be pursued than to clasp a bent strip of copper round the conductor, and fix this to the wall by copper nails driven into the joints, as shown in Fig. 1. The exact form of the conductor, however, is not a matter of any real consequence, provided only that there be thickness enough of the metal. The strip is sometimes rolled up into the form of a hollow cylinder or pipe. It is sometimes molded into the shape of a solid cylindrical rod, and it is very commonly replaced by a rope of copper wire, twisted together. Fig. 2 represents the kind of copper wire rope which is most frequently employed, attached to the wall in a similar way to the flat conductor.

This rope consists of seven strands, with seven wires in each, or forty-nine in all; and weighs about two-thirds of a pound to the foot, when used for the defense of a building of moderate size. Larger ropes are provided for larger structures. The conductor, whatever its length, must be absolutely continuous from end to end. If under any circumstances separate pieces have to be joined up in the length, these must overlap by clean metal surfaces, some inches in extent, and be closely riveted, or bound together in such a way as that the intrusion of moisture between the surfaces in contact shall be prevented. Wherever it can be done, the joints should be very carefully covered over

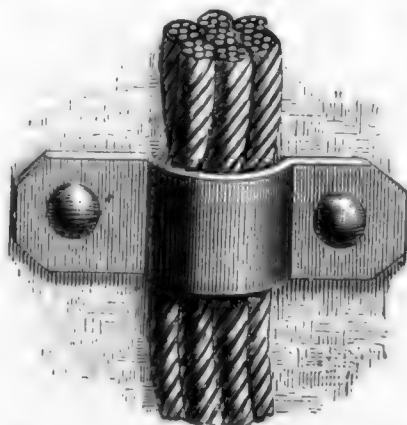


FIG. 2.—THE ROPE OF COPPER WIRE WHICH IS FREQUENTLY EMPLOYED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

by a coating of solder, to prevent the corroding influence of moist air. But joints, as a general rule, are not required in the main stem of the conductor, because both ropes and strips, or, as these are technically termed, *tapes* of copper are now manufactured of any length that is required. A rolled copper tape which is

very flexible, and therefore very convenient both for transport and for application to irregular surfaces, is now being gradually introduced by electrical engineers, and is entirely deserving of general confidence. When a copper conductor of this kind has been

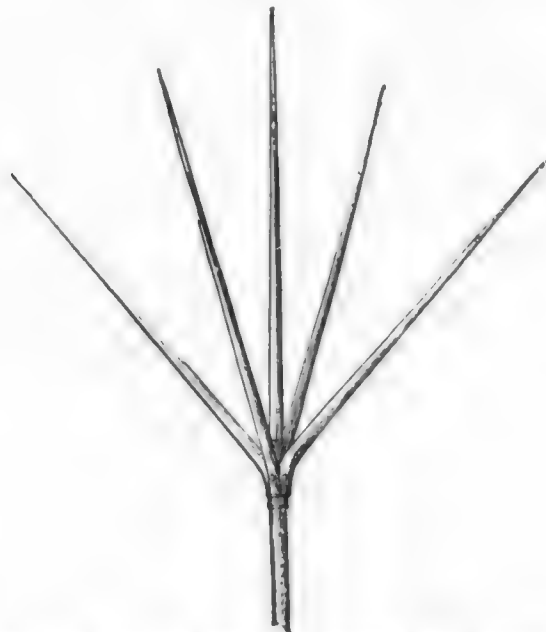


FIG. 3.—THE MULTIPLE POINT, OR AIGRETTE, MOST COMMONLY USED AT THE TOP OF LIGHTNING-RODS IN ENGLAND.

properly applied to the walls of a building, its efficacy as a protection in a large measure depends upon the fact that when a lightning-charged cloud hovers in the air a little distance above the top of the rod, it becomes powerfully electrical, through the influence of induction, with a charge of an opposite kind to that in the cloud. And there is, therefore, a strong tendency for the charge in the cloud to pass into the rod, and for the charge in the rod to issue to the cloud. If in such circumstances the tension becomes so strong that the charges can leap across the intervening gap of air, a flash of lightning occurs. But as, in obedience to the direction of the tension, it goes at once into the rod, it there finds an easy path prepared for its transmission to the earth, and traverses this path without producing any mechanical disintegration between the molecules of the conductor.

Such is essentially the service which the conductor renders when an actual stroke of lightning takes place. It affords an easy and open channel which the lightning is quite sure to take in preference to the harder task of making its way through the impeding and resisting structures of the building.

But there is another way in which the lightning-conductor also contributes to protection. It lessens the tension, and so diminishes the striking

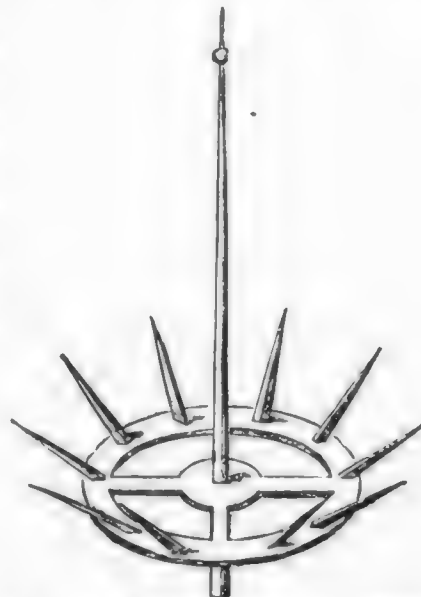


FIG. 4.—THE MULTIPLE POINT RECOMMENDED IN FRANCE BY M. CALLAUD.

power of an approaching storm-cloud. This, however, will be best explained by a reference to the method in which the conductor is finished above where it projects toward the cloud.

In every case a lightning-conductor is so planned that it terminates above either in a point or in a cluster of points arranged in some such way as is represented in the accompanying woodcuts (Figs. 3 and 4). Fig. 3 shows the form in most general use in England. Fig. 4 represents the very excellent modification that has been introduced by M. Callaud in France, in which sharp radiant spikes are fixed upon the upper surface of a flat ring of copper, with one long terminal point rising in the centre above. The main stem in each case is a copper rod about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and so contrived that it can be firmly screwed into the upper end of the conductor. The tips of the points are sometimes very advantageously made of an alloy formed by mixing together eight hundred and thirty-five parts of silver and one hundred and sixty-five parts of copper, because this compound does not readily suffer corrosion from exposure to the air. Sharp tips of this alloy are prepared about two inches long, so that they can be screwed into the branches of the copper rod. The cluster itself is fixed so that the tuft of points projects about five feet above the highest part of the building to which it is attached.

The pointed form is given to the top of the rod on account of the power which conductors of this shape possess of facilitating both the discharge and the inflow of an electrical stream. They dispose the escape to take place in the condition of a gentle, continuous current, instead of in the more impulsive and less controllable form of an abrupt and instantaneous spark. That such is really the action of the point is experimentally shown when a sharp sewing-needle is brought near to strips of paper which have been made divergent by an electrical charge. The strips lose their divergent power, and fall suddenly together, whilst the needle is still two or three feet away.

The consequence of this peculiar influence of the point in the case of a lightning-conductor is that when a charged thunder-cloud hangs in the air over the conductor, the charge which has been inductively heaped up in it at the outer end begins to stream gently away into the cloud, at the same time that the accumulated charge of the cloud is drawn in a like silent way through the point and transmitted to the earth. The cloud is thus effectively exhausted of its charge without having developed disruptive energy enough to cause an actual outburst of lightning.

But the lower extremity of a lightning-conductor, where it passes into the earth, is even more important to the efficient action of the apparatus than the pointed summit which is projected into the air. As in the case of the rain-pipe which is prepared to protect a house from injury by wet, it would be of small consequence that the pipe itself were of ample dimensions for the passage of the rain if it were narrowed and obstructed at its outlet at the bottom; so is it also with the conductor which provided for the safe transmission of the lightning. If there be not room enough for the pent-up downpour, whether it be water or electricity, to escape, there must be a mischievous overflow above; and the overflow, if it be of electric fire, may obviously be attended with more disastrous results than if it be merely a deluge of water.

Although the water and the electrical force are, in truth, quite different things, this comparison is by no means overstrained, for the earth is the great reservoir of both. Whatever amount of either is raised temporarily into the air must sooner or later flow back again to the ground, and if conduits are provided for the conveyance of the

flow, they must be so planned as to permit an unobstructed outflow.

The outlet for the discharge of lightning from a conductor into the earth is, however, a matter of extended superficial space rather than of internal cavity, such as water would require. The transmission of the electrical discharge, on account of the expansive repulsion of the force, is accomplished, mainly along the outside, or superficial, molecules of the conductor rather than within. What is therefore required in providing the outlet into the earth is an amplified expansion of the mass. The conductor must be enlarged where it comes into communication with the ground. It is not enough, as is too commonly conceived, that the rod shall be thrust a few inches into the earth. It must be carried a considerable distance into the soil, and must be placed everywhere in the most intimate connection with it. This must on no account be lost sight of.

A lightning-rod with an insufficient earth-contact is not only useless, but dangerous in an extreme degree, and the more ample its own dimensions, the more imminent the danger, if there be an obstructed outlet beneath; the more likely to lead incidentally to that overflow of the devastating electric fire which it is its intended function to prevent. It is not possible to insist too vehemently upon this, because mistake or oversight in this particular is a more frequent source of injury by lightning than any other circumstance that is encountered. In nearly every case where damage has occurred to buildings that have had lightning-conductors attached to them, it has been found that the mischief can be traced to this cause—an overflow brought about by impeded outlet to the earth.

When a lightning-rod of ample capacity, and of sufficient earth-outlet, receives a stroke of lightning, the discharge passes down it in the form of a gentle stream which has not the slightest inclination to burst out anywhere. A living person might stand close to the rod at the time of the discharge without incurring any risk. But if the same stroke were falling upon a rod with insufficient outlet to the earth, being thereby impeded in its flow, it would pass haltingly along, and with a constant inclination to burst out laterally, by-the-way, so that any one standing in close neighborhood to the rod at the time of the discharge would be in imminent danger of receiving some portion of it through himself.

As an absolute matter of fact, when a stroke of lightning passes to the earth through a building furnished with a conductor, it does not quite confine itself to the open path. It avails itself of all the substances that lie in the direction of its track. But it distributes itself amongst them in proportion to the facility with which it can make its way. Very much the largest part goes by the easiest route. With a large conductor of ample earth-contact very nearly the whole of the discharge passes harmlessly through its easy line, so that only a very minute and quite unimportant portion is left to traverse the more difficult and undisturbed route.

It is a very interesting incident in the history of the lightning-rod that Franklin was quite aware of the importance of a large earth-contact, notwithstanding the gross blunders that have been continually made in regard to it since his time. In the year 1772, when he chanced to be residing in England, he acted as a member of a committee constituted to consider the best form of lightning-rod for powder-magazines, and he himself drew up a report in which there occurs the following most notable passage: "In common cases it has been judged sufficient if the lower parts of the conductor were sunk three or four feet into the ground till it came to moist earth; but this being of

great consequence, we are of opinion that greater precaution should be taken; therefore we would advise that at each end of each magazine a well should be dug so as to have in it at least four feet of standing water. From the bottom of this water should rise a piece of leaden pipe to, or near to, the surface of the ground, where it should be joined to the end of an upright bar," to be itself connected with the earth end of the conductor.

Yet in the face of this sound doctrine, even at the present day men of some scientific attainment may be sometimes heard to say that it is enough for a lightning-rod to have its base just thrust a few inches into the earth. The notion in such instances is that it cannot be a matter of any further moment where the electric discharge goes to if it is once got as low as the earth. The fallacy of this argument is that it entirely overlooks the most important condition which has here been so urgently insisted on—namely, that an electrical discharge moves haltingly, and with a strong disposition to attempt a lateral outburst through a rod which has an obstructed outflow, whilst it is devoid of all such mischievous tendency when it passes through a rod with a capacious earth-contact.

In the amended instructions of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, issued in 1855, it was urged that a lightning-rod should invariably have a connection with water beneath the ground, or with moist earth, and to make sure that this essential condition was satisfactorily secured. It was advised that the rod, after reaching the earth, should be divided into two subordinate branches, and that of these, the one should be carried deep into the ground until it reached some permanent reservoir of water, whilst the other was trailed superficially along only a few inches within the ground, so that it might be in a region that was most readily moistened by rain.

The earth-contacts of the Palace of the Louvre were forthwith remodeled upon this plan. This was a very important step in the right direction. Dry earth is in no case a really good conductor; very many of the accidents which have occurred in connection with the presence of lightning-rods have been due to some oversight in this particular.

Father Secchi of Rome had occasion, in 1872, to draw up a report in which he dwelt emphatically upon the need of a very large surface of conducting material for the discharge of lightning into the ground. In this document, in reference to this particular necessity, he very strongly marks the conclusion at which he had himself arrived, for he roundly and most truly says, "there never can be too much" facility for the discharge.

It is quite possible for a skillful electrician to make a good earth termination for a lightning-rod in even dry soil. But he can only do so by rendering the superficial contact between the conductor and the ground very large indeed. The great principle to be observed in such a case is that the drier the earth the larger must be the downward expansion of the rod. It must either branch out into the ground after the fashion of the roots of a tree, or it must be expanded into a bulbous root of considerable dimensions.

Whenever it is possible to get at the main iron pipe of the water supply of a town, it is very easy, indeed, to accomplish this underground expansion. It is only necessary to trail the bottom of the conductor along in close contact with the iron of the main, and pack it round with a considerable thickness of broken coke, closing the whole over with earth and beating it down. When this cannot be done, a trench may be opened along in the ground for at least thirty feet, which may be either in one straight line a few inches within the ground, or in branched divisions

radiating out from each other like the expanded fingers of a hand. The end of the conductor is then to be trailed along in the trench, dividing it into corresponding branches, if the branching plan is preferred, and then packed round with broken coke, the whole being finally covered over by earth, and beaten firmly down. Not less than three bushels of coke must be employed for completing the earth-contact for a building of ordinary size, and very much more where a larger structure is concerned. The reason for the use of the coke is, that being itself a tolerable conductor, it enlarges the conducting contact with the ground to the size of its own mass, and that it does this at a comparatively trifling cost—being in itself so very much cheaper than the same quantity of pure metal, such as copper. It also has the further recommendation that it is not corroded by being buried in moist earth as most metallic bodies are. It virtually confers the large bulbous root upon the conductor, where it is buried up in the ground at a very small outlay.

A good lightning-rod thus takes somewhat the form of a tree. It has a compact central stem, it has branches spread out like point-tipped leaves into the air, and it has expanded rootlets under the ground. The branches above are distributed to the ridges, and to all the prominent parts of the building, which is under their protection, and wherever there are any large metallic masses employed in the structure, such as sheets of lead, iron pipes, or metal balconies, each one of these must be connected with the main system of the conductor by its own metallic strip, and must also have its own projecting air-point. The air-terminals thus assume the state of a widely spread bundle of points opening out to the sky, and projecting everywhere beyond the building.

If the structure be small, three or four such terminals distributed to the loftiest chimneys, and to the most prominent ridges and gables, may be as much as is required. But if the building is large, the points must be proportionally multiplied and the bundle-like distribution be increased. In the Hôtel de Ville, at Brussels—which is, perhaps, one of the best examples of lightning defense applied to a public building upon a large scale—no less than four hundred and twenty-six points have been provided. The main branches of the conductor are carried along all the ridges of the roof, and shoot up as a complete forest of tufted spikes from all the pinnacles and towers (Fig. 5). The chief front of the building has a pinnacled turret and spire rising two hundred and ninety-seven feet above the ground, and bearing at the top a gilt statue of St. Michel, flourishing his sword over the prostrate dragon (Fig. 6). The point of this sword serves as a very appropriate termination to the system of conductors. But it is not relied upon alone. In order to make assurance doubly sure, the platform upon which this figure stands is surrounded by a vast *château-de-frise* of forty-eight spikes radiating out to all quarters of the sky in a circle sixteen feet in diameter. The statue is pivoted upon a stout central bar of iron, which rises out of a lead-and-copper-covered cupola, and this metallic mass is closely connected with the highest range of the coronet of spikes.

Eight iron rods run down from this lofty spire, and are joined below by numerous other rods that descend from the subordinate pinnacles and spires, and these rods (shown at *c*, in Fig. 7,) are all at last collected into one metallic mass in the inner court, about three feet from the ground (as shown at *d*, in Fig. 7), by being plunged into a square iron box quite filled with zinc, that has been poured in round the rods in a molten state. Three times as many rods distributed into three distinct bundles then issue from the iron box beneath, as represented between *d* and *e*,

in Fig. 7, to establish the connection with the earth, and of these one bundle passes down to an iron tank sunk into a water-filled well dug out beneath the foundations of the building. The second bundle is carried to the iron main of the water supply of the town; and the third is continued on in a similar way to one of the large iron mains of the gas supply.

In this ingenious way not less than three hundred thousand square yards of earth-contact have been secured for the lower termination of the system. It will not be deemed unworthy of a passing note that Professor Melsens, the skillful and bold originator and director of this admirable work, holds that even a large town should be defended from lightning in a similar way by one general system of connected rods distributed to all the most prominent buildings, and issuing from one common earth-termination of very ample capacity.

Such a system is, no doubt, in principle correct, although it may be difficult to carry it out in detail, and is therefore worthy of being followed in smaller works so far as each individual case permits.

The great principle, therefore, which has to be kept constantly and prominently in view in the construction of lightning-rods is simply that the conductor shall be made as

capacious as possible, and that there are three quite distinct ways in which ample capacity may be insured: (1) By the employment of large rods for the main stem of the conductor; (2) by the multiplication of the points which bristle up into the air from the highest parts of the building, and (3) by the amplification of the earth-contact under the ground.

It should, however, also be known that it is practicable to ascertain how far in any individual case sufficiency of capacity has been attained, by testing the resistance which the system of conductors affords to a weak current of arti-

ficial electricity passed through it to the earth from a battery provided by the electrician for the purpose, although this requires a considerable amount of technical knowledge and skill in the operator to carry it into effect. Such tests need also to be repeated from time to time to make sure that the channel of outlet into the earth is not becoming accidentally diminished or obstructed through the influence of destructive corrosion.

In the memorandum of instructions which was issued by the French Academy of Sciences in 1823, it was laid down as a kind of law that every point of a lightning-conductor efficiently protects a conical space, which extends as far again round the centre of the base of the cone as the cone itself is high. It is now known that this proportion is not implicitly to be trusted to. The presence of large masses of metal in a building, and some other circumstances with which practical electricians are familiar, may require additional precautions beyond those which are involved in its adoption. It may, nevertheless, be looked upon as a good general guide, subject to such incidental modifications.

The lightning-conductor should be arranged so that no portion of the building presumed to be under its protection projects anywhere beyond the surface of such a cone, having a base four times as wide as the conductor itself is high, without an additional point being furnished to it, and placed in connection with the conductor. If the

sketch in Fig. 3 be taken to represent a church with a lightning-conductor *ab* upon its tower, whose terminal aigrette, *a*, is one hundred feet above the ground, and the lines *ac*, *af*, be conceived to mark out a cone whose base is four hundred feet in diameter, then the gable *c* would be beyond the area of protection, and it would be necessary that an additional point, or tuft of points, should be



FIG. 5.—SHOWING THE SYSTEM WHICH HAS BEEN ADOPTED FOR PROTECTING THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT BRUSSELS FROM LIGHTNING.

erected there, and connected with the main stem of the conductor as indicated at *d*. Any number of branches and points may be arranged upon the same general system where large buildings are concerned, as, indeed, is the case in the instance furnished by the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels.

There is one measure of precaution which must never be lost sight of in arranging any system of lightning-conductors in towns. The rods must in no instance be carried anywhere near to small soft-metal gas-pipes, or there will be imminent risk of the discharge escaping

deviously to the gas-pipes, on account of the very large and free metallic communication with the earth which these invariably possess, melting them during its passage, and setting fire to the gas which escapes at the damaged place.

Very numerous instances are on record in which the discharge has burst in this way from a conductor with small earth-contact through six feet of solid masonry to get to a gas-standard with large earth communication fixed on the inside of the wall immediately opposite to the conductor. The obvious remedy for this danger, when for any reason a lightning-conductor is required to pass near to a small, flexible gas-pipe, is that the conductor should be itself carried down to one of the large mains of the gas supply.

By adopting this plan, it is clear that all risk would be effectually obviated, because a discharge of lightning

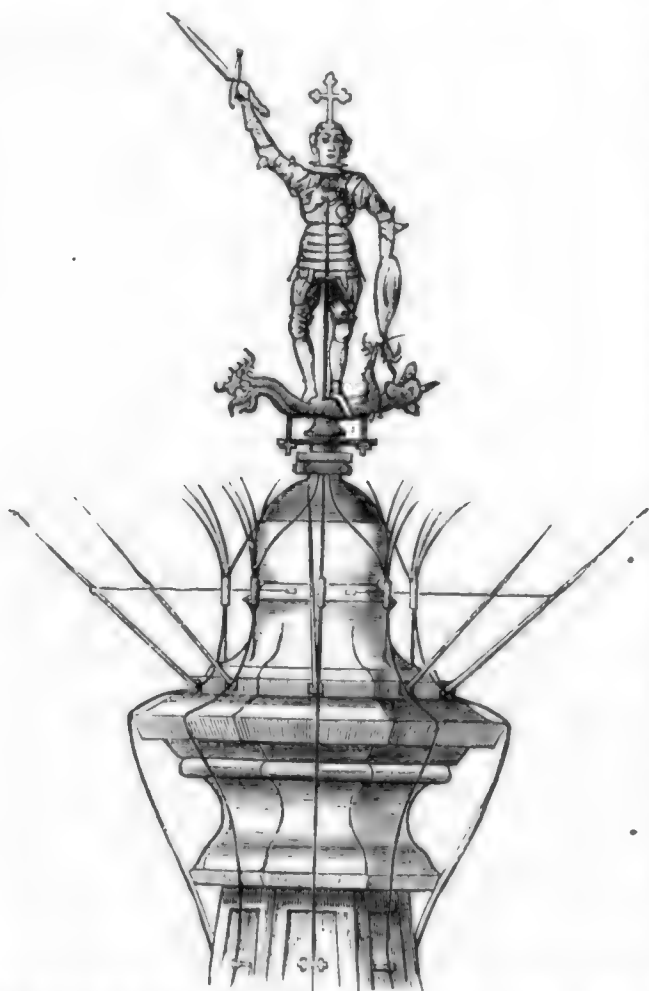


FIG. 6.—THE STATUE OF ST. MICHEL, WHICH SURMOUNTS THE SPIRE OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT BRUSSELS, WITH ITS SUBJACENT CORONET OF TUFTED POINTS.

would not, under such circumstances, need to strike across to the gaspipe to get to the earth-communication of the main, having already its own connection established with that same earth-contact by a nearer and easier route.

THE EDITOR'S OPERA-GLASS.

THE Decorative Art Society of New York have made many agreeable loan exhibitions in aid of their admirable industry; but none has been more successful than the fan collection which filled in the later days of Lent. Amongst the most distinguished contributors is Mrs. Grant, who, in her many triumphant progresses round the world with the ex-President, has collected fans in every land with the most excellent discretion. One of these famous fans, of

ivory and gold—the true *chryselophantine* of the ancients—was given to Mrs. Grant by the Queen of Siam; the other was presented by the City of Mexico. Mrs. Grant has also brought beautiful fans from China, Japan, Paris, Madrid and Cuba, and knows all about the history of her fans.

Mrs. Astor, another tasteful and opulent collector, sent a fan painted by Watteau, and another enriched with jewels. It is strange that American women, who are so fond of jewels, have not as yet much carried jeweled fans. Mrs. Barlow sent a lovely specimen, painted with the story of Chryseis; and Mrs. Childs, of Philadelphia, contributed a bit of fourteenth century tumult by sending a fan which has a dagger concealed in the handle. Why has this incident not been used in a play? The great house of Tiffany sent a fan which had been presented to a Polish ambassador by Louis XV., probably for some lovely Polish countess (who have been fascinator of kings and emperors from the earliest to the latest moment of history). Mrs. Alsop sent a curious fan of the days of the French Revolution, bearing on one side a map of France; on the other, the head of Mirabeau.

There is no object in the world so full of romance and history, epigram and suggestion, so eloquent of the caprices of fair women, as the fan; and the Spanish fan loaned by Miss Furniss is a drama of black lace mantillas and castanets.

There was a "slight abatement of penitential fervor" at *Mi-Carême*, a cotillion dinner at Delmonico's, and other parties; a wedding or two, and the usual procession of splendid private dinners. But the observance of Lent was very general in gay New York. The faces jaded by the Winter gayety look the better for it.

Now comes up the agitating question as to whether bridesmaids may not be dispensed with, one pretty bride having gone to the altar with only one fair angel as her minister! The general public is the loser, as the long line of beautiful women who preceded the—*victim*, we were

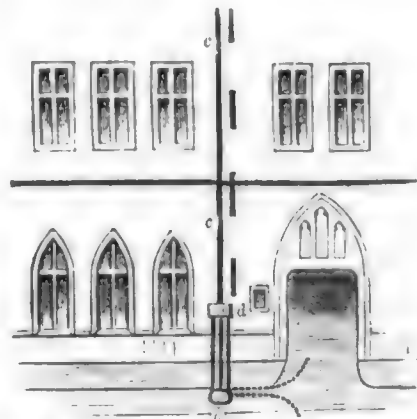


FIG. 7.—A PORTION OF THE INNER COURTYARD OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE, SHOWING HOW THE EARTH CONTACT OF THE LIGHTNING-CONDUCTOR IS MANAGED.

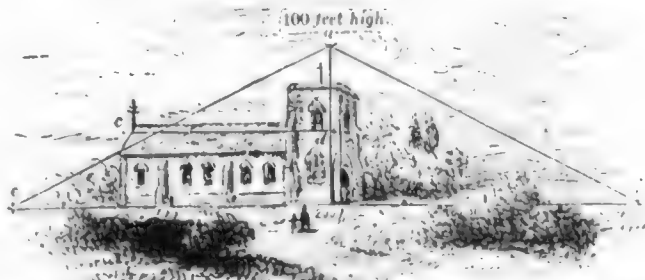


FIG. 8.—ILLUSTRATING THE CONICAL SPACE CONSIDERED APPROXIMATELY AND RUDELY AS PROTECTED BY A LIGHTNING-ROD.

about to say—the vestals who helped to light the torch of Hymen—were always pretty objects for an old opera-glass to look at.

The theatricals of Lent were somewhat disappointing.

Even that renowned and picturesque old highwayman, Claude Duval, was resuscitated in vain. For a man who enjoyed so lively a time as he did when on earth, his spirit must blame those who made him so stupid on the mimic stage. His predecessor, *Billee Taylor*, was bright and animated, and successful in his love for *Eliza*. Really, one can scarcely forgive the authors for not giving us something as good as that again.

Meantime, a very important event happened on April 3d, under the espionage of Mr. Palmer and Mr. Wallack: a universal *matinée* for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. Unwilling that the sad story should again be told of the starving of an actor when on the road from New York to Boston—a story which recalls the days of poor Savage, and of Edmund Kean's early sorrows—these generous men determine to raise a fund which shall be peremptorily ready and solvent to meet such emergencies. As the actors have given to every charity, the public gladly returned the compliment, and were most handsomely responsive.

Over the water, the Prince of Wales has been supping with Mr. Irving at Mrs. Bancroft's—pretty Marie Wilton (she used to be) the genius of the English stage—and taking, as he always does, a great interest in acting and actors. Mrs. Langtry and Mr. and Mrs. Labouchère were of the party. It seems, therefore, that Mrs. Langtry has the friendship at least of one of the most prominent actresses of the English stage.

It seems rather behind the age that gay and witty Paris goes back to the old story of the drunken actor, and gives us a comedietta in verse, called "*Une Aventure de Garrick*." This is the work of two lawyers—Fabrice Carré and Pierre Ferney, and fell flat—a thing which never befell the English version. It was, however, poorly played at the Odeon.

The sale of a fine gallery in the quiet days of Lent is always an important topic of conversation, and the wonder why Mr. John Wolfe should choose to sell such pictures as his, as, for instance, the best *Bongourreau* in the world, and one of the best of *Cabanals*, has been an added wonder. Very few such pictures come into the market now as those which Mr. Wolfe has been buying for the last twelve years. His portrait of *Hasenclever*, painted by himself, is one of the choicest pictures in the country. In London our English cousins have had a similar opportunity to buy some of Lord Beaconsfield's superb collections of engravings and etchings. A fine lot of William Blake's illustrations, as originally issued, colored with his own hand, and many proofs of Hogarth, Cruikshank and Bartolozzi, also were disposed of at this sale.

The prices paid for these works of art prove conclusively that a picture is, if a good one, a better investment than bank-stock or houses in almost all instances.

And from pictures to society being but a step from shadow to substance, we cannot but be amused to record that the more fastidious and exclusive of social ladies declare that they will break away from the present management of the F.C.D.C. and Patriarchs balls, and give, next Winter, an eliminated and more aristocratic, and less "mixed" Patriarchs, called the "Lady Patriarchs"! As if Lady Patriarchs were nice! Does age, then, improve the woman, as it does wine and cigars? We thought not. Why not take a pretty name, like *Almacks*, and give exclusive balls, called the "*Aspasias*," or the "*Terpsichores*"? In England the ladies of distinction are talking of rehabilitating *Almacks*, where the *haut ton* can be severe on Dukes of Wellington, if they choose, like Lady Jersey, of old. The same committee will throw open the grounds of Kensington House for promenade on Sunday afternoons, for subscribers only. All *fêtes* and entertain-

ments only open to selected guests, friends of the subscribers. The attempt to be *exclusive* is as old as the Garden of Eden, where a "new departure" was ordered because a certain uninvited guest crept in. But, alas! then as now, it is the uninvited guest who remains master of the situation.

The opera of "*Lohengrin*" was never so badly sung, probably, as it was during the late opera season; and yet the boxes were crowded. What German city would not have been ashamed of such a "*Lohengrin*"? Ladies take those opera-boxes, however, where they can see and be seen, and play with their fans and talk to admiring crowds. "How pleasant the opera would be if we could have it without music," said some honest critic.

Perhaps the handsomest medal ever seen in America has been just sent to the curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, by the King of Italy. It is of solid gold, bearing the royal effigy in relief, and on the reverse side is stamped "To General Count Louis Palmira di Cesnola, discoverer and illustrator of the Cypriote Antiquities." Visone, the minister, accompanies the gift with an autograph letter, which runs somewhat thus: "Accept, sir, this most honorable and durable memorial of the King, as a reward for your noble past; also an encouragement to you to add still more to the honor of the Italian name." In the present state of attack upon General di Cesnola by Mr. Fenar-dent and others, this compliment from his King must be most welcome.

"How many new books are there?" asked a lady of a publisher. "Three hundred a day," was the polite but somewhat discouraging answer. We hear of a new French novel—somewhat promising—of which several parts have appeared in *La République Illustrée*, called, "*Son Excellence Satinette*," which sketches the witty Madame Adam, and the less noble Madame de Kaulia, most openly. We have no such works here, unless the society sketches from the pen of well-known women of fashion may be called so, or the novel of *Democracy*, which tells the Washington story of twenty years ago, may be so described. But the coming event of the proposed admission of women to Columbia College may educate for us the long-expected American novel-writer, who shall combine—as did Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Gore, and as later have a host of clever society women—a knowledge of good society, with the power to tell its plot and counter-plot well and in a fascinating manner.

And yet, why should woman ever do that which she does not do well? Answer, intelligent and gifted Miss Anna Dickinson, Queen of the Lecture Platform? Why will Miss Dickinson essay *Hamlet*? It is a sad story, this of the ever-baffled dramatic instinct. Three women, well-known in America, have repeatedly tried, and as repeatedly failed, in the difficult rôle of the actress, and no more conspicuous instance of failure exists than is found in their three stories.

Miss Dickinson made a conspicuous example of failure on three counts. She neither looked her part, nor knew it, nor could have played it had she known it. She must be judged harshly, because she has been something so much better. The emotional, mysterious, intellectual *Hamlet* evaded her; in fact, it was the "*worst ransacking*" of the hidden elements of *Hamlet* ever seen; and she made of the gentlest of Shakespeare's "inspired madmen" "a garrulous and awkward spitfire." So says one of her most intelligent observers.

All this is a fanciful subject for opera-glasses to look upon and to record; but truth is mighty, and should prevail. If these ambitious ladies would only cease their preposterous reachings for the utterly impossible, the

stage would cease to be what now it too often is—a thing to be avoided. It degrades the noble art of the drama. It is absurd, and most belittling, and the spectacle of personal humiliation is utterly painful.

Meantime, another distinguished lady, whose part has been cast in a very hard rôle—Queen Victoria—has been enjoying the peaceful seclusion of Mentone. It makes the mouth water to read this description of Mentone on a New York Spring day: "Surrounded by olive orchards, and protected from the northern blasts by the lofty range of mountains at the rear, the royal residence enjoys that perfect privacy Her Majesty so thoroughly appreciates. The views from the terrace and flower-gardens are transcendently beautiful. On clear days the snow-covered mountains of Corsica, some sixty miles distant, may be seen without the aid of a telescope, whilst the Mediterranean, with its ever-changing malachite and cerulean hues, affords an incomparable picture in anger and in calm."

And yet, our own Winter watering-place, Atlantic City, has some of these charms! The ever-picturesque Fortress Monroe also deserves many of those very epithets. Its long corridors under glass, its vivid picture of the ocean stretching far and wide, the gay music of the band, the crowded life, all are very brilliant. But, alas! for a tender beefsteak! that is a joy unknown to the seeker after the hygienic effects of the Hygienic Hotel.

If our American hotel-keepers would only feed their guests simply and well! How few of them offer a good cup of coffee or an eatable bit of butter, a tender chop or a loaf of light bread! The invalid needs these things pre-eminently, and no wonder that the person who seeks relief at Atlantic City, or in Florida, often comes home less benefited than if he had staid at home. There are other needs besides climate in this world.

Our own Congress has been very quiet during Lent. Mr. Bradlaugh, in England, has behaved worse than a whole House of Representatives, which is saying a great deal. Mr. Conkling has declined to be a judge, some say to be a foreign minister, for which he is eminently fitted. President Arthur has made the Spring season gay and agreeable by his many dinners—a real Mayday Festival.

We cannot but regret to see a quarrel amongst Senators over the payment of President Garfield's physician fees. It would be seemly to pass every one without question, and to save that poor widow the anguish of reading of so feeble an attempt to economize our national expenses. For the black hearts that can now traduce Garfield we have no language too strong or too abhorrent. Certainly let those ashes be lightly trodden upon.

And for that unfortunate Dr. Lamson, the descendant of General Philip Schuyler, the man so summarily tried and condemned, let us utter a word of pity. He may not have been guilty. His way of administering poison was decidedly too open and bungling. What if some other fiend were guilty, and he the sufferer?

"And now for the May, the blooming May."

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

VENTRILOQUISM BY BIRDS.—Many birds, according to Mr. F. E. Fish, appear to possess powers of ventriloquism. A cuckoo, not a rod off, can make his voice appear to come from a furlong away; the thrush, singing from a low perch, seems to be in the tree-top; the vesper sparrow and field sparrow on the roadside fence, as if singing from a distant field. The robin has a similar power, and the catbird can sing in a loud, voluble sound, or in a low, soft, sweet and tender warble. The ovenbird, the smallest of the thrushes, singing from a distance, can throw its sharp, ringing notes in such a way as to cause the listener to believe that it is almost within reach.

MAGNETIC BRICKS.—It was lately observed by Herr Kepner, at

Salzburg, in the Tyrol, that some old bricks had an attractive or repellent force on a compass. From each of eight varieties of clay in the neighborhood two bricks were molded, and one of the two in each case was baked. The unbaked bricks had no action on a magnetic needle, but seven of the eight baked bricks proved polarly magnetic. Some further experiments have been made by Herren Kell and Trientl. Particles of powder of the magnetic bricks adhered to a steel magnet. Breunerite, mica-slate, argillaceous mica-slate, argillaceous iron-garnet, chlorite and hornblende, were, before heating, unmagnetic, but intense heating produced a magnetic polarity, the axis of which seemed to be perpendicular to the plane of stratification. The magnetism of newly heated rocks seems to fall off somewhat in course of time, but some slag of the Ortzthal, perhaps thousands of years old, was found to be still magnetic.

A NEW VARIETY OF GLASS.—A Vienna chemist has recently discovered a new variety of glass. It does not contain any silica, boric acid, potash, soda, lime, or lead, and is likely to attract the attention of all professional persons on account of its peculiar composition. Externally it is exactly similar to glass, but its lustre is higher, and it has a greater refraction, of equal hardness, perfectly white, clear, transparent, can be ground and polished, completely insoluble in water, neutral, and it is only attacked by hydrochloric or nitric acid, and is not affected by hydrofluoric acid. It is easily fusible in the flame of a candle, and can be made of any color. Its most important property is that it can be readily fused on to zinc, brass, and iron; it can also be used for the glazing of articles of glass and porcelain. As hydrofluoric acid has no effect on the glass, it is likely to find employment for many technical purposes.

TINNING OF PAPER AND FABRICS.—A chemist, M. Windeuran, has succeeded in tinning linen, cotton, or paper fabrics by the following process: A pound of zinc powder with a solution of albumen; then he spreads the mixture on the stuff by means of a brush. After drying he fixes the layers by passing the cloth through dry steam, in order to coagulate the albumen. He then passes the stuff, or paper, through a solution of chloride of tin. The metallic tin is reduced to an extremely thin coating on the zinc. The cloth is then washed, dried, and rolled.

PROF. B. PIERCE maintains that the discovery of Neptune was "only a happy accident;" the planet found by Galli, in accordance with Leverrier's direction, was *not* the planet "to which geometrical analysis had directed the telescope."

A "SOLAR" locomotive has been placed on the French Northern Railway. It is so called owing to an electric light which is placed in front and fed by the engine itself, and intended to illuminate the way for a long distance in front.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A FRIEND called upon Rossini one day and found the great maestro smoking. "Ah, that is good," said the friend, taking out his cigar-case, "since you don't object." "Pardon me," replied the artist, placidly, "the smoke of my own cigar satisfies me."

"You say you were about to be married—pray, did you ever inquire who your future wife was?" "No, sir, never; why should I? When a man is on the point of drowning himself he does not stay to inquire about the source of the river that's to swallow him up."

"WHAT is the majesty of the law, mother?" asked an inquisitive boy, the other day. "The majesty of the law, my son?" "Yes, mother; I hear a great deal about it nowadays." "Well," observed the mother, reflectively, "I scarcely know what the majesty of the law is; but I have an idea that it is something which enables railway speculators to escape the penalty of their crimes."

TOM MARSHALL being once fined ten dollars for contempt in a Kentucky court, looked at the judge with a smile, and asked where he was to get the money, as he had not a cent. "Borrow it of a friend," said the court. "Well, sir," answered Mr. Marshall, "you are the best friend I have; will you lend me the money?" "Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "you may remit the fine. The State is as able to lose it as I am."

"It may be months, darling, before we meet again," he said, squeezing her hand as if that grip were his last; "mountains and valleys will divide us, forests and oceans, perhaps the river of death itself. Can I do anything more than I have done to make you cherish my memory, and keep your love for me unchanged?" "Oh, yes," she exclaimed, choking down the sobs; "buy me a box of tortoiseshell hairpins before you start."

IT IS NOT THE FACT

That the proper way to open a deadlock is with a skeleton key.

That a dark lady cannot be said to belong to the fair sex.

That all machinery-wheels do always travel in eeg.

That the best way to turn people's heads is to come into church late with creaking boots.

That a new covering is being provided for all the New Year bells that have peeled.

That a chimney-sweep likes his trade because it soots him.

That the best way to have your eyes opened is—by getting married.

That when a man stands on his dignity he is any the taller for it.



A TYPE OF BEAUTY.

